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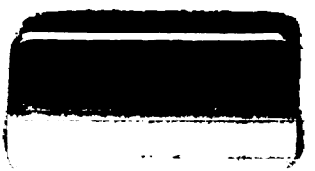

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THE

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Art and Nature under an Italian Sky.* By M. J. M.D. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1852.

IT is fortunate that, at a time when cheap postage has enabled too many people to write badly with the greatest ease, the effusions of returned tourists should be less in vogue than formerly. All the information that aspires not above the useful, with much more beside, is now admirably arranged and condensed in the *Handbooks;* and whoever would snatch a grace beyond them must bring no common abilities as well as opportunities to the task. In short, nothing but a new country can now carry down a poor book. This is as it should be. Yet it is no less true that, however old the theme, a new mind will freshen it—however over-described the region, one good description more is always welcome. This, we do not hesitate to say, the work before us offers. A grand-daughter of Beckford's, while travelling in his steps, had a claim of no common kind to be heard, and she has fully justified her claim. We will not say that she is deficient either in the knowledge or poetic feeling of her grandsire, though she makes a display of neither; but her merits rather consist in turning to unusual account that weakness in which lies a lady-tourist's strength, namely, the absence of that medium of acquired lore which, in the best hands, will as often intercept as enhance the prospect. Descriptions of Italy by time-honoured names—scholar, poet, and painter—rank among the highest works in the English language, and he or she must be bold who would compete with them on their own ground; yet we may unreservedly own that some of them present as little of real Italy as Dr. Johnson does of real Scotland. In this elegant volume the slight element of personal association, if not worth much, is soon swept away, and nothing remains between our mind's or memory's eye and a most unusually distinct view of Italy itself.

There are as many creeds in scenery as in religion, and as exclusive too. The thorough, out-and-out Highland-worshipper, for instance, is seldom converted to any other form of natural beauty;

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but, though our authoress's life seems to have been chiefly cast among Scottish scenes, she is truly catholic in her love of nature, and depicts every gradation, from the rugged to the soft, with a kind of joyful precision we have seldom found surpassed. A lively sketchy chapter of Introduction prepares the reader for that stamp of traveller least likely to feel fatigue herself or to impart it to others. She hoists the banner of real enthusiasm at once—begins with a thrill of delight at 'the Rhine! the Rhine!' and takes us on in rapid stages of ecstasy at the first sight of the Alps, along the Lake of Geneva, and over the Simplon Pass, till she culminates in an appropriate transport at the sudden transition to the southern beauties of the Val d'Ossola.

The entrance into Genoa is the occasion of another burst, and also the scene of an adventure.

'The approach to Genoa greatly delighted me. Villas and gardens full of orange-trees and flowering shrubs on either side of the road, with trellised vines supported upon ranges of stone pillars. These are often placed tier above tier, and their rich ornaments contrast beautifully with the craggy rock from which they seem to spring. Altogether there is something peculiar and appropriate in this approach, preparing one, so to speak, for the magnificent scene which greets the traveller, when, on turning one of the abrupt declivities which jut upon the road, *Genoa la Superba* bursts upon the view! It is built nearly in the form of a crescent, at the foot of mountains of various heights, some of the lower eminences being crowned with forts and ramparts, and their sides gay with palaces and terraced gardens. At each end of the crescent-shaped city are two noble piers, with lighthouses terminating both. One is particularly fine, rising between three and four hundred feet from the solid rock. Splendid houses line the principal streets, which, though narrow, convey no idea of gloom, while the shade they afford from the glare of the noonday sun is most grateful. I was delighted with Genoa, even by the time we reached the *Albergo d'Italia*, a very good hotel, with a most attentive and obliging landlord. Our rooms were quite charming, but at such a height! Nos. 65 and 66! However, the heat was so intense, we were glad to have large airy apartments, even at the expense of climbing up to them. We arranged to go out and see the church of *L'Annunziata* and return to tea before going up to our nest again. Well may people talk of the extraordinary magnificence of this church. It is one mass of gold and blue and gorgeous marble of every colour. Bright pictures set in golden panels look down from the roof, and lapis lazuli is the ground wherever they are not. In the dome, which is lighted by windows all round, are paintings which, at that distance at least, are perfectly beautiful. The windows are set in massive gold frames, and the effect of crimson silk curtains, on which the setting sun was shining, was nothing less than glorious. . . . We looked in vain for a painting I had heard was in this church, and which I wished to see. Observing

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Observing a priest walking in one of the aisles, I ventured to accost him, asking him if he could tell me where was the *Cena*. He replied that he was himself a stranger, but, pointing to a door not far from where we stood, he told me I should there find the sacristan. We followed his directions, and, passing down a long dark passage, unhesitatingly opened a door which seemed to terminate it. Not finding this the case, and meeting no one, we still advanced until we came to a large stone hall; this was empty, and we were just about to turn back when, through a partially opened door, I perceived a monk sitting at a table writing. Concluding him to be the sacristan, I advanced towards him; at the sound of footsteps he raised his eyes, and instantly starting up, uttered a most vehement exclamation of horror. His sudden motion completely startled me, and I stood where I was, in vain attempting to make known our request. His gesticulation became so violent, and his screams—for indeed I cannot call them words—so wholly unintelligible, we could only gaze at his frantic excitement with surprise. At length the oft-repeated "la Signora" threw some degree of light upon the subject, and my immediate retreat produced a more soothing effect than all my efforts at explanation. In fact, I had unconsciously entered the sacred precincts of the monastery belonging to the church; and his horror at seeing a woman where probably none had ever appeared before had taken from him all presence of mind. His distress, however, was so real, that I could only most humbly express my regret, informing him that a priest had directed us to seek the sacristan by the door at which we had entered. He seemed pacified when he learned these particulars, and yet more so when he saw us fairly into the church. When all was over, we enjoyed a hearty laugh.'—p. 58.

We should like to know *what* place is sacred from the innocent audacity of an exploring Englishwoman! Let them laugh who can; we are inclined to take part with the poor monk thus recklessly tricked into transgression and out of peace. Nor is this by any means a singular example. We know another most charming Englishwoman driven out of a garden, where of course she had no business, with this emphatic repudiation of her society—*qui non ci vogliono donne—sturbano la nostra tranquillità!* But it is of little use shutting the convent door after the lady has been in. Doubtless, if the truth were known, the repudiation came too late for the *tranquillità*. We resume where we broke off.

'As we were leaving the church, however, we saw a party of strangers accompanied by a man who proved to be the sacristan. He took us to a small dark corner behind one of the aisles, and pointed out the painting we had sought. I was exceedingly disappointed, having heard that this Last Supper by Procaccini was much celebrated. I am afraid I may sometimes seem almost presumptuous in thus venturing to form my own opinion about many of these famous works of the old masters;'—[We were not aware that this *Cena* was a

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famous work, or Procaccini an old master whom it was any heresy not to admire;]—'but, in the first place, I can only speak of the impression they make on my own mind, and, moreover, I never can admire anything because I am bid. I once overheard a party discussing various paintings. They evidently wished to do their duty scrupulously; but one of them ventured to express a doubt as to the degree of admiration to be bestowed on a very dark, fearful-looking picture—one an artist might appreciate, but which none else could possibly regard with pleasure. The very doubt seemed to astonish the rest of the party, and one exclaimed, "Oh! how can you? Murray says so." Many a time since has the expression recurred to me, "Murray says so;" and therefore perforce it must be "beautiful! exquisite!" &c. But to return. We retraced our steps to the hotel, and greatly enjoyed a really comfortable meal after the wretched fare of the last few days. The heat, even during the night, was overpowering, and, combined with the torments of *living animals*, effectually put sleep to flight. I rose and looked out between one and two o'clock in the morning upon a strange and beautiful spectacle. The lights sparkling like gems all round the bay—the rich glow of the ruby beacon-light upon the Molo Vecchio, like a star watching over the slumbering city—the phantom-like vessels dimly revealed in the darkness, with here and there a twinkling light on the waters—the marble whiteness of the houses near, and the utter stillness around—nothing to be heard save the breaking of the swell against the rocks.'—p. 59.

We have purposely left those two ominous words in italics standing. A few pages further on we are indulged with an amplification of the same theme. The lady describes a night of horrors rather minutely—succeeded of course by a burst of injured innocence from the landlord next morning:—'Madame was the first person who had ever seen anything of the kind in his house.' The subject is not attractive, but it is curious. These protesters of injured innocence are like the Devil-worshippers. They cannot, it is true, conceal the existence of their idol (would that they could!); but they deny it as religiously. Differences of climate, country, and race vanish before the mysterious bond which unites all landlords and landladies in one unfailing falsehood—they are one people, speaking one language all over the world. No matter where the traveller may be assailed—in Naples, Archangel, Madrid, or London—on couch, divan, French bed, or four-poster—the same wonderfully concerted answer meets your ear the next morning;—host or hostess are ready to pledge their souls that you are the first person ever so disturbed under their roof. You protest that you never closed your eyes—they are perfectly unmoved: you show the burning fires which the enemy have kindled in their passage—fires, alas! which no ingenuity can quench until they expire of themselves—your friends suggest gnats or ants;—finally,

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finally, you display a trophy of fallen foes—but the defence is ready—you brought them with you! The stronger your evidence, the bolder their denial. Never was there a community whose unity was so complete, or whose idol so abominable! You may possibly hope to reclaim a cannibal, convince a Brahmin, or convert the Pope; but you need never dream of inducing one of these detected householders to own the truth.

The departure from Genoa is another beautiful moving panorama, set to music too.

'On leaving Genoa we entered upon the loveliest drive, I believe I may say, in the world! the Riviera di Levante. The road begins almost immediately to ascend after passing the environs of the city, and from the first summit of the overhanging mountains there is a magnificent view of Genoa with its harbour and ships, its towers, domes, and spires, with thousands of white houses dotting the sides of the hills which surround it. We stopped here and looked back on the proud city below, and out upon the blue Mediterranean, impressing that panorama on our memory as perhaps lovelier than we had ever seen or were likely to see again! and yet, as we proceeded, new scenes of beauty opened upon us, such as do indeed baffle description, though one cannot help at least trying to convey an idea of what has given such intense enjoyment. The sides of the hills, abruptly sloping to the coast, are covered with the brightest vegetation, and shrubs that seem more suited to tropical climes grow in the richest profusion. There are olive and fig trees, with their many sweet and scriptural associations, carrying one's mind to the times of our blessed Lord—his beautiful parables and lessons of heavenly wisdom; vineyards casting garlands and festoons from tree to tree, and giving added grace to each; orange and lemon groves, with their dark green leaves and golden fruit; pomegranates and palms; cypresses, like tall spires, towering above; and the stone pine, beautiful in itself, but still more so from its associations in one's mind with the lovely landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Hedges of the sword-like aloe, and everywhere the cactus or Indian fig, grow in the greatest luxuriance on the very ledges of the rocks which rise from the sea-shore. Here and there the rich berries of the Arbutus appear like bunches of coral, while sweet roses bloom from every little nook; and all this but as the minute finishing of the grander features of the landscape. One lovely bay succeeds another:—some soft and still, with a pebbly beach on which the waves seem to flow gently, as though whispering sweet music; others again have bold and rugged shores, overhung with dark rocks and precipices, the hidden breakers underneath only revealed by the angry foam of the receding waves, urged by the swell of the sea upon them; while the hardy pine hangs over the very brink, as though vainly seeking its reflection in the troubled waters below. Stretching far away in its calm bright loveliness till lost in a flood of dazzling light, is the blue, the ever beautiful Mediterranean. The houses and villages with gay painted gables, scattered here and there, stand sometimes so high on the

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the mountains, that it seems a marvel how human power could have placed them there. The terraced gardens, with statues peeping out from the flowers and other gay decorations, strike one at once as so in harmony where all is bright, and where sky and earth and sea seem enjoying a continual holiday. Onward we went through this paradise, till, after climbing a very steep part of the mountain, we stopped at a little inn most beautifully situated on the side of a wooded bank, with a grove of acacias before it. Here the view already enjoyed as we ascended, opened out still more magnificently; such a panorama of varied picturesqueness I never looked on. The air, too, not only breathed fragrance, but seemed pouring forth its joyous notes. It was just twelve o'clock when we reached the village inn, and all the bells of the churches were chiming.'—p. 66.

Rome and Naples, with all the beauties and wonders in and around each, pretty much divide this volume. There is plenty of temptation to quote, but we must content ourselves with this description of an angry Vesuvius by night, witnessed, it may be, by many, but seldom described so accurately. Prognostications of a coming eruption had been afloat for some weeks—the mountain had been uneasy, rumbling noises had been heard, the wells at Resina were dried—and at length, on the 31st of January (1846), a stream of lava was reported to have burst forth on the side next Naples. This was the time for English spirit and daring to inspect the menacing volcano, and accordingly a party was arranged to ascend and remain above till the darkness of night. The day was misty, but as they approached the Hermitage the smoke from the descending lava became visible.

'Leaving our animals upon the level platform above the Hermitage, to which has been given the name of the Sala di Cavalli, we started amid the good-humoured cheers of the guides on our toilsome way. About a fifth of our ascent from this point had been accomplished, when, on pausing and looking upwards, we could very plainly both hear and see the slow downward progress of a body of lava, hissing and rattling among the loose cinders as it overwhelmed or dislodged them, and occasionally sending huge pieces bounding down the steep declivity in a way that endangered not a little those below. Soon after, we came opposite the lower end of this smoking stream, and approached cautiously to obtain a nearer view of it. Even here it was of a glowing red heat upon the surface, though often so covered over with floating cinders and enveloped in smoke that the actual deep red of the fire was obscured. On looking to the summit we could see against the sky—as one does on looking from below up to the *shoot* of a cataract above—the stupendous torrent slowly lipping over the edge of the large crater, like a huge, hissing, fiery snake deliberately crawling forth from its lair down upon its victims beneath. The motion is peculiarly steady and slow, even where the angle of its descent is most abrupt, and accompanied, from the movement of the loose

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loose cinders which impede or attend its progress, with a kind of trinkling sound, somewhat resembling that caused by fragments of ice hurstling each other in a half-frozen river. On reaching the summit we found a considerable change in the appearance of the large crater since our former visit. Instead of the comparatively level platform of hard lava, lying 10 or 12 feet lower than the edge on which we stood, and extending to the cone of the active crater in the centre, we found the whole surface greatly elevated, broken up and heaved into irregular piles, evidently from the recent throes of the volcano beneath. Across this space, slowly winding among its chasms and irregularities, on came the moving lava towards the outer verge, where, after making a circuit almost beneath our feet, it swept round the mound on which we were stationed, and poured over the edge, sending up a heat and a sulphuric atmosphere almost intolerable within a few yards. After a little breathing space here, we went round the verge to a spot at some distance from the running lava, where the surface was not too hot to tread on, and there bivouacked comfortably, producing our basket-stores wherewith to beguile the remaining hours till sunset. After this event takes place, an Italian twilight does not long try the patience of those who long for darkness, as on this occasion we did. And now it was we found the fog amid which we had ascended an advantage to the scene. As evening drew on, the darkness was rendered by it doubly obscure, and the reflection of the lava upon the misty atmosphere, dispersing a fiery tinge above and all around, was beautiful and grand beyond description. Hitherto, during the time we waited, the volcano itself had been peculiarly quiet and inactive—only one slight explosion occurring,—so much that we feared a disappointment, and a party who had arrived before us actually took themselves off in despair. A hint from our good friend Salvatore made us act more wisely, and we were abundantly rewarded.

'At six o'clock we were startled from our resting-place by a tremendous outburst, which seemed the beginning of a continued series for the whole evening. We sprang to our feet, and, stumbling with great difficulty over the jagged masses of lava, scarcely half-cooled, and through an atmosphere at times pungent and stifling to an intolerable degree, we traced the fiery stream to its fearful source. Taking up our position immediately below the crater, we stood in breathless admiration, watching its convulsive throes succeeding each other at intervals of one or two minutes. At times it seemed to pause a little as though for breathing space, then to increase in fury, sending up its roaring volleys of blood-red stones and dazzling meteors five or six hundred feet into the deep black night of the sky, rendered yet more black and dark by the smoke of the volcano, which at this hour usually collects in murky clouds about the mountain-top. These brilliant messengers, after describing a graceful parabolic curve, fall round the sides of the cone in a shower of splendour—mingling much of the beautiful with the terrible. The scene and our position were extraordinary indeed, and the feelings of awe, fascination, and subdued excitement, such as are likely to be but seldom called forth in the same degree

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degree during a lifetime. Again and again the idea arose, "Can we ever forget the sensations of this moment?" And yet there was little mingling of fear or nervous apprehension, though surrounded by objects that might well have caused such. We were conscious rather of an elevation of spirit corresponding in some degree with the sublimity of the scene, and the vastness of the power whose operation we witnessed—a more than ordinary realisation of the presence of Him to whom earth and air, fire and water, yea, all the powers of heaven and earth, are but ministers of His will! Yet it were presumptuous to say that there is no danger to spectators in such a position—danger there must always be from the perfect uncertainty at what moment or in what place the volcano is next to find a vent. We were made to feel this especially as we stood on a little mound of lava near the mouth of the crater. On one side of this mound, and not above eight or ten feet from us, the eye looked directly into a cavern of fire—not of flame, but of clear, quivering, glowing fire, like the heart of a fierce furnace seven times heated. This aperture might be about six feet in diameter;—its depth—that of the mysterious world of terrors below! It was not a little appalling to discover, by looking at the ragged edges of this opening, how thin and slight is the crust interposed between the foot and the abyss over which it treads. Indeed, this had already been evident from the innumerable rents and chasms that seamed the surface over which we had passed, and through which the red fire was often visible at the depth of not more than two inches; and yet so firm and metal-like feels the resistance to one's step that without this awful proof the fact could scarcely be believed. From somewhere between this mound and the foot of the volcanic cone, although invisible for a few yards from what must have been its actual source, oozed forth, slowly and quietly, with a motion and consistency not inaptly likened to that of thick honey, the deep red glowing river of lava, winding its deliberate but irresistible way over the black rugged surface of the large old crater, which, as already explained, forms the whole table summit of the mountain—creeping over the precipitous ledge—and then down, down—far into the thick darkness of the world below. No description, no painting can give an idea of the intense and glowing red of this molten lava as it issues fresh from the bowels of the earth. Liquid metal flowing from the furnace of an iron-foundry is the only thing that conveys an idea of it, yet falls short of its vivid glare. A thin white vapour rose from the surface, and the light reflected from it, and colouring its ascending wreaths with a deep, rich, ruddy tint as it rose into the darkness, marked its downward course, rendering it visible from a great distance, and lending a strange wild awful character powerfully affecting the imagination. One can approach as near the running lava as the overpowering heat will permit, without the slightest apparent danger. We approached quite to the edge of it, and, holding the ends of staves, with which we were provided, to the lava, they flamed even before touching the liquid fire. One of our party availed himself of it to light a cigar—another did his best to roast an apple, but found the heat too great to complete the operation. Of course, in our cautious movements over the crackling surface,

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surface, we were implicitly led and assisted by our guides, who bore flaming pine torches to light our footsteps—little needed, indeed, while the artillery of the mountain was flashing in the sky, but very necessary in the deep darkness of the intervals. Strangely picturesque were the figures of these men, seen in the flickering torchlight, standing in various attitudes upon the little eminences around, leaning on their long white staves, or grouped together round some fiery chasm, the ruddy glare of the fire thrown upwards on their swarthy visages and strange dresses. At times, too, one of them would start the first notes of a simple air, and then those around would catch it up, and conclude each verse with a burst of one of those wild and most musical choruses which characterise the old native airs of Italy.'—p. 154.

Nothing can take from the impressiveness of this description, the reality of which gives only a wider field for the imagination: we may, therefore, venture to wind it up with a *finale* in a very different key—namely, the descent from the mountain on an earlier and that a daylight visit:—

'Every one knows there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this every one must have experienced who has made the usual descent from Vesuvius. The guides conducted us to a place where there was no lava or cinders, but only loose sand, in which the feet sank deep, and which yielded under the step. It is as nearly perpendicular as the place of ascent. The manner in which we set off, by the direction of the guides, who *must* have all done according to use and wont, was more like the act of casting one's self headlong from a stupendous precipice than anything else; yet, in truth, it is an act of wisdom, and of some degree of pleasure too. One has but to throw the feet forward, and the downward impetus of the body does the remainder of the work. The soft yielding sand completely breaks the shock. The fresh exhilarating air seems half to bear you on its wings. The sensation is one something between skating and flying, and, while strength and breath endure, decidedly a pleasant one. This is the poetical part of the proceeding to those actually engaged in this Rasselas-like adventure. But to a looker-on—the foolish, frantic, headlong pace—the involuntary, but most lunatic-like gesticulation of arms and legs—the breezy fluttering of ladies' dresses, dishevelled hair, and bonnets with cracking strings straining to be left behind—the giant strides, streaming coat-tails, and clenched teeth of the sterner sex—all laughing, shouting, leaping, and anon precipitated helplessly on each other's shoulders, forms a picture of the most unmingled absurdity.'—p. 112.

As a describer of 'Nature under an Italian sky,' our authoress is sufficiently vindicated. The refreshing difference between Nature and Art, in the mental power of judging of each, is that with the first no one can admire amiss. All that glitters with her is gold. She has nothing meretricious to mislead the eye. We may not admire enough—

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enough—we never can admire enough; but though our homage reach but to our great mother's commonest gifts, they are sure to be more than worth the tribute. Knowledge, therefore, though it may immeasurably increase our pleasure by widening our view, yet can never be called strictly necessary in a study where there is no wrong road. But where the judgment is to be applied to Art, education becomes indispensable because discernment is so, for, wherever man has part the false is sure to mingle with the true. Here there are traps for the ignorant, delusions for the ardent, and false coin for the rash. We are caught at first with that which we learn afterwards to despise; and though a fine natural taste may frequently discriminate those objects deserving homage, yet, as a rule, whatever the ignorant admire in art, and all its branches, is generally, if not the wrong, the inferior thing. The lady's 'Art beneath an Italian sky' is therefore not to be compared with her 'Nature,' though by no means without its merits—for the gallery at Hamilton Palace, and doubtless other opportunities, had not left her totally untaught. Nor will her taste be arraigned for having been caught by a style of art which has recently attracted great popularity here. We allude to those two examples of what Eustace calls 'the patient skill of the sculptor'—the *Pudor* and the *Disingannato*, by Corradini, at the chapel of S. Severo at Naples. The *Pudor* will be recognised as the original of those 'veiled figures' so much admired in the Great Exhibition, though those have carried what may be called the *trick* much further than their model. Where the effect is so pleasant to the eye it is difficult to persuade ourselves that it requires no great art, and therefore presumes no high merit, to produce it—but whoever observed these heads very attentively will have discovered that the apparently mysterious process is a very simple one. A head is modelled by the sculptor in a general form, and strips of clay in the shape of folds disposed at intervals over it, leaving cavities between, through which portions of the features are seen, but which the eye, carrying on the idea suggested by the folds, imagines to be covered with the most transparent medium; whereas they are covered with nothing at all, but only duly deficient in sharpness. A highly-finished and well-expressed head thus concealed would be labour lost;—in point of fact, therefore, instead of overcoming the difficulties inseparable from a fine work of art, the sculptor has only avoided them: the veil is much easier to execute than the human countenance divine. The 'patient skill' is more properly attributable to the other figure—a man enveloped in the meshes of a net; yet this again is only intended to conceal the absence of a higher

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higher artistic power, for the sculptor was not capable of modelling a figure correctly, and therefore cast this covering of mere labour over his ill-understood forms. The covering, it is true, is a marvel of labour and manual dexterity, but, if this be art, the workman in Bacon's studio who carved a bird in a cage has as high a claim to the title of artist, and the Chinaman who sends us a nest of balls, one within the other, and each with a surface of the most exquisite fret-work, a better claim still.

In treating of pictures tourists would do well to acquaint themselves a little with the usual phraseology. 'The Madonna Seggiola' has no meaning whatever, and 'The Ascension of Mary,' instead of 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' is a needless novelty, and might be called a profane one, since the word Ascension is only applied to our Lord. A little attention to correcting the press also is not beneath such an able writer's notice. 'The 'lingua Toscano in bocca Romano' might induce an ill-natured reader to think she did not know better.

We would remind a tourist also, that nothing requires greater discretion than the introduction of private persons and affairs into a narrative intended for the public. Individuals may be very interesting and dear, but unless they are famous for something more than rank they should never be directly paraded, but treated rather as abstract beings, with no more of personality attached than just to whet the curiosity of the reader.

But these errors in judgment will be soon forgotten by this lady's readers:—not so the vivid impressions of reality which she well understands to conjure up.

ART. II.—*History of the War in Afghanistan.* By J. W. Kaye. 2 vols. 8vo. 1851.

UPON several recent occasions we have expressed a very decided opinion as to the publication by private individuals of official despatches; and now, we must at once say, we should have been disposed to comment upon the use made of similar documents by Mr. Kaye, but that we have understood that the Court of Directors, soon after the appearance of his History, ordered forty copies of it. Supposing such to be the fact, we do not consider it necessary to dwell severely on the licence assumed by a writer whom his former employers have, on whatever special grounds, forgiven. It may, however, be very safely stated

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stated *in limine* that the work is one in which, after all our vast series of *blue books*, the reader will find many important particulars disclosed which had hitherto been wholly, and peradventure studiously, concealed.

The country which was the scene of the events described is one of great and particular interest.

In geographical position Afghanistan bears a resemblance to Switzerland, and there is even in the political condition of these mountainous regions as close a similarity as any parity in outward circumstances can possibly bring about between two nations, the one of European and the other of Asiatic race. The grouping of the Afghan tribes, and their distribution under chiefs, ruling independently of each other, and yet held together by the ties of a common origin, a common faith, and in some respects a common interest, gives to their internal economy a sort of rude likeness to that of the Helvetic Confederacy; while, with regard to external politics, the Afghans, like the Swiss, have preserved themselves by their own energies from permanently sinking under either of the great powers between whom they have for so many ages stood.

Looking back to the early history of the two countries, we may perhaps find that, notwithstanding the advantage enjoyed by Helvetia in having Cæsar for its first chronicler, Afghanistan has more in it to excite and reward the diligence of the antiquary. We confess that we should but recently have feared to incur ridicule by even alluding to the opinion of those who find in the Afghans the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel; but we must say that we think no man need feel sensitive on that head since the appearance of the late statement of the arguments *pro et contra* by the Right Hon. Sir George Rose. We cannot go into his details at present; but, to glance merely at a few leading points, the fact of their own universal tradition, their calling themselves collectively 'bin Israel,' children of Israel (though they repudiate with indignation the name of 'Yahoudee' or Jew), the to us new fact that one particularly warlike tribe style themselves Yousufzie—or the tribe of Joseph—and several others, taken together with the strongly Jewish cast of the modern Afghan physiognomy, seem to rebuke the levity hitherto prevalent in essays alluding to this conjecture about their origin.*

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* We are very sensible that an apology may seem due to Sir G. Rose for such a merely passing reference to his work (*The Affghans, The Ten Tribes, and Kings of the East*, &c. London. 8vo. pp. 162. 1852); but his own pages contain many allusions to points of the highest importance, which he admits not to have been as yet properly

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As the seat also of that Bactrian kingdom created by Alexander, and subsisting through several centuries—to disappear at last like a vessel sinking in the ocean—Afghanistan presents a field for the researches of those who may desire to trace the connexion between Ancient Greece and India, and to discover what influence either of these countries may have exercised over the other in regard to mythology, literature, or manners. To the period of Grecian ascendancy, 'dim with the mist of years' and barely discernible as it now is—even with the light thrown upon its numismatic records by the genius of the late Mr. James Princep and the toils of other antiquaries—there succeeds a long term of total darkness, whence Afghanistan emerges in the tenth century in the form of a Mahommedan State, with Ghuznee for its capital, and Mahmood, the son of Subactagee the Tartar, for its sovereign. With him commenced those inroads upon India which ended in the substitution of a Mahommedan for a Hindoo Empire in that country; whence its rude and arrogant conquerors little dreamt that, in the reflux of political power, an army was one day to issue, before whose skill and courage this their mountain citadel itself should fall, as if by the stroke of a magician's wand. — But if, in its relation to the past, Afghanistan be so replete with interest, there is still more in the chances of its future destinies to occupy the thoughts of Englishmen.

In these days of many-volumed publications we are loth to blame Mr. Kaye for the conciseness of his introductory chapters; yet with his store of materials we wish that he had said more than he has done about the Afghans, as seen in their social and domestic sphere. In the following passages, however, the main lights and shades of their national character seem to be exhibited with discrimination and fairness.

'Few and far between as were the towns—the kingdom was thinly populated. The people were a race, or a group of races, of hardy, vigorous mountaineers. The physical character of the country had stamped itself on the moral conformation of its inhabitants. Brave, independent, but of a turbulent vindictive character, their very existence seemed to depend upon a constant succession of internal feuds. The wisest among them would probably have shaken their heads in negation of the adage—"Happy the country whose annals are a blank." They knew no happiness in anything but strife. It was their delight to live in a state of chronic warfare. Among such a

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properly worked out—more especially the question as to the degree of Hebraic element in the Afghan language. His Appendix affords so much hope of speedy additional information on that and other matters, that we think it better to wait for an enlarged edition of his singularly interesting treatise.

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people civil war has a natural tendency to perpetuate itself. Blood is always crying aloud for blood. Revenge was a virtue among them; the heritage of retribution passed from father to son; and murder became a solemn duty. Living under a dry, clear, bracing climate, but one subject to considerable alternations of heat and cold, the people were strong and active; and as navigable rivers were wanting, and the precipitous nature of the country forbade the use of wheeled carriages, they were for the most part good horsemen, and lived much in the saddle. Early trained to the use of arms, compelled constantly to wear and often to use them in the ordinary intercourse of life, every man was more or less a soldier or a bandit. Their very shepherds were men of strife. The pastoral and the predatory character were strongly blended; and the tented cantonments of the sheep-drivers often bristled into camps of war.

'But there was a brighter side to the picture. Of a cheerful, lively disposition, seemingly but little in accordance with the outward gravity of their long beards and sober garments, they might be seen at evening tide, playing or dancing like children in their village squares; or assembling in the Fakir's gardens, to smoke and talk, retailing the news gathered in the shops, reciting stories, and singing their simple Afghan ballads, often expressive of that tender passion which, among them alone of all Oriental nations, is worthy of the name of Love. Hospitable and generous, they entertained the stranger without stint, and even his deadliest enemy was safe beneath the Afghan's roof. There was a simple courtesy in their manner which contrasted favourably with the polished insincerity of the Persians on one side and the arrogant ferocity of the Rohillas on the other. Judged by the strict standard of a Christian people, they were not truthful in word, or honest in deed; but, side by side with other Asiatic nations, their truthfulness and honesty were conspicuous. Kindly and considerate to their immediate dependants, the higher classes were followed with loyal zeal, and served with devoted fidelity, by the lower; and perhaps in no Eastern country was less of tyranny exercised over either the slaves of the household or the inmates of the zenana. Unlettered were they, but not incurious; and although their more polished brethren of Persia looked upon them as the Bœotians of Central Asia, their Spartan simplicity and manliness more than compensated for the absence of the Attic wit and eloquence of their western neighbours.'—vol. i. pp. 11–13.

This is, we really believe, far from being too favourable a picture; nay, we must even demur to some of the deductions made from the praise which Mr. Kaye concedes.—Can the Afghans, we would ask, be fairly described as being altogether unlettered? If so, then polished manners are attainable without any tincture of what has been declared to be most efficient in divesting the human race of rudeness. Every one who conversed with Dost Mahommed during his

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his exile in India must have observed the tone of high breeding, the perfect self-possession evinced in his intercourse with a society differing so entirely from all to which his previous experience had been confined. How did he and other Afghan chiefs whom we could name, if totally unlettered, acquire those outward graces of manner and deportment which certainly among ourselves never exist in total separation from all inward culture? —But whatever their acquirements, we are convinced that their natural susceptibility of improvement is far above the ordinary Eastern level; and we suspect that there is a lurking vein of poetry in their character, such as is rarely to be detected in the workings of the remoter Asiatic mind. We cannot quote the passage, but we remember to have read in one of the latter diaries of Sir A. Burnes a description of a gorgeous sunset witnessed by him in the country to the north of Cabool, while in company with several Afghans. He particularly mentions the exclamation that burst from the lips of one of the party as he gazed on the scene before him: 'che sultanut'—what majesty! In these two words there was evinced a perception of the sublime and beautiful, probably not to be paralleled by anything ever uttered by the most highly cultivated native of India. In harmony with this capacity of receiving impressions from the beauty and majesty of outward nature, is their delicacy of feeling remarked upon by Elphinstone, and which the preceding extract notices as characteristic of their ballads and love-songs.

Of a people so likely, if better known, to prove far more interesting objects of study than the generality of the tribes of the East, we wish to be told more than it has pleased our author to communicate. We want some information on the details of their domestic life—the social position of their women especially—what part they take in the regulation of the household and in the early instruction of their children. We also are curious about what establishments for education in youth, and employment for maturer years, may be afforded by their religious and municipal organization. We want to know, in short, what the Afghans do when they are not fighting; since the most pugnacious of races must have intervals of repose from the business of bloodshed and strife. On all these points our author tells us little; so, with a hope of some day seeing a treatise 'de Moribus Afghanorum' from his pen, we pass on to the more immediate object of his present work, the history, namely, of our own dealings with that extraordinary and most picturesque people.

After-dinner eloquence is not always commonplace or meaningless, and perhaps the most distinctive peculiarity of our Eastern Empire

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Empire was never more happily hit off than in the speech delivered by the Prussian Ambassador at the entertainment given by the Court of Directors to his friend Lord Hardinge, on the return of that eminent person—(*spes altera Romæ*)—from his triumphs on the Sutlej. 'India,' said the Chevalier Bunsen, 'has been the conquest of the middle orders;' and we may add that to this circumstance is owing much of what there is of anomaly in the system, and of practical good in its working. To the middle orders mainly did the merchants, who first formed the Imperial Company, of course belong; and it is to a Court chosen by the shareholders that the primary direction of its affairs was long in fact, and is still in name entrusted. The persons thus elected, and whose peculiar privilege it is to appoint young men to the civil and military branches of the Indian service, belong with rare exceptions to the middle orders, and consequently it is from that class that their nominees are for the most part taken. But as our Empire expanded and its importance became more visible, ministers and parliament began to assert their claims to exercise a political control over the general administration of its affairs. Hence arose the double government both at home and abroad. Here we have a Court of twenty-four Directors, men generally of Indian experience, sitting in the City of London, to govern in subjection to the revising authority of what is called a Board, but in reality is a Minister of State sitting at Westminster. In India we see a body of civil and military servants, men trained from their youth to the duty of Eastern Government, acting in subordination to a few high functionaries who represent the Ministry rather than the Company, and for the most part know nothing of the language and little of the character of the millions under their sway. The good sense and public spirit of the parties employed on both sides have prevented the jarring which might have been apprehended from this systematic subjection of local knowledge and professional experience to ministerial power and aristocratic ascendancy. On the whole the two classes have co-operated heartily—each supplying in some degree the defects of the other. If on the side of the Directors and their nominees there is to be found minuter knowledge derived from personal acquaintance with the details of local administration, it is from the Board of Control and those who usually fill the places of supreme authority in the East that more enlarged views of enlightened statesmanship might reasonably be expected.

The machinery for combining these advantages is simple. The governor-general is associated with a Council consisting of

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of a commander-in-chief,—as fresh from Europe as himself,—with two members of the civil and one of the military service,—men who may be presumed to be thoroughly possessed of that knowledge in which the two superior members are most likely to be deficient. In all ordinary matters the voice of the majority of this Council is decisive, but on any extraordinary occasion the governor-general is free to act as he pleases—on his own responsibility. All that the other members can in such cases do is to record their opinion for the information of the authorities in England. A better plan than this for reconciling despatch with deliberation, local knowledge with more comprehensive views of general policy, could not, we think, be devised.—The Governor-General is free to *act* as he pleases; but the circumstance of three or four well-informed and experienced men being required to record their opinions upon the course which he may announce his intention to pursue, imposes precisely the degree of restraint necessary to insure the circumspection of a statesman resolved on acting upon his own undivided responsibility. It was by perhaps the ablest person who has ever governed India that the example was set of nullifying this provision; and this precedent having been followed, the consequences have been such as generally ensue when men of inferior capacity are tempted to imitate any irregularity of a more gifted predecessor. If it were in almost dispensing with his Council that one governor-general achieved the triumphs of the Mysorean and Marhatta campaigns, it was in attempting the same line of independent conduct that another incurred the calamities of the Afghan expedition.—We say 'attempting:' because, in fact, though the very superior man may acquire the liberty of acting upon his own unbiassed opinion, such freedom is denied to all of inferior powers, and a ruler of merely average capacity, who ventures to detach himself from his authorized and responsible colleagues, in doing so generally falls into the hands of other advisers of less responsibility and authority.*

Simla has, like Capua, many sins to answer for; among others, that of enticing away from the proper scene of their duties too many of the high functionaries of British India—especially the very highest—those who in their hearts own less allegiance to Leadenhall than to Downing-street and the Horse-Guards. No governor-general will ever, it is to be feared, resist the fascinations

* It is true that an Act of the Indian Legislature—that is, of the Supreme Council collectively—is necessary to legalize the separation of the Governor-General from his Council; but this can hardly be withheld when the Governor-General himself proposes the law and declares the safety of the State to demand its immediate enactment.

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of that favoured spot, or consent to sit perspiring at the head of a troublesome council-board in Calcutta, when he can reign cool and unquestioned in the delicious atmosphere of the Himalaya. A good view of Simla would accordingly form a significant frontispiece to a history of the Afghan War; for it was there that the manifesto announcing the intention of interfering in the affairs of the countries beyond the Indus was signed by the hand of supremacy on the 1st October, 1838.

This composition of the irresponsible cabinet, whence that manifesto in our author's opinion issued, is thus stated:—

'Just as Mahomed Shah was beginning to open his batteries upon Herat, and Captain Burnes was enterering Caubul, Lord Auckland, taking with him three civilians, all men of ability and repute—Mr. William Macnaghten, Mr. Henry Torrens, and Mr. John Colvin—turned his back upon Calcutta.

'Mr. Macnaghten was at this time Chief Secretary to Government. That he was one of the ablest and most assiduous of the civil servants of the Company all were ready to admit. With a profound knowledge of Oriental languages and Oriental customs, he combined an extensive acquaintance with all the practical details of government, and was scarcely more distinguished as an erudite scholar than as an efficient secretary. In his colleague and assistant Mr. Torrens there were some points of resemblance to himself; for the younger officer was also an accomplished linguist and a ready writer; but he was distinguished by a more mercurial temperament and more varied attainments. Perhaps there was not in all the presidencies of India a man—certainly not a young man—with the lustre of so many accomplishments about him. The facility with which he acquired every kind of information was scarcely more remarkable than the tenacity with which he retained it. With the languages of the East and the West he was equally familiar—he had read books of all kinds and in all tongues; and the airy grace with which he could throw off a French canzonet was something as perfect of its kind as the military genius with which he could sketch out the plan of a campaign, or the official pomp with which he could inflate a state-paper. Mr. Colvin was the private secretary of the governor-general, and his confidential adviser. Of all the men about Lord Auckland, he was believed to exercise the most direct influence over that statesman's mind. Less versatile than Torrens, and less gifted with the lighter accomplishments of literature and art, he possessed a stronger will and a more powerful understanding. He was a man of much decision and resolution of character; not troubled with doubts and misgivings; and sometimes, perhaps, hasty in his judgments. But there was something noble and generous in his ambition: he never forgot either the claims of his country or the reputation of his chief; and if he were vain, his vanity was of the higher, but not the less dangerous class, which seeks rather to mould the measures and establish the fame of others, than to acquire distinction for self. Such were

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were the men who accompanied Lord Auckland to the upper provinces.'—i. pp. 303–306.

No fair 'hanging Committee' could present this spirited sketch, and omit its *pendant*—which sets before us a less dashing group—*to wit*, the responsible Council then sitting in Calcutta, to be kept in official ignorance of all which was being planned by its lively counterpart at Simla, until the season for either suggesting or objecting should be long past and gone.

This Council then consisted of three members (the Commander-in-Chief, the late Sir H. Fane, being absent in Upper India on duty), of whom the senior was one now well known and much respected in our Northern Capital, Mr. Alexander Ross. That gentleman had passed through the various grades of the civil service, having filled with distinction situations in every department. He was a favoured friend of the late Lord William Bentinck, whose character in the grand points of honesty and firmness his own resembled. The next was the late member for Kinross and Clackmannan, Major-General Sir William Morrison, of the Madras army, whose reputation as a soldier and a man of business had led to his being the first person promoted under the provisions of the Charter of 1833, by which military men were eligible to a seat in the Supreme Council. The third and last was Mr. Wilberforce Bird, of whom it may be enough to say that throughout his subsequent career he had maintained the high character acquired at a very early period by the judgment and energy with which, while magistrate of the populous and turbulent city of Benares, he quelled two of the most serious *émeutes* recorded in the history of our Eastern Empire.

Betwixt these Councils which should counsel best might have formed an amusing subject for an *à priori* speculation. With our present information we can only guess what the one would have urged had it been allowed a voice in time—but we can see very clearly from the measures pursued what must have been the advice of the other. Of the comparative merits of two such bodies we can only speak with hesitation; but we suspect that the Simla Cabinet was in some senses the cleverer one; and we mean no disrespect to the Calcutta conclave when we express a doubt whether it could boast of a single member qualified to 'turn a French canzonet,' or even translate one into either Arabic or English verse. But then the Calcutta Council had a certain advantage in its responsibility—its members receiving 10,000*l.* a year each in consideration of their giving advice when necessary, and that too in writing, with their signatures thereunto affixed.—It is, we humbly conceive, no imputation upon the integrity of a public servant to say that advice thus officially

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recorded is likely to be better weighed than what is communicated in the course of conversation with a superior, upon whose mood at the moment it must depend whether the party advising shall be silenced or suffered to proceed. The merely permissive counsellor may, through a common infirmity of human nature, be more acceptable to a personage of lofty rank and pretensions than the independent functionary who speaks as a colleague—but it may be doubted whether his advice may not be less safe for the very reason which makes it palatable.

It was before a Government thus constituted and thus dispersed that the mighty question came to be decided, of what was to be done to save Herat from falling before the army which in the summer of 1837 was put in motion against it from Persia.

The British authorities had ever since 1835 been aware of the approaching difficulty, and our envoy in Persia had even urged the Indian Government to lend Dost Mahommed and the other chiefs the aid of a few officers and drill serjeants to give a tincture of discipline to their Afghan levies. In discussing this proposition Lord Metcalfe—then Governor-General for the interim, awaiting the arrival of Lord Auckland—replied to a friend who thought rather well of the envoy's suggestion, 'Depend upon it that the surest way to draw Russia upon ourselves will be for us to meddle with the countries beyond the Indus.' Clearly, however, as this shows that Lord Metcalfe would not have sanctioned the step which was afterwards taken, it does not in our opinion prove that, if the direction of affairs had been providentially suffered to remain in his hands, he would have

> Seen, unmoved, old Herat's wall
> Before the arms of Moscow fall.

Out of deference to the feelings of our Muscovite friends, we have softened the words of the old Turk in the Bride of Abydos—but we must nevertheless maintain that the expedition against Herat was virtually theirs, for they furnished both the cash and the counsel—they despatched a general or two to guide its operations—they even let one or two of their regiments, under the designation of Polish deserters, serve in the ranks of the invading army—and they deputed a diplomatist for the express purpose of thwarting the efforts of our ambassador towards an accommodation between the besiegers and the besieged. If any of our readers object to receive these facts upon our authority, we refer them to the second chapter of Mr. Kaye's second volume for the removal of their doubts. They will also find there an animated description of perhaps the most important siege, in its immediate bearing upon British interests, since that of Gibraltar.

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This complicity of Russia would have rendered the whole affair doubly serious if the place threatened had been one of secondary importance; but this was very far indeed from being the case.

'To the mind of the military observer both the position and construction of the place were suggestive of much interesting speculation. Situated at that point of the great range of mountains bounding the whole of our northern frontier, even to Assam, which alone presents facilities to the transport of a train of heavy artillery, Herat has, with no exaggeration, been described as the Gate of India. Within the limits of the Heratee territory all the great roads leading on India converge. At other points, between Herat and Caubul, a body of troops unencumbered with guns, or having only a light field artillery, might make good its passage, if not actively opposed, across the stupendous mountain ranges of the Hindoo-Koosh; but it is only by the Herat route that a really formidable well-equipped army could make its way upon the Indian frontier from the regions on the north-west. Both the nature and the resources of the country are such as to favour the success of the invader. All the materials necessary for the organization of a great army, and the formation of his depôts, are to be found in the neighbourhood of Herat. Its mines supply lead, iron, and sulphur; the surface in almost every direction is laden with saltpetre; the willow and the poplar trees, which furnish the best charcoal, flourish in all parts; whilst from the population might at any time be drawn hardy and docile soldiers to recruit the ranks of an invading army. Upon the possession of such a country would depend, in no small measure, the success of operations undertaken for the invasion or the defence of Hindostan.'—vol. i. p. 203.

Not to rest, however, on any one writer's assurance, let us draw attention to the following passages from printed papers, open to all, though probably consulted by few.

In a Report drawn up while on his mission at Cabool, and dated 7th February, 1838, Sir A. Burnes observes of Herat that 'the importance of its situation is very great, and it has always exercised considerable influence over the affairs of Central Asia.' He then cites from Erskine's Life of the Emperor Baber a remark that 'the most polished court in the west of Europe could not, at the close of the fifteenth century, vie in magnificence with that of Herat.' In a despatch from the same place, dated the 26th of October, 1837, Sir A. Burnes had occasion to report the arrival and proceedings at Bokhara, a year after his own visit to that city, of a special agent from Russia, of whose sayings and doings information had been received from merchants trading to Toorkistan:—

'In the course of the agent's stay at Bokhara he frequently conversed with the Koosh Begee on the commercial views of the Russian Government, and their great anxiety to extend their commerce into Central

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Central Asia, and particularly towards Herat. Many of his observations were made publicly in presence of the merchants, who always assembled round the Koosh Begee in his caravansery. He likewise continually dwelt on the position of Herat being such that it was through it alone that the Emperor hoped to realize his wishes, for it was the entrepôt of Persia, India, Cabool, and Toorkistan.'

We have said enough on the importance of Herat—let us now turn to the measures adopted to avert its fall.

These were twofold: an immense army was assembled on the Sutlej, destined to march, with the Commander-in-Chief of all India, Sir H. Fane, at its head, to meet at a distance and repel a force which, if suffered first to fix itself at Herat, and then to roll on towards the Indus, must menace not only the tranquillity but the very permanence of our empire. The other and apparently more insignificant measure was the despatch from Bombay of two steamers and some vessels of war, with a small detachment of native troops, to take possession of the island of Kurrack in the Persian Gulf. Strange to say, it was this last movement which had far the most influence in the saving of Herat:—

'The demonstration was an insignificant one in itself; but by the time that intelligence of the movement had reached the Persian camp, the expedition, gathering new dimensions at every stage, had swollen into bulk and significance. The most exaggerated reports of the doings and intentions of the British soon forced themselves into currency. The Persian camp was all alive with stories of the powerful British fleet that had sailed into the Gulf, had destroyed Bunder-Abassy and all the other ports on the coast, taken Bushire, and landed there a large army, which was advancing upon Shiraz, and had already taken divers towns in the province of Fars. Nothing could have been more opportune than the arrival of these reports. Mr. McNeill [our Envoy in Persia, now Sir John McNeill, G.C.B.] was making his way towards the frontier, when intelligence of the Karrack expedition met him. About the same time he received letters from the Foreign Office, issued in anticipation of the refusal of Mahommed Shah to desist from his operations; and thinking the hour favourable, he resolved to make another effort to secure the withdrawal of the Persian army, and to regain for the British mission the ascendancy it had lost at the Persian court.

'Fortified by these instructions, Mr. McNeill despatched Colonel Stoddart to the Persian camp with a message to the Shah. The language of this message was very decided. The Shah was informed that the occupation of Herat or of any part of Afghanistan by the Persians would be considered in the light of a hostile demonstration against England;—that already had a naval armament arrived in the Persian Gulf, and troops been landed on Karrack; and that, if the Shah desired the British Government to suspend the measures in progress for

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for the vindication of its honour, he must at once retire from Herat, and make reparation for the injuries which he had inflicted upon the British mission.'—vol. i. p. 272.

Colonel Stoddart delivered the envoy's message on the 12th of August, and, after some weeks of hesitation and demur, the Sovereign of Persia, on the morning of the 9th of September, 1838, mounted his horse Ameerj, and set his face towards his own royal seat—thus terminating a siege which had lasted for as many months as years had been consumed in that of Troy. But there was nothing done from without which could have saved Herat, if it had not been stoutly defended from within—and if its energies had not been quickened and directed by the presence of one of the most remarkable of the many young Englishmen whose names have become famous in the stirring events of the last twelve years in India. This was Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, of the Bombay Artillery, who, having been despatched by his uncle, Colonel Pottinger, then the Resident in Sinde, to collect information, had traversed Afghanistan under various disguises, and at last found himself in Herat—in native dress but avowedly as an Englishman—at the very time (17th of September, 1837) when Kamran, returning from an unsuccessful expedition against a neighbouring fortress, re-entered his capital in state, to prepare in his turn for the siege with which he was menaced. We are thus introduced to the ruler of Herat, and his minister, at their first meeting with the Bombay Subaltern :—

'Little did Shah Kamran and Yar Mahommed, when they received that unassuming traveller, think how much, under Providence, the future destinies of Herat were in the hands of that young Englishman. The spirit of adventure was strong in Eldred Pottinger. It had brought him to the gates of Herat, and now it kept him there, eager to take a part in the coming struggle between the Heratees and their Persian invaders. And when the day of trial came—when the enemy were under the walls of the city—he threw himself into the contest, not merely in the spirit of adventure, as a young soldier rejoicing in the opportunity afforded him of taking part in the stirring scenes of active warfare, but as one profoundly impressed with the conviction that his duty to his country called upon him, in such a crisis, to put forth all his energies in aid of those who were striving to arrest a movement threatening not only the independence of Herat, but the stability of the British Empire in the East.'—i. 214.

From this passage to the end of the chapter the narrative flows on with a vigour and freshness which do great credit to the author. Choosing his own point of view as from within, and having himself served in the Artillery, he brings his professional knowledge to bear upon the scene before him, and writes as if he

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he had been an eye-witness of all that he narrates. Though not professing to have been personally intimate with Mr. Pottinger, he dwells upon that young hero's achievements with the interest of a brother officer. It is, indeed, difficult to exaggerate his merits. Measuring them by the pecuniary standard only, by what he saved, or put it in the Government's power to save, we venture to say that his services at Herat would have been cheaply purchased at the cost of one or two millions of money. Nor will this statement be thought extravagant by any who remember that the Afghan campaign cost upwards of fifteen millions; and that this English Lieutenant, by saving Herat, removed the only real necessity that ever had existed for an offensive movement on our part across the Indus.

The grand attack of the besiegers took place on the 24th of June, 1838. How completely successful, but for Pottinger, this onset would have been, will be gathered from Mr. Kaye's striking description of its repulse:—

'Startled by the first noise of the assault, Yar Mahommed had risen up, left his quarters, and ridden down to the works. Pottinger went forth at the same time and on the same errand. There was a profound conviction on his mind that there was desperate work in hand, of which he might not live to see the end. Giving instructions to his dependents, to be carried out in the event of his falling, he hastened to join the Wuzeer. As they neared the point of attack the garrison were seen retreating by twos and threes; others were quitting the works on the pretext of carrying off the wounded. These signs wrought differently on the minds of the two men who had hitherto seemed to be cast in the same heroic mould. Pottinger was eager to push on to the breach; Yar Mahommed sat himself down—the Wuzeer had lost heart. Astonished and indignant at the pusillanimity of his companion, the English officer called upon the Wuzeer again and again to rouse himself—either to move down to the breach, or to send his son to inspire new heart into the yielding garrison. The energetic appeal was not lost upon the Afghan chief. He rose up, advanced further into the works, and neared the breach where the contest was raging. Encouraged by the diminished opposition, the enemy were pushing on with renewed vigour. Yar Mahommed called upon his men in God's name to fight; but they wavered and stood still. Then his heart failed him again. He turned back, said he would go for aid, sought the place where he had before sat down, and looked around irresolute and unnerved. Pointing to the men, who, alarmed by the backwardness of their chief, were now retreating in every direction, Pottinger, in vehement language, insisted upon the absolute ruin of all their hopes that must result from want of energy in such a conjuncture. Yar Mahommed roused himself; again advanced, but again wavered; and a third time the young English officer was compelled, by words and deeds alike, to shame the unmanned Wuzeer. He reviled, he threatened;

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threatened; he seized him by the arm and dragged him forward to the breach. The game was almost up. Had Yar Mahommed not been roused out of the paralysis that had descended upon him, Herat would have been carried by assault. But the indomitable courage of Eldred Pottinger saved the beleaguered city. He compelled the Wuzeer to appear before his men as one not utterly prostrate and helpless. The chief called upon the soldiery to fight; but they continued to fall back in dismay. Then seizing a large staff, Yar Mahommed rushed like a madman upon the hindmost of the party, and drove them forward under a shower of heavy blows. The nature of the works was such as to forbid their falling back in a body. Cooped up in a narrow passage, and seeing no other outlet of escape, many of them leaped wildly over the parapet, and rushed down the exterior slope full upon the Persian stormers. The effect of this sudden movement was magical. The Persians, seized with a panic, abandoned their position and fled. The crisis was over: Herat was saved.'—i. 264.

We will not disturb the effect of this narrative by any comments; but before quitting Herat we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following note, where, along with an allusion to Lieutenant Pottinger's singular modesty of character, another noble-minded officer appears — Captain Arthur Conolly, of the Bengal Cavalry. How it must stir the blood and raise the moral bearing of our young countrymen in the East, when they see, by anecdotes like these, to what an extent for good or evil the character of England is in their keeping:—

'Pottinger, who is in his Journal provokingly chary of information about himself, does not say whether he appeared at these interviews in his true character of a British officer; but I conclude that he did not, on these occasions, attempt to conceal his nationality. Nor does it seem that in his intercourse with the higher class of Heratees he wore any disguise, for we soon find him taking part in a conversation about Arthur Conolly, and addressed as a countryman of that fine-hearted young Englishman. I cannot transcribe, without a glow of pleasure, the following passage in Pottinger's Journal:—"I fell in with a number of Captain Conolly's acquaintances. Every person asked after him, and appeared disappointed when I told them I did not know him. In two places I crossed Mr. Conolly's route, and on his account received the greatest hospitality and attention—indeed, more than was pleasant, for such liberality required corresponding upon my part, and my funds were not well adapted for any extraordinary demand upon them. In Herat Mr. Conolly's fame was great. In a large party, where the subject of the Europeans who had visited Herat was mooted, Conolly's name being mentioned, I was asked if I knew him, and on replying, 'Merely by report,' Moolah Mahomed, a Shah Moolah of eminence, calling to me across the room, said, 'You have a great pleasure awaiting you. When you see him, give him my salutation, and tell him that I say he has done as much to give the English nation fame

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fame in Herat, as your ambassador, Mr. Elphinstone, did at Peshawur;' and in this he was seconded by the great mass present." '— i. 214.

Our fame ought indeed to be well established at Herat, for nowhere else have so many good samples of Englishmen been exhibited to the people of Central Asia. Of Pottinger and Conolly it is needless to say more; but there were several others who there contributed to keep up their country's reputation, not merely for intelligence and courage, but also for private and Christian virtues. Among these were the too-impetuous but ever-conscientious Colonel Stoddart, to save whose life poor Arthur Conolly perilled and lost his own at Bokhara; Captain D'Arcy Todd, of the Bengal Artillery, a most accomplished Oriental scholar, who afterwards fell at the head of his troop on the field of Ferozeshah; Major Abbott, of the same corps, to whose interesting account of his own adventurous journey from Khiva, on the Oxus, along the shores of the Caspian to Orenburg and St. Petersburg, we hope soon to find occasion of calling our readers' attention; and Sir Richmond Shakespear, also of the Bengal Artillery, who in the succeeding year had the gratifying duty of conducting along the route explored by Abbott about 400 Russians, men, women, and children, whose liberation from apparently hopeless bondage was effected by the joint exertions of those two young officers. The favourable impression made on the fierce and fanatic race among whom these youthful representatives of their country's honour were thrown was such as, we feel confident, not all that has since happened in other quarters can have effaced.

We turn from the only scene in the whole course of the Afghan war on which an English eye can rest with unalloyed pride or satisfaction, to follow our author down the stream of his general narrative of the origin, progress, and close of that instructive expedition.

Dazzled by the brilliancy of the Herat episode, we have almost lost sight of the dangers alluded to at the commencement of this article as inseparable from such a task as Mr. Kaye has undertaken. But if the task be perilously delicate as well as difficult, our author brings to its performance some rarely united qualifications. He has been in India long enough to make him a competent judge of Indian evidence, and not so long as to contract any Anglo-Indian officialism of thought or style. He has accordingly escaped the besetting sins of most of our Eastern chroniclers. His characters are all active living agents, giving origin and impulse to the events which pass before the eyes of the reader. The Afghan war, in short, is now presented to

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to us with an approach to dramatic unity of form and purpose—the development of the plot subserving to the legitimate end of all dramatic composition—the enforcement, namely, of some one great principle or moral truth. That principle, in this case, is the certainty of retribution following hard upon the footsteps of any deliberate disregard, by even the most powerful State, of the plain dictates of justice and prudence. But, while thus devoutly recognising an overruling Providence, our author is not one of those who, seeing nought but the finger of God in all that happens, go far, with that tendency to approximation which marks extremes, to countenance the antagonist and far more pernicious extravagance of Mignet and others of his nation, who treat of the greatest crimes as if they were only moral phenomena of inevitable occurrence. Historians of either of these schools appear to ply a useless trade—for where is the advantage of recording what has been done or suffered, if the world is literally so directed from on high as to render man a creature of no potency whatsoever, or if events are really huddled one upon another in such a resistless sequence as can leave to him no choice but to 'roll darkling down the torrent of his fate'?

Such are not Mr. Kaye's views—and therefore, when he jots down with scrupulous but unflinching fidelity every fact brought to his knowledge by an anxious scrutiny of a mass of authentic documents, he evidently does so with the honest motive of enabling those who are to follow to see more clearly what there was either to imitate or avoid in the planning and prosecution of our expedition. His laborious researches seem to have been prompted and guided by a love of truth, powerful enough to divest his mind of all personal partialities, and to leave him free to bestow praise or blame upon deeds and actions, undisturbed by any feeling either for or against the agent. There was a time when to have praised a work upon an Indian topic for freedom from *party spirit* in the ordinary sense of the term, would have been absurd—for then India was of no party. But those days are gone by; and now Indian questions may be forced within the category of political events to influence and to be influenced by the rise and fall of ministries in England. There are many who incline to account this a drawback upon the great advantages resulting from the accelerating agency of steam; and they have on their side the authority of the late Lord Metcalfe, who was of opinion that if India shall ever be lost it will be by the party spirit of the House of Commons being brought to bear upon the administration of its affairs.

But to proceed with our narrative. Every valid pretext for the advance of our army beyond the Indus had been removed by the

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the King of Persia's retreat from Herat. Up to that period the resolution to meet an approaching danger by a forward movement might be defended as not exceeding the bounds of prudent daring; but it comes before us under a very different aspect when that ground of justification was removed. Herat is saved; the Russo-Persian army has gone back; and this is known at our head-quarters before a single soldier has crossed our frontier. Here was a *locus penitentiæ*, such as rulers who have taken a hazardous and questionable step, are rarely so lucky as to find. Why did not our statesmen profit by the opportunity? For an answer on that point we must refer our readers to the third chapter of the second volume of this history. They will there see how, in the month of June, 1838, we had thought proper to endorse an old agreement between the ex-King of Cabool and the ruler of the Punjaub, whereby the latter engaged, upon certain conditions, to restore the former to his throne. They will see also that, to acquit ourselves literally even of the obligation thus incurred, it would have sufficed to have lent only our indirect support to any attempts the ex-king might make to recover his long-lost Crown.—But our government thought it necessary to do more than was in the bond—more indeed than the ex-king himself perhaps desired. They entered upon the desperate experiment of trying to create an ally by substituting for an able ruler, to whom the people of a great part of Afghanistan were accustomed if not attached, a luckless old exile, who had been living in our dominions for nearly thirty years. This policy of thankless intervention, to elevate or restore sovereigns, is not new to the English either in Europe or Asia. It was even thought of during the war with the Burmese in 1826—but was then successfully opposed on the grounds of the uselessness of a king of our own setting up, whose very obligations to us would, by making him odious to his subjects, destroy his efficiency as an ally. No such considerations, however, were allowed to affect our policy towards Afghanistan; and on the 8th of November, 1838, the same order which proclaimed the raising of the siege of Herat contained a notification that the government of India would 'still continue to prosecute with vigour the measures which have been announced with a view to the substitution of a friendly for a hostile power in the eastern provinces of Afghanistan, and to the establishment of a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression upon our north-west frontier.'

'The expedition had no longer any other ostensible object than the substitution of a monarch whom the people of Afghanistan had, in emphatic Scriptural language, "spued out," for those Baruckzye chiefs who, whatever may have been the defects of their government, had

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had contrived to maintain themselves in security and their country in peace with a vigour and a constancy unknown to the luckless Suddozye princes. Had we started with the certainty of establishing a friendly power and a strong government in Afghanistan, the importance of the end would have borne no just relation to the magnitude of the means to be employed for its accomplishment. But at the best it was a mere experiment. There were more reasons why it should fail than why it should succeed. It was commenced in defiance of every consideration of political and military expediency; and there were those who, arguing the matter on higher grounds, pronounced the certainty of its failure, because there was a canker of injustice at the core.'—i. p. 371.

To show that these are no after-thoughts, but were the opinions entertained and expressed by the men of the most extensive Indian experience, we must go back a few pages:—

'The oldest and the most sagacious Indian politicians were of opinion that the expedition, though it might be attended at the outset with delusive success, would close in disaster and disgrace. Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement, and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe.'—*Ibid.* p. 363.

To these weighty names our author might have added more—among others that of the late Mr. St. George Tucker, whose minute as chairman of the Court of Directors against our whole trans-Indus policy is said to have been a masterly production. Indeed, it will be found that from first to last the Court of Directors acted up to the spirit of their own warning, sent to the Governor-General in a despatch dated 20th September, 1839, 'to have no political connexion with any state or party in those regions—to take no part in their quarrels—but to maintain, so far as possible, a friendly connexion with all of them.'—(p. 364.) But we must conclude this topic by citing some remarks of the very highest of all authorities on Indian matters—the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone—as conveyed in a private letter—which Mr. Kaye, we are to presume, has had proper leave for producing in his book:—

'You will guess what I think of affairs in Cabool: you remember when I used to dispute with you against having even an agent in Cabool; and now we have assumed the protection of the state as much as if it were one of the subsidiary allies in India. If you send 27,000 men up the Durra-i-Bolan to Candahar (as we hear is intended), and can feed them, I have no doubt you will take Candahar and Cabool, and set up Soojah; but for maintaining him in a poor, cold, strong, and remote country, among a turbulent people like the Afghans, I own it seems to me to be hopeless. If you succeed I fear you will weaken the

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the position against Russia. The Afghans were neutral, and would have received your aid against invaders; they will now be disaffected, and glad to join any invader to drive you out. I never knew a close alliance between a civilized and an uncivilized state that did not end in mutual hatred in three years. If the restraint of a close connexion with us were not enough to make us unpopular, the connexion with Runjeet and our guarantee of his conquests must make us detested. These opinions, formed at a distance, may seem absurd on the spot, but I still retain them notwithstanding all I have yet heard.'—vol. i. p. 363.

While these gloomy forebodings, shared by many though expressed by few, were depressing the spirits of the thoughtful, our army moved off, undisturbed by any feeling save one of regret at the diminished importance of the expedition, in consequence of the retrogression of the worthier foe with whom they had hoped to grapple at Herat.

Sir Henry Fane declining to put himself at the head of the reduced force *now* considered sufficient to drive out Dost Mahommed and set up Shah Soojah, the command devolved upon Sir John Keane, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, who, advancing with a division from his own presidency, met the Bengal column in Upper Sinde, and thence led the united army up the Bolan pass to Candahar. Our choice of a line of march did not escape the malicious sarcasms of our Mahommedan subjects, who used sneeringly to ask why the English gentlemen went by so roundabout a route, while the straight road to Cabool, across the territory of their ally Runjeet Sing, lay open before them?

In Candahar Shah Soojah met with a welcome calculated to confirm him, and his friends among ourselves, in the belief of his still retaining some hold on the affections of his countrymen. It was, however, the last gleam of popularity that shone upon the poor puppet king, whom the Afghans even then began to say that the English carried about with them like a corpse in a coffin.

Sir John Keane again advanced, and the fortress of Ghiznee, which, strange to say, he wanted the means to reduce by any ordinary process of siege, fell before the bold plan of blowing open one of its gates, suggested and executed by Major George Thompson, of the Bengal Engineers. Dost Mahommed, who had been hovering near, drew off in dismay at the sudden fall of the citadel of the Afghan race, and allowed our army to march into Cabool without further opposition. Into that city, the goal of all his hopes, Shah Soojah entered on the 7th of August, 1839, escorted by our troops, and uncheered by the slightest semblance of a greeting from the inhabitants:—

No man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home.

Thus

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Thus far everything had happened precisely as predicted by Mr. Elphinstone in that powerful though simply worded note which our readers have just perused. But now began a course of delusion, such as not only he could not have anticipated, but such as is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of the follies of the wise. It spread like a moral epidemic—affecting often the brightest and the clearest intellects. It was weakest in the lowly and most virulent with the lofty. It affected the envoy on the spot, the Governor-General and his attendant satellites in India, spreading from them across the ocean to Cannon Row and Downing Street, but passing innocuously over the mansion in Leadenhall. There, it is evident, from the following passages, as well as from that cited a few pages back, the delusion was stayed: — the intellects of its inmates were not to be bewildered even by any casual gleam of success which shot across the troubled scene of our Afghan policy.—On the 31st of December, 1840, the Court of Directors had written out to the supreme Government:—

"We pronounce our decided opinion that for many years to come the restored monarchy will have need of a British force, in order to maintain peace in its own territory and prevent aggression from without. We must add that to attempt to accomplish this by a small force, or by the mere influence of British residents, will, in our opinion, be most unwise and frivolous, and that we prefer the entire abandonment of the country and a frank confession of complete failure to any such policy.—To whatever quarter we direct our attention, we behold the restored monarchy menaced by dangers which cannot possibly be encountered by the military means at the disposal of the minister at the court of Shah Soojah, and we again desire you seriously to consider which of the two alternatives (a speedy retreat from Afghanistan, or a considerable increase of the military force in that country) you may feel it your duty to adopt. We are convinced that you have no middle course to pursue with safety or with honour."

Six months afterwards the Court again wrote (June 2, 1841:)—

"The surrender of Dost Mahommed does not alter the views contained in our late letter; and we hope that advantage will be taken of it to settle affairs in Afghanistan according to those views."—vol. ii. p. 256.

The delusion we have spoken of consisted in a real sincere belief in the friendly feelings towards Shah Soojah, and towards ourselves as his supporters, of the majority of the people of Afghanistan. So late as in the month of September, 1841, the country was stated, in letters from Cabool, to be quiet from Dan to Beersheba; and on the very eve of the outbreak—as we are told by Mr. Kaye (vol. ii. p. 3)—Burnes 'congratulated Macnaghten on his approaching departure at a period of such profound tranquillity.'

During

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During the two years of our precarious footing in Afghanistan, the partisans of the policy pursued were wont to smile compassionately at the weakness of those who saw danger to an army separated by nearly forty marches, by five broad rivers, and an independent state of a fickle character, from every means of support. If the instances which occurred in the war with Nepal in 1816, and in that with Ava afterwards, of the risk attending the permanent detachment of a small force, were urged against the prudence of leaving single battalions at such places as Ghiznee and Charikar—it was replied that the wisdom of our administration was winning on the esteem of the Afghans, and that ordinary rules did not apply to a people over whom we were establishing an empire not of force but of kindliness.—Even in England a taunting parallel was drawn, in an election speech, between the harsh sway of the French in Algiers and our own affectionate tenure of Afghanistan!—But there was a party, and that one by no means the least interested, who, if our information be correct, as we believe it is, took a view of affairs infinitely less cheering than that adopted by the optimists of the East or the Hustings orators of the West. That party was Shah Soojah himself. He is said to have ere long declared, after the fashion of Asia, in a metaphor at once ludicrous and pathetic, that unsupported by the British Government he was and could be nothing but a radish — the least rooted of plants. The poor old King's own finger traced the characters on the wall —but they were not regarded.

At length, on the 2nd of November, 1841, the explosion came—and a clear narrative of what ensued occupies the second volume of this book. The performance hardly admits of being epitomised. Though many of the leading events have been already recounted in separate publications, still much will there be found that has only been brought to light through Mr. Kaye's research; while even the best known details acquire something of the freshness of novelty from the skill displayed in weaving them into one connected history.

The two political authorities, Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes,—the two military commanders, Generals Elphinstone and Shelton,—and the two most prominent among the Afghan chiefs, Shah Soojah and Akbar Khan, are not merely made to sit for their portraits, but are exhibited before us in action with that dramatic power which communicates so stirring an interest to the whole work. If among those vivid portraitures there be any one of which we would fain soften the outline, it is that of the amiable and gallant officer whose greatest fault was his not having had the moral courage to disregard the fancied professional

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professional obligation to accept a command for which he was physically disqualified. Our author, we think, goes too far when he pronounces General Elphinstone to have been 'fit only for the invalid establishment on the day of his arrival in India' (vol. ii. p. 44):—for we have understood that while at the head of the most important division in Upper India, that of Meerut, he exhibited no want of talent for command, and was distinguished by his judicious firmness in maintaining the moral discipline of the troops under his charge. The fact of his being so afflicted with the gout as to render active movement in a hilly country an impossiblity was so notorious, that the selection of him for the service of Afghanistan is only to be accounted for from the delusion already spoken of as prevailing in the highest quarters. That Afghanistan was as tranquil as any province in our empire was the main tenet of the then dominant creed; and in conformity with this supposition, the first upon the roster, be he who he might, was to be preferred to Sir Harry Smith, Sir George Pollock, or any other of the hale and able generals who were at hand for the duty. Of the fatality which gave to such a chief such a second as General Shelton, we can only speak as we would of the inscrutable provisions of Heaven for the chastisement of erring rulers and nations. Their several qualities are contrasted with impartial severity in the following passage:—

'They were both of them brave men. In any other situation, though the physical infirmities of the one, and the cankered vanity, the dogmatical perverseness of the other, might have in some measure detracted from their efficiency as military commanders, I believe that they would have exhibited sufficient constancy and courage to rescue an army from utter destruction and the British name from indelible reproach. But in the Cabool cantonments they were miserably out of place. They seemed to have been sent there by superhuman intervention to work out the utter ruin and prostration of an unholy policy by ordinary human means. Elphinstone knew nothing of the native army; Shelton was violently prejudiced against it: Elphinstone, in a new and untried position, had no opinion of his own; Shelton, on the other hand, was proud of his experience, and obstinately wedded to his own opinions. It would have been impossible, indeed, to have brought together two men so individually disqualified for their positions, so inefficient in themselves, and so doubly inefficient in combination. Each made the other worse. The only point on which they agreed was unhappily the one on which it would have been well if they had differed. They agreed in urging the envoy to capitulate.'—vol. ii. p. 129.

This last line by itself almost suffices to convey the correctest idea of the fearfully difficult position of that high-minded man, whose memory some even in the senate have sought to load with the blame of all that happened through the incapacity and weak-

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ness of his military associates. Sir William Macnaghten's real error may be told in a very few words. While Secretary to the Governor-General, he had contributed to create the delusion regarding the kingship of Shah Soojah and the loyalty of the Afghans, in which, as Envoy, he afterwards so largely shared. This prevented his seeing or hearing aught that made against a policy originating in some measure with himself, and subsequently adopted by the head of the Government in India, and by the Governor-General's ministerial friends. Hence arose his disregard of the monitory symptoms of the very danger with which, when it did come, he immediately showed how fitted he was to grapple. He perhaps clung too long to the cantonments, though, when forced to give up all hope of preserving that position, we have now the clearest proof that he did his utmost to persuade—for unfortunately he could not compel—his military coadjutors to move into the Bala-Hissar.

Mr. Kaye describes with rare energy the last tragic hour of this accomplished gentleman's career. In conclusion he says:—

'Thus perished William Hay Macnaghten, struck down by the hand of the favourite son of Dost Mahomed. Thus perished as brave a gentleman as ever in the midst of fiery trials struggled manfully to rescue from disgrace the reputation of a great country. Throughout those seven weeks of unparalleled difficulty and danger he had confronted with steadfast courage every new peril and perplexity that had risen up before him; and, a man of peace himself, had resisted the timid counsels of the warriors, and striven to infuse, by his example, some strength into their fainting hearts. Whatever may be the judgment of posterity on other phases of his character and other incidents of his career, the historian will ever dwell with pride upon the unfailing courage and constancy of the man who, with everything to discourage and depress him, surrounded by all enervating influences, was ever eager to counsel the nobler and manlier course, ever ready to bear the burthen of responsibility and face the assaults of danger. There was but one civilian at Cabool, and he was the truest soldier in the camp.'—vol. ii. p. 155.

The gloomy interval which followed the death of the Envoy—the re-appearance, and ever with additional claims upon our admiration, of Eldred Pottinger—the sad exode from the cantonment—the strange clinging of men in that hour of agony, even at the risk of life, to their household goods—the admirable conduct of our countrywomen—the massacre of the unresisting mass—the undaunted but unavailing resistance of the few—the gradually diminishing number of the fugitives, till at last one single man alone escapes to carry to Julalabad the news of the destruction of fifteeen thousand of his fellow-creatures with whom he had started a few days before from Cabool;—all of these incidents

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incidents have, it is true, been told already, but never we think with such effect as in this the first connected history of the war.

We feel that we have quoted much—but cannot omit the following passage in the description of the terrible scene at Jugdulluck, happily expressive, as it appears to be, of our author's sympathy with that noble corps whose uniform he has had the honour to wear.

'Here too fell Captain Nicholl, of the Horse Artillery, who with his men, all through the dangers of the investment and the horrors of the retreat, had borne themselves as gallantly as the best of English soldiers in any place and at any time. Ever in the midst of danger, now charging on horse and now on foot, were these few resolute artillery-men. With mingled admiration and awe the enemy marked the desperate courage of the "red men," and shrank from a close conflict with what seemed to be superhuman strength and endurance. There is not much in the events of the outbreak at Cabool, and the retreat to Julalabad, to be looked back upon with national pride; but the monumental column on which are inscribed the names of the brave men of Nicholl's troop who then fell, only displays the language of simple unostentatious truth when it records that, "on occasions of unprecedented trial officers and men upheld in the most noble manner the character of the regiment to which they belonged." And years hence, when it has become a mere tradition that Dum-Dum* was once the head-quarter station of that distinguished corps, the young artilleryman standing in the shadow of the column will read how Nicholl's troop, the oldest in the regiment, was annihilated in the fearful passes of Afghanistan, will dwell on the heroic conduct which preceded their fall, and glow with pride at the recollection that those brave men were a portion of the regiment which now bears his name upon its rolls.'

The Indian Artillery have indeed cause to look back with pride upon a war in the course of which there issued from its ranks such men as Pottinger, D'Arcy Todd, Abbott, and Shakespear—all, as we have shown, distinguished at Herat; George Macgregor, the able political coadjutor of Sir Robert Sale at Julalabad; and lastly, Sir George Pollock, of whose skilful advance from Peshawur to Cabool to retrieve our military character, and liberate our captive countrymen and countrywomen, we would, but that our limits forbid, gladly follow out our author's able narrative. However pleasing too it might be to dwell upon the tale of our reviving fortunes, it is from the record of our disasters that the most useful lessons are to be drawn.

In looking back upon the part of Mr. Kaye's work which we have most closely examined, we are struck with three conclusions as directly deducible from the vivid narrative. These are, firstly,

* The artillery-station about ten miles from Calcutta.

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the mischievous consequences to India of its affairs being in any way linked with the oscillations of party-struggles in England; secondly, the mischief which may flow from the secret and irresistible sway exercised by the Board of Control over the deliberations of the Court of Directors; thirdly, the dangers attending the systematic separation of the Governor-General from the other members of the Supreme Council in India.

If it were but an idle vaunt once heard in India, that it was to the authors of the Afghan war the Whigs owed their return to power in 1839, there is no doubt of this expedition having been regarded by many as the war-horse of their party—or that Lord Auckland, in disregarding the admonitions of the Court of Directors, and the warnings of the Commander-in-Chief on the perilous position of our force beyond the Indus, was greatly influenced by the fear lest, by withdrawing from the enterprise, he should damage his political friends in England. In regard to the sway exercised by the Board of Control over the Court of Directors, all we can gather from the history before us is, that it must in the instance of the Afghan war have operated to stifle or to render of no effect much sound and sensible counsel which the Directors were anxious to impart to their servants abroad. As concerns the separation of the Governor-General from his Council, we have shown at the beginning of this article what its effects are likely to be; and all the facts detailed in these volumes tend to make good Mr. Kaye's assertion, that, if Lord Auckland had not quitted Calcutta, 'he would have followed a line of policy more in accordance with his own feelings and opinions, and less destructive to the interests of the empire' (i. 304).

The time draws near when Parliament will again have to decide upon the future government of India; and to those who would in the interim acquire some knowledge of the working of the present system we can recommend no better study than that of the annals of the first great event which has occurred since, by the power of steam, India has been brought nearer to England, and consequently more under the influence of home-bred politicians.

ART.

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ART. III.—1. *A Primer of the History of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity to the Formation of the Modern Irish Branch of the Church of Rome.* Third Edition. By the Rev. R. King, A.B. Dublin. 1851.

2. *The Experiment of Three Hundred Years. A Statement of the Efforts made by the English Government to make known the Gospel to the Irish Nation.* By the Rev. H. B. Macartney, Vicar of Kilrock. Dublin. 1847.

3. *A Report on the Books and Documents of the Papacy, deposited in the University Library, Cambridge, the Bodleian, and Trinity College, Dublin, in* 1840. London. 1852.

IF reports which have taken public attention by surprise are to be credited, elements of almost marvellous change are fermenting in Ireland:—Romanism is in process of breaking up—life and thought are stirring and struggling within it; and not alone in some peculiar locality, or in one passionate sally of secession, but in variously circumstanced districts, and in a continuous outpouring, which has deepened and widened until the rivulet has swelled into a stream that promises to become a flood. Multitudes upon multitudes are represented as passing away from a Church, 'out of which,' they used to believe, 'there was no redemption'—and we, Protestants, that there was no deliverance.

Leading organs of the Press, British and Irish, Protestant and Romanist, are agreed as to the fact. Strangers, prejudiced and unprejudiced, who have visited that country for the express purpose of exploring its religious condition, report to the same effect. Speakers at public meetings grow eloquent in praise or in censure of *the New Reformation.* A 'Catholic Defence Association,' under the presidency of Archbishop Cullen—special nominee of the Pope—is employed to put this Reformation down. A Society is established by the Lord Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately) to protect converts against Papist persecution. And, after ample consultation with the heads of the Established Church, the Lord Bishop of Tuam (Dr. Plunkett) has announced his resolution to dispense with the University testimonials usually required of candidates for Holy Orders, that he may provide for Irish-speaking congregations, converted from Rome, ministers with whom they can hold converse in the language they best understand. No trivial movements could have led to such results as these.

The debate, in truth, is now limited to the circumstances under which so many have quitted the Church of Rome—the instrumentalities

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instrumentalities that have been at work—the worth of the avowed proselytism. The Association over which Dr. Cullen presides maintains that unscrupulous zealots have abused the confidence and charities of England to the base purpose of seducing starving men into a simoniacal abandonment of their religion. We quote the words of the Rev. James Maher, one of the most prominent speakers at the second meeting of this body :—

'Missionaries have of late visited every part of England to raise a fund for the conversion of Ireland. The money was wanted to buy up converts—to bribe men to abandon the faith of their fathers—in order to fill up the empty churches of the Establishment. At first the missionaries took so little trouble to conceal their real object, proselytism by bribes, that *Dr. Whately* deemed it necessary, in an address to his clergy in 1847, to *reprove such practices.* "*There cannot be* (he said) *a more unsuitable occasion for urging any one to change his religion and adopt ours, than when we are proposing to relieve his physical necessities. We present ourselves to his mind as seeking to take an ungenerous advantage of his misery—as converting our benefactions into a bribe to induce him to violate his conscience.*"—The charge of proselytism by bribes has been established by the *best evidence the case admits of.*'—*Weekly Telegraph* [a Popish organ], Jan. 31, 1852.

But the charge against the Protestant missionaries was by no means left to the hazards of popular declamation, and permitted to evaporate as the effervescence of an excited meeting subsided. It was deposited in a form of more permanence than the priest's harangue, or at least in a statement for which the 'Catholic Defence Association' rendered itself more directly responsible. We extract from the published Address of its Committee.

'Meetings are held and money is collected in England from Protestants of every class, and often at much sacrifice on the part of the givers, who imagine that they are extending by lawful and honourable means the religion which they have been taught and think to be true. We are sure that many of the contributors to these funds little know how they are expended. The local agents, in many instances Catholics, who have been raised from poverty to abundance by the salaries which they receive as Protestant ministers, &c., have to earn those salaries by reporting lists of converts, attendants at Protestant congregations, and scholars at Protestant schools; and, not content with grossly exaggerating those whom they have, they have been utterly unscrupulous as to the means employed to obtain more. Bribery has been used with much effect among the starving peasantry; and wherever the agents [of the landlords] are upon their side, intimidation has been freely combined with bribery, especially towards parents who refuse to send their children to schools in which they are taught to blaspheme with infant voices the most

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most sacred objects of our faith. These things are so notorious in Ireland—it is so well known that multitudes have died of hunger and pestilence, who might have saved their lives by a pretended conversion—that hypocrisy has been endowed, that unbelief in all religion has been suggested and fostered by this monstrous system of education, in opposition to the solemn convictions of the people; that Irishmen in general assume that the money was given with this intention, and are too indignant to expostulate. The Association fear that in fact too many of the subscribers are willing that parents should falsely simulate apostacy, so that their children may be brought up aliens at least from the Catholic religion, and (as they vainly flatter themselves) believers in Protestantism. Still they are sure that others would sincerely recoil from the vile use made of their money if they knew it, and that all would be heartily ashamed to have it generally known and exposed; and this the Association purposes to secure.'—*Ibid.*

'This the Association purposes to secure.' That feigned proselytisms are effected through agencies of bribery and intimidation is, they declare, notorious in Ireland; and it is their purpose and boast that England also shall be made aware of the flagitious and abominable uses to which its bounty is thus turned.

Charges so boldly advanced would lead to an expectation that they could be, in at least some plausible degree, substantiated. The Society which made them had ample facilities for procuring the evidence by which, if well grounded, they could be proved. The Roman Catholic hierocracy and priesthood, and their supporters and agents in and out of Parliament, distributed, as they were, through all parts of Ireland, could not fail to have opportunities of detecting the iniquitous practices which it was a declared object of that Association to expose; and it would be rational to conclude that, where so menacing an announcement was solemnly made by such a body, the testimonies it relied on had been previously collected and arranged. Proofs were soon called for. The meeting which adopted the inculpatory Address was on the 29th January. On the 31st the Rev. A. Dallas, on the part of the Irish Church Missions Society, published a reply to it, and challenged his accusers to the proof. Very shortly after, an invitation to the same effect was issued by the Rev. E. Nangle, Superintendent of the Achill Missions. This was speedily followed up by the Rev. P. Hanlon, an agent of the London Irish Society, who undertook not only to exculpate that Society from any accusation that could be brought against it within the sphere of his ministry, but also to establish against the priesthood of Rome in Ireland the very charges with which they had aspersed Protestants.

Mr. Dallas proposed that the allegations of the Defence Association

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Association should be tried before a court of arbitration, to be held in London. We subjoin his words, addressed to Mr. Henry Wilberforce, Secretary to the Defence Association, and that gentleman's reply:—

Mr. Dallas to Mr. Wilberforce.

'You bring a charge in general terms. I meet that general charge by a distinct and unqualified denial. Both you and I are Englishmen; the charge affects the character of an English society; the parties statedly sought to be influenced by your charge are the Protestant population of England. We will then change the venue to English ground. I am willing that two eminent English lawyers shall be nominated, one by you and another by me; that these two persons shall themselves select a third, of eminence and public character; that before these three men, as a court without appeal, you shall bring forward any individual instance and all the evidence you may be able to collect. *If in the judgment of this court, so constituted, there can be produced one single instance in which anything is proved which can be characterised as bribery or as intimidation on the part of the Irish Church Missions, I will bind myself to acknowledge that I am wrong, to make such apology as the same judges may appoint, and to pay all the expenses of the process.*'—*Dublin Evening Herald, February* 2, 1852.

Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Dallas.

'While there is nothing which I should more highly value than the opportunity of exposing these proceedings before the people of England in the most public manner possible, *I am* (*as you well know*) *quite unable to meet the expense of bringing witnesses to England, even upon your promise to repay me at the end of a long process, if given against you.* Neither is it necessary, however desirable, that I should do so, because I intend to take less expensive means of making the facts of the case as widely known as possible. I will, however, gladly agree that two persons nominated, as you propose, with the power of naming a third if necessary, should themselves visit Ireland, and there ascertain by their own observation, and by examining witnesses, the whole facts of the case, and report thereupon; the express understanding being that you or your employers shall pay, as you propose, the whole expense of the inquiry, if any case of bribery or intimidation is discovered.'—*Ibid.*

Such is the reason for a refusal, on the part of Archbishop Cullen's Association, to prove before an impartial tribunal the truth of charges—for which every bishop and priest of their Church and every Roman Catholic gentleman of their party was to be held responsible—wantonly circulated through all the organs of public opinion—against individuals who defy them to show that, even in a single instance, their accusation is well founded.

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It is scarcely necessary to observe that the latter part of Mr. Wilberforce's letter contradicts the former. He was, he says, '*unable to meet the expense of bringing witnesses to England*'—yet he was, he owns, able to provide for the much larger expense attendant on the circuit of commissioners through Ireland. The real objection was not to the cost, but the place of trial.

For a moment the thought passed through our minds to lay before the reader some further extracts from Mr. Wilberforce's part in this correspondence. We forbear. Old associations restrain us—a feeling deeper, but akin to that with which one might see a Howard or Russell *cleaning shoes*. One observation, however, we feel bound to make. The moral eccentricities, of which we have had so frequent proof, are peculiarities not of a *race* but of a *school*. A Saxon or Norman of purest blood, surrendering himself to the discipline and culture which have too long been busy with the Irish Celt, will, after no long time, attain equal proficiency in the same ignoble practices, and, as was said of yore, become *ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*. We make no further comment on the part assigned to Mr. Wilberforce by his new masters. That we have touched upon it even thus far was perhaps a superfluous labour. The body of which that gentleman is the instrument must necessarily be regarded as responsible for the acts to which it abases him. The response to Mr. Dallas which he subscribed was, however, *formally adopted* by the Defence Association—and that at a meeting over which Archbishop Cullen presided in person.

So much for that marking instance. But was no species of proof ever tendered in support of those accusations? We do not say so; our readers have already seen, indeed, that in one case it was otherwise. Let us do justice to that case—as we believe, the sole exceptional one. When the charge of bribery was hazarded by Mr. Maher, it *was* supported by what that orator called 'the best *evidence* the case admits of'—viz. a citation from Archbishop Whately. This citation, however, was a fraud! The Archbishop had permitted the publication of two documents on the same matter, but different in time and object—one containing a monition to persons engaged, or likely to engage, in missionary exertions—the other offering his Grace's testimony to the manner in which such parties *had* conducted themselves. In the former, published in 1847, he strenuously *advised* that, in the administration of the funds intrusted to them to relieve the physical wants of the poor, the agents should never abuse their opportunities to the promotion of a spurious proselytism. Three years later, in 1850, his Grace drew up the second document, bearing *testimony* that, to the best of his belief, *in no one instance had the*

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the offices of charity been so degraded. I *advise*, said he *prospectively* in 1847, that your relief of bodily distress shall not seem a bribe to induce outward conformity. I *testify*, said he, *retrospectively*, in 1850, that I have not been able to detect a single instance in which an Irishman was bribed to renounce the creed of Rome. But it pleased Mr. Maher to ignore the latter document, and ascribe its character to the totally different one of earlier date. It is proper to insert Archbishop Whately's *testimony* of 1850 in its authorized form :—

'The Archbishop of Dublin has authorized the Committee of the Society for Protecting the Rights of Conscience to publish the following statement, being the substance of his reply to a gentleman who wrote to him respecting the conversions, and attributed them to direct or indirect bribery by persons availing themselves of *the famine.*

'His Grace stated, he would not undertake to prove that no instance of bribery had occurred—but he had made *a most rigid inquiry*, and none had come to his knowledge; that, as a general rule, the very reverse was the fact; *that he was prepared to prove that the greater number of the converts had not only obtained no temporal advantage, but had been exposed to the most merciless persecution.* He could also prove that several priests had given out that such and such bribes were offered as the price of conformity; and had been so far believed, that people had come to the Protestant minister, offering to conform for "a consideration," though there was no foundation for any such notion except the priest's assertion; and that he could produce instances of a bonus having been offered to the converts to induce them to return to the Romish communion.—When the author of this charge was intreated to *specify* any case that had come to his knowledge, he adduced one, and only one, such case of supposed bribery, which was one that had occurred *above sixteen* years before *the famine* began.'

Thus far, it may be said, this New Reformation is acquitted of the crimes laid to its charge by the exposed repugnance of its accusers to submit to the issues of a fair trial, and by the true testimony of the one unexceptionable witness whose words they had garbled. It has had an acquittal in another form also. It could not obtain a trial in London or Dublin; but it was inculpated elsewhere. In the parish of Doon, in the diocese of Cashel, six distinct charges of violence and aggression were brought against the police force, by whom converts had been protected, and in every instance the accused parties were honourably acquitted. In Tuam similar charges were advanced, not only against the constabulary but also against the Protestant clergy, and with no better success. The proceedings on these occasions are too instructive to be overlooked.

When Monsignor Cullen somewhat irreverently classed 'Bibles and

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and Intimidation' together as twin agencies on which proselytism was dependent, there was a general persuasion that he spoke inadvertently. It is hard to imagine the Church of Rome, in such a state of society as that of Ireland, under such a government as that of late years, complaining of *intimidation* in any other spirit than the exuberance of a rude hilarity.

'Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.'

But if in any part beyond another the charge would be like 'a jest with a sad brow,' it must be when the spot is Tuam.

This name, at least, is familiar to all our readers. The town is the residence of a bishop (formerly an archbishop) of the Church, and also of a prelate located there by the Vatican, who assumes, contrary to law, the old archiepiscopal title. Here this intruder, the celebrated Dr. John M'Hale, has a cathedral and a seminary graced with the name of the first bishop of the see; and here, in attendance on the college and church of St. Jarlath's, and under orders of that most apostolical personage, a strong force of ecclesiastics appears to have been brigaded—

'Whetted for war and eager for the fray.'

We find that, at the date of the last census, the Protestant congregation in Tuam cathedral amounted to two hundred and fifty, and *was diminishing;* while that in its Romish rival was 'about eight thousand at the three services,' and was 'increasing.' It was not marvellous that a stronghold so garrisoned—John M'Hale, styled in the Orientalism of Irish eloquence the *Lion of the Fold* or the *Lion of Judah*, at its head—numbering as its inhabitants more than fourteen thousand vassals of the Pope—should be among the last places of the province into which the Reformation made its way. That missionaries dared to invade such a fortress at any time is the only matter of wonder. They did so, however. The Lord Bishop of the diocese promoted to the honourable peril of ministering in this parish a clergyman who could speak the Irish language, and Mr. Seymour was well aware how the gift would find its most profitable employment. Mark the speedy results of thus bearding the lion in his den. So soon as this grim 'monarch of all he surveyed' was roused by rumours of change—heard of doubts confirmed into estrangement, and beheld the *vestigia retrorsum*—the danger awoke a spirit adequate to the emergency. Tuam was speedily in a state of siege. Detectives—inquisitors, perhaps—made their way into suspected abodes, kept strict watch on the movements of every Protestant supposed to be engaged in the work of reformation, and surprised, as best they might, the secret of every Roman Catholic

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Catholic to whom a Scriptural truth had been illicitly imparted. The rabble were easily stimulated to disorder. Neither rank, nor age, nor sex, gave protection against brutal violence, and through this savage commotion were to be seen sailing about in all directions—'stormy petrels of the hour'—Dr. M'Hale's priests;—some unschooled in their vocation, and showing excitement in their countenances; some with the composed visages of men whom habit had hardened.

It would scarcely be thought credible that complaints of intimidation and outrage could be raised against *the sufferers* from this violence. But such complaints were paraded at first in the press;—then, in the wantonness of that drunken petulance so well described by Juvenal—as if tyranny would 'seek sport in the mock solemnities of a judicial investigation'—were audaciously brought before a bench of magistrates—most of whom are said to have come from unusual distances to hear them.

'Libertas pauperis hæc est:
Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.'

Such was the poor man's liberty in Pagan Rome; such the Protestant's in Dr. M'Hale's Tuam. The persecuted party, however, met assault in its judicial form no less firmly than in the streets. They brought their own charges before the tribunal of justice, and volunteered facilities for prosecuting the charges against themselves. At length, after various delays and disappointments, a day came when the complaints on both sides were to be investigated. On that day a surprise was prepared for the Protestants. The charges against them were all withdrawn. We will not enter into the details of this strange procedure. It is enough, perhaps, to observe that the Earl of Clarendon was Lord Lieutenant when the informations were sworn—and that the Earl of Eglinton had become his successor when they were to be put to proof.

Since the day when the judicial mockery was thus interrupted persecution has changed its character. The vulgar atrocities of the highway have not yet been discontinued. Protestants, lay and clerical, male and female, are still hooted, insulted, assaulted. The streets of Tuam still afford evidence that barbarism and malignity can avail themselves of language which, one would think, could be learned only in scenes where profligate vices are putrifying; but we have not heard that the sufferers are any longer summoned before the magistrate. We have learned that Protestants are still sustained by their cause and their Master to prosecute their mission in the face of these cruel terrors

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terrors and assaults:—nor have they been of avail to prevent avowals of conversion. Out of the mass of Romanism, from time to time, a liberated spirit goes forth. Within that mass inquiry is incessantly making progress.

The charges advanced by the priests of Doon had no happier result than those at Tuam. They were preferred against policemen, sent thither to protect converts from violence. An investigation was ordered by the late Government; the accused parties were praised for their conduct, and in every instance the charges against them were dismissed.

This parish of Doon had earned, in days past, a very unenviable notoriety in Irish disorder. Lying on the confines of Limerick and Tipperary, it afforded harbourage to the outlaws and the lawless of both counties, and became conspicuous for predial and political outrage. Once it had had a Scriptural school—but the school was closed; it had a rector who performed admirably the duties of a country gentleman—but it became necessary to surround him perpetually with an armed guard—his glebe-house was converted into a police barrack. At the date of the last Census the Protestant congregation amounted to forty-seven; but we are informed that, during the stormy years which followed, it became reduced to nine. This was the condition of Doon when the Irish Society commenced operations in it.

The first step taken by the Readers was to seek the tolerance of the priests, who examined the books in which they were to instruct the people—including as they did an Irish version of the Scriptures—pronounced—in the mere rashness of pride perhaps—a favourable judgment on the books in general, and said they saw no reason why the men should not 'earn an honest penny.' The Readers acted on this sufficiently scornful toleration with such success that it was speedily withdrawn. Their converts were denounced, and the congregation warned to hold no intercourse with them. Soon after, 'the faithful' were instructed to follow them with hootings and groans. Such were the arguments with which the priests defended their cause. The clergy of the Established Church exerted themselves after a different fashion; and in about three years, in Doon and the neighbouring parishes, there were 'added to the Church' about eight hundred. Generally speaking, as each convert declared his conviction, he became subject to grievous persecution. If he had been dependent on Roman Catholics for employment, he lost it; while Protestants—fearful of incurring an unworthy suspicion, or distrustful of the sincerity of converts—acted accordingly. It was not until deaths from famine, under circumstances not to be misinterpreted, had enforced local attention, that they awoke from their

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their unhappy jealousy. Then they began to feel that men were not to be left to perish under the anathemas of Rome, in a country calling itself Christian, because they dared to read Holy Scripture. The clergy in Doon and its neighbourhood sought aid, in Ireland and elsewhere, to assist them in raising schools, enlarging churches, providing teachers, and employing at very low wages converts in danger of perishing under the malediction of the Romish altar. In this case, as at Tuam, the statements of the Protestants were contradicted; and, as usual, sins of bribery and intimidation were laid to their charge. It was even threatened that an attempt would be made to substantiate those accusations by proof. Liverpool was chosen as the place where the trial was to be had, but—*ecce iterum*—on the day appointed the accusing parties made *no appearance*. A plea having been set up that sufficient notice of the day had not been given—a plea which was shown to be wholly without foundation—a second day was named—and the priests again declined to appear, alleging that they had engagements which *might* occupy them on that day, but *not naming another*.

Thus, in every instance in which charges were made against Protestants, the accusers declined the challenge to prove them.

For these details some apology may seem requisite. We are well aware how many persons of name and influence have brought themselves to think the domination of Romanism an inevitable condition of Ireland, and that the public interests will be best served by endeavours to conciliate that power and mitigate, if possible, its intolerance. They dwell upon the fact that more than three hundred years have elapsed since the Papal Supremacy was legally abolished. They adduce the long-enduring perplexities of our Government as proof that there is a part of the empire in which, whether by 'a fatal destiny of the land,' or 'by the genius of the soil,' or (in the words of Spenser) 'for some secret scourge which shall by *her* come to England,' Popery cannot be eradicated; and in some instances they scruple not to accept for their guidance the act (though not the policy) of certainly a very politic monarch, and to say of Romanism what Henry VII. said of a formidable grandee—'Sithence all Ireland cannot rule the Earl of Kildare, our judgment is that the Earl of Kildare shall rule all Ireland.' Statesmen of this stamp would be disposed to receive reports which bring ready conviction to the unprejudiced, as followers of Hume would regard the testimonies for a Scripture miracle. The three hundred years since Henry VIII. serve as their 'course of nature.' Hence the tedious minuteness of our details. We felt that the prepossession was strong, and the presumption plausible, against what we believed, nevertheless,

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nevertheless, to be a blessed truth, established by evidence that only demands to be sifted.

But while the testimony is strong enough to overcome the highest degree of adverse presumption, we must observe that that 'course of nature' or term of prescription by which the incredulous are influenced is purely the creature of their own imagination. They assume that for three hundred years agencies have been at work which must have long ere now produced a complete Reformation—had such been possible. They overlook (or will not make themselves acquainted with) the fact that the course of true religion, in the remote past, as well as in recent times, has experienced heavy blows and great discouragements. If desponding politicians and philanthropists would interpret aright the voices of those monitory centuries to which they profess to listen, they would learn from them a lesson of better cheer. Harvests are not to be expected where seed has not been sown. This is the '*course of Nature.*'

Our relations with the sister island have subsisted for nearly seven hundred years—during which we have been concerned in two great enterprises or experiments. For more than three hundred and fifty years we laboured to govern her *with Rome for our ally*—during the latter term of the connexion that power *has been an adversary.* If it were required of us to prefix a motto to the history of England's first experiment in Irish rule, we would take Edmund Campion's version of perhaps the most important of the resolutions or Canons adopted at that synod or council which Henry II. caused to be holden (we dare not decide whether) at Cashel or Lismore—A.D. 1172:—

'That forasmuch as God hath universally delivered them into the government of the English, they should in all points, rites, and ceremonies, accord with the Church of England.'—*Campion's History of Ireland,* book ii. cap. i.

Here are two great announcements made: Ireland has lapsed, 'universally' under the government of England—she must be reduced under the ecclesiastical dominion of Rome. That yoke England had already taken upon herself—and the conquered country must submit to the same burden. The comment of an Irish historian, a Popish ecclesiastic too, we believe—(and one who 'trailed the puissant pike' as well as the pen in what he thought his country's cause)—on the compact of which this Canon is an exponent, may also be worth citing:—

'To root out Irish monks and plant English in their place, to keep a strict alliance with the Pope by an annual subsidy, was to wield the two-edged

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two-edged sword of the spiritual and temporal power for the subjugation of Ireland.'—*Taafe's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 63.

Artful, however, as the policy of Henry II. may have been, it was artifice which higher art controlled and baffled. One part of his object was attained; in the other he was frustrated by the genius of Rome. The work which Henry pledged himself to the Pope to do was done; ruinously well done. The old religion was obliterated—so effectually that its only vestiges have faded into mythology, and that ecclesiastical Ireland has been justly described as a Palimpsest, where principles and practices of the Roman Priesthood, Regular and Secular, are inscribed over the effaced characters in which the earlier Church of the 'Island of Saints' had its records written. So fared it for the religion which Henry was under obligation to intrude into the conquered country. But how sped the projects of civil government? As Rome enlarged her power, that of England declined. The domain 'universally' delivered into her rule soon became narrowed to the twelve counties of the Pale. For the other districts—so Bishop De Burgh in his *Hibernia Dominicana* instructs us—'although the armies of England came there from year to year, her laws *never reached them* until the times of Henry VIII.' And within that interval—as Mr. O'Connell in his *Ireland for the Irish* not unjustly boasts—a further curtailment of power had been experienced. The government of England at length comprised under its jurisdiction four counties only; and 'they that lived by west of the Barrow, lived by west of the law.'—Such was the issue of our first experiment. It commenced when Ireland was *universally delivered* to our government, and was to be reduced into spiritual submission to the See of Rome. At its close the Papal aims were achieved—while England had shrunk to the occupation of a garrison upon the eastern coast. Everywhere Rome had her armies established and her laws in authority. A glance over the Hibernia Dominicana, or Archdall's Monasticon, will bring under view the net-work in which the various Regular Orders had covered the country and caused it to feel and tremble under the Italian influence. In this state of things, England repelled into her garrison, and fortifying herself there against the broad dominions which she had handed over to the Papacy, *the second experiment commenced.*

It seemed to have an auspicious opening. Henry VIII. abolished by law the Pope's supremacy, and assumed the title of King. The great mass of the Irish chieftains manifested favour for both these assertions of independence. They declared 'that they would accept and hold his said Majesty, and the kings his successors,

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successors, as the Supreme Head on earth, immediately under Christ, of the Church of England and Ireland,' and 'that they will annihilate the usurped primacy and authority of the Bishop of Rome.' 'It may be presumed,' writes the Roman Catholic poet and historian Moore, 'that neither by the clergy nor by the laity was this substitution of the supremacy of the Crown for that of the Pope considered as a change seriously affecting their faith, since *almost all the native lords and clergy came forward to confirm their allegiance by this form of oath*,' &c. (*Hist. of Ireland*, iii. 300). Various explanations have been offered of so ready an acquiescence on the part of the Irish chieftains in the claims, temporal and ecclesiastical, now put forward by the Sovereign of England. It appears to us by no means difficult to account for. The royal title took the fancy of a people who ages before had felt it soothing to the mortification of defeat to distinguish their invader by the cognomen *Fitz-Empress*. The Supremacy asserted by Henry VIII. was aptly associated with the rights of a *King*:—it had been so in the old native Church of Ireland—although not comprised among the privileges attached to the title of *Lord*. And while thus prescription and fancy lent their aid to magnify the authority of the King, the doctrine of Romanism had not yet ascribed to the Pope the high and absolute sovereignty which was afterwards usurped by him. At the time when Henry VIII. dissolved his partnership or coalition with the Pope, the Church of Rome was in that state of transition through which it passed from the mixed monarchy of mediævalism into the monarchical absolutism of modern days. More than twenty years were to elapse before the creed of Pius IV.—the charter of the actual Romanism—made its appearance. (A.D. 1564.)

While thus 'the King's name was an host,' the Papal ascendancy not altogether ascertained and absolute, and the exactions of Papal functionaries harassing to the Irish nobles, it was not wonderful that the bold proceedings of Henry were welcomed as the challenge and prelude to a great struggle, and that, even for the sake of the expected combat, they found favour with a turbulent people. More, it is evident, than the mere assertion of Supremacy was looked for:—

'Not content with his formal renouncement of Rome,' writes Mr. Thomas Moore, 'O'Brian, in a paper entitled *The Irishman's Requests*, demanded that there should be sent over some well-learned *Irishmen*, brought up in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, not being infected with the poison of the Bishop of Rome, and that, having been first approved by the King's Majesty, they should then be sent to preach the word of God in Ireland.'—*History*, iii. p. 323.

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The hopes and wishes of many, it may be, spoke in these expressions of the potent Chief of Thomond; but they were doomed to disappointment. Little of the anticipated controversy took place until the accession of Elizabeth, and, in a few years after, Romanism assumed its modern character and organization. 'The Pope, he is the Church,' as Le Maistre insists—is the great principle of the existing Church of Rome:—a principle developed in the concluding Sessions of the Council of Trent, and to the assertion of which the Creed of Pius IV. was made subservient. When the controversy, which ought to have commenced twenty years earlier on the part of England, was opened languidly in the reign of this great Queen, the minds of Irishmen had been preoccupied against it—the elevated style and port of the Pope had effaced the impression produced by the bold assumption of her father—and her own formal deposition by a Bull found perhaps more favour with an excitable people than Henry's adoption of a title which had proclaimed the 'Lord of Ireland' an independent *King* in that island no less than in England.

The antagonist parties were now soon formed, and in action. On one side there were arrayed Ireland and the post-Tridentine Church of Rome; England and her Reformed Church on the other. This contest has been prolonged for nearly three hundred years, and its broad issues, thus far, may be regarded as in contradistinction to those of the former experiment. In that, England extended all over the land the religion of which she was the accredited champion, and, in recompense, had the mortification to find her government rejected by nine-tenths of the country once 'universally' delivered to her. In the latter experiment she has (fully in theory at least) won back dominion for her laws, but has failed in the propagation of her faith. There may seem something anomalous here—but in reality there is not. England in neither case failed to accomplish what she sedulously exerted herself to achieve.

Mr. M'Cartney, in 'The Experiment of Three Hundred Years,' pursues the stream of time from the Reformation downwards, and maintains with great ability his leading theses: viz. that the Established Church in Ireland has never had the opportunity to develop its power for spiritual good; that the efforts of its clergy were not only not seconded, but discountenanced and frustrated by the State; that what England wished the Irish Church to effect was the *subjugation* of Ireland, not her *conversion;* and that, accordingly, we never supplied her with the agencies through which, humanly speaking, conversions are to be effected. We commend this work to our readers, and willingly spare ourselves

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ourselves the pain of reciting what can be found there compendiously and, as we believe, accurately stated. But there is one point on which we must dwell for a moment. The lesson of the day of Pentecost, even although recommended by the genius of Spenser and the wisdom of Bacon, may be almost said to have been lost upon England. From time to time, it is true, individual bishops and clergymen applied that great lesson, and could appeal to the beneficial consequences. Such men translated both Testaments and the Book of Common Prayer into the Irish tongue; they abundantly showed how practicable it would be to train up ministers competently instructed in the use of that necessary idiom;—but all this was disregarded by the State—and Rome was suffered to retain as her own, 'without corrival,' the incalculable advantage of a gift by which she could turn to her sole benefit the feelings and prejudices of an ignorant people—whom it was but too easy to keep in ignorance.

The Church of Rome has as its allies in Ireland two principles, which in other parts of the world have often been found in antagonism. Elsewhere if the Papacy trench too closely on the privileges of the nation, Father-land asserts its power, and the Vatican learns caution. In Ireland the national and the papal are interfused. The religion of Rome is not a religion of love: its abhorrence of heresy is a far more powerful principle of action than its value for souls; and in Ireland it discerns, in the same individual, an object at once for doctrinal rancour and national vindictiveness. *The heretic and the invader are the same.* Many a difficulty arising out of the history of Irish Romanism will find its solution in this one characteristic.

The agencies which have produced and cultivated this state of feeling are described in some of our former volumes;—we refer especially to No. cxxxiv., March, 1841. That their effects were not undesigned, we learn from a witness who cannot be accused of a bias unfavourable to Rome—M. de Montalembert:—

'The Priests knew,' he says, 'that *to preserve the faith* it should be made the life and only resource of a conquered and oppressed people, and that, to make it take root in their hearts, *it should be joined with a fervent love of liberty and country.* Always free and always poor, *they preserved themselves from all contact with that English Civilization* which was the offspring of the Catholic religion but revolted against its parent.'

'Such, we are to understand, were the Priests in the days of penal laws and civil disabilities. They were ministers of a religion which, *they knew*, could not live on in its own strength. To preserve it, Civilization must be withstood, and something which M. de Montalembert calls Love of liberty and country must

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be cultivated in combination with religion. To the Priests, therefore, according to this most accomplished ultra-montane authority, are to be ascribed the impediments to the progress of Civilization, and the ascendancy of affections or passions which, with whatever epithets the Count adorns them, have achieved for themselves a signal reputation in the Newgate Calendar of Ireland.

'Let us now,' proceeds M. de Montalembert, 'consider the Irish Priest of *these* days, when the sword of persecution is sheathed, and when nothing remains to be overcome but poverty and the stupid opposition of power. He is the Depositary *of the Laws of the Community*—and knows where *they must bear the yoke*, and where they may *shake it off*. In many cases he decides their legal differences, and no one dares to violate his decision. And, finally, *it is he* who conducts the poor freeholder to the hustings to vote for a friend to the country or to the ancient religion.'

According to this pregnant testimony, the Irish Romanists are kept apart, as a *Community*, having *Laws* of which the Priest is the *Depositary*. As yet the State does not recognise and enforce these laws, but Romanism takes care that they shall be obligatory *on conscience*, and that *opinion* shall give them a sanction. Now what is the appalling phenomenon of Irish disorder? It is not the amount of crime. It is the *seared conscience and the vitiated public opinion*. The murderer will go through forms of prayer with a tranquil heart before the body of his victim is cold; and the renown of his worst atrocities will be an *open sesame* to every heart and home of his 'Community.' And the elegant Frenchman proclaims that this fearful demoralization is essential to the maintenance of the true Religion in Ireland, and blazons and boasts that it is solely the achievement of her Priests.

Beside the laws of 'the *Community*' there are other laws—those of the State;—and these, we apprehend, constitute the *yoke* which must sometimes be endured, may sometimes be shaken off. The Priest 'knows the true moment when.' How does he acquire this knowledge? Does his acquisition of it account for that remarkable allocation of the Romish Episcopate which assigns their appropriate spheres to men of apparently opposite temperaments, and thus keeps up a good understanding both with the Government and with 'the Masses?' In one department is placed the 'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer'—in another something which is regarded as the 'Mitis sapientia Læli.' And in all cases the disposition is wisely made—for 'Jacob's voice suits well with Esau's hands'—when the one whispers smooth things in Dublin Castle, while the rest are scattering firebrands through the provinces.

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It may perhaps be said that it is not just to cite the representations of a foreigner, as if they were to be considered important testimony touching the character of the Priesthood. It would not be just *to offer such testimony against them.* We have not done so. The passages now quoted have been adopted by the body to whom we apply them. We have not taken them from Montalembert's work, but from the 'Complete Catholic Directory—Revised by a Catholic Priest approved of for that purpose.' Its—of course distinguished—editor says—

'To the multiplied calumnies of apostates and interested bigots on our venerable clergy it is not necessary for us to reply. The convicted forgeries and self-evident falsehoods of the parties concerned form their best refutation. We cannot better conclude these few observations than in the words of a learned and noble foreigner, Count Montalembert, taken from his *Sketches of Ireland.*'—*A Complete Catholic Directory*, 1837, p. 81.

There is one passage in the Count's 'masterly delineation' (so styled by the same reverend reviser) which it remains for us to cite:—

'Again, you may see him in his white robe standing before the altar, and speaking to his brethren on all their interests, spiritual and temporal, *in the old Irish*—a language so poetic, so pure, and so expressive—the only one of the European languages that has no trivial or unmeaning words—the only wreck that remains in Ireland of its original greatness and power. It is in this mysterious language, *unknown to the rich and the Protestant*, that the priest associates himself with all the wants and all the affections of the poor.'

Though the French Count's eulogy on a language of which or its monuments he knows probably nothing, may be much exaggerated, there is undoubtedly a great truth disclosed here—the main secret, peradventure, of the strength of Romanism in Ireland. By means of this spell the priesthood was enabled in times past to retard and resist the progress of wealth and *civilization;* to withstand the severity alike and the attractions of the laws; to bind together, and keep distinct from the population with which they intermingled, *the Community;* and to make them regard Ireland and the Church of Rome as one; to fuse into one passion against the Protestant and the Saxon all the rancour of race and sect, and thus to keep masses of the Irish people ever in readiness for a struggle, in which, when the hour is come, national hatred will hope to glut its revenge, and religious bigotry to indulge its darkest tyranny. The Irish language is no doubt a potent charm that protects these detestable passions against the better influences of the days we live in.

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There is an expression, however, in the passage, not to be interpreted literally—'unknown to the rich and the Protestant.' This is not altogether true. Protestants have made themselves acquainted with the Irish language. Roman Catholics, well versed in its eloquence, have become converts to a pure faith; and if we are rejoicing at the prospect held forth to us now, it is to be proclaimed that we owe the blessing very much to the instrumentality of a Society composed of such Protestants by education and choice, and acting in connexion with the Established Church. The *Irish Society* has been for nearly thirty years in active operation—and, making allowance for the opposition of professed friend and open enemy, its success has been, in fact, marvellous.*

It is not necessary to offer proof that a change had been effected in the public opinion which prevailed at the commencement of this century, with respect to the policy which should be pursued towards the Church of Rome. The clumsy attempts at proselytism, previously made, had proved abortive: the inducements to leave the Italian Schism, ill seconded and strongly counteracted as they were, had been of but little avail; and, as if repose at any cost had become desirable, it was thought well to purchase it by a species of truce with the religion against which the State had long waged fruitless war. The establishment of the Royal College of Maynooth, and the discontinuance of a provision for Priests conforming to the Church of England—first made by an early Act of Queen Anne, and suffered to lapse in 1800—would have been, had they stood alone, sufficient signs that the Government wished to set at rest all controversy between the rival religions. The Church of Rome, however, would not acquiesce in the will of the State, or submit to its dictation. According to her fashion, she addressed herself to the duties, as she conceived them, of the season. The State had receded—her interest and duty were to advance. With the more obscure movements in which she laboured for her ends we

* The following sentences are from the first statement of the Society for Protecting Freedom of Conscience—a Society of which the Archbishop of Dublin is President:—

'The Committee have taken every opportunity to inquire what has induced such numbers to expose themselves to suffering and persecution by joining our Church; and the result has been a conviction that, under God, it has been a *heartfelt* knowledge of the Holy Scriptures . . . . The exertions of *the Irish Society* have in many cases been the first means by which the hearts of the peasantry have been reached and their understandings enlightened. The Committee have strong reasons for believing that large numbers are prevented from openly professing themselves converts by the want of protection, and that an intimate knowledge of the evils and corruptions of Popery, and of the testimony of Holy Scripture against them, is far more general in many districts than the profession of Protestantism, even where converts are most numerous.'

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do not concern ourselves here; but there were certain leading measures on which even in this sketch a line or two should be bestowed. In 1808, the 'Complete Theology' of Dens was pronounced by the Roman Catholic Bishops the best guide for their clergy; and in 1814 an edition of this work issued from the Irish press. Two years after, in 1816, came forth the Douay Bible—with the same annotations which had appeared in the Douay and Rheimish versions when first published—and asserting on its title-page the *approbation* of Dr. Troy, Archbishop in Dublin. The execrable principles enunciated by Dens are notorious. The notes of the Douay Bible are not less flagitious. The design they were to serve has been avowed with authority not to be disputed. In the second number of the most important of the Papist journals—at that time edited by Dr. Wiseman, Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Quin—we have this frank acknowledgment:—

'The notes of the New Testament were undoubtedly intended to prepare the public mind for the invasion meditated by Philip II.—the Armada. They were in unison with the celebrated sentence and declaration of Pope Sixtus, which designated Elizabeth as an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII.—as an usurper and unjust ruler, who ought to be deposed—and *as a heretic and schismatic, whom it was not only lawful but commendable to destroy.*'—*Dublin Review*, No. II., p. 505, July, 1836.

Such was the design to which Holy Scripture was thus made subservient when comments of him 'who was a murderer from the beginning' were appended to its text by authority of the Church of Rome. As soon as the pestilent volume appeared, it attracted the strong censures of the press, aroused the indignation of the English people, and thus produced a disavowal from Archbishop Troy of his having had, knowingly, any complicity in the issuing of it. There was also an abortive endeavour, on the part of Mr. O'Connell, to have it condemned in the Catholic Board. The learned gentleman—influenced, as he subsequently acknowledged—by a fear that the publication might prejudice the Roman Catholic question in Parliament, described it as a book which taught that it was not merely permissible but '*essential* to believe that it was lawful to murder Protestants,' and that 'faith might be innocently broken with heretics;'—but he could not prevail on 'the Board' to disavow the book. For a time it would appear as if the disclaimer of Dr. Troy had some effect; but in 1818 the condemned work was again given to Roman Catholic readers, in a manner which might justly be called clandestine.

The perseverance with which this bad book was circulated is no

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no trifling matter. There was no scheme of invasion, it is true, meditated in 1816; but there was another scheme, in preparation or in action, still more odious and formidable. The Ribbon Society, bound by oath to the extirpation of Protestants—a Society which Lord Plunkett prosecuted in 1822, and which, *when its existence and its purpose had become notorious*, Dr. Doyle made the occasion of a pastoral address—was preparing for a work of slaughter, when that Bible, which, in the reign of Elizabeth, had for its express purpose to convert Englishmen into traitors, was called forth from obscurity that it might teach its perilous doctrines in Ireland. We do not profess to find correspondence where coincidence only is manifest; but we have no hesitation to say—adopting, not inventing, the illustration—that when Cicero and Roscius essayed their respective arts, and the actor's gestures responded to the great orator's expressions, the harmony could not have been more perfect than that which subsists between the sentiments manifested by the annotators of Rheims and the ruffians of Ribbonism.*

The Protestant clergy were now aroused into action; and the laity in various instances encouraged and aided them. The pulpit, the platform, the press, were employed in discussion of the great questions upon which, it seemed, all hearts were set; and, instead of the sullen rancour or the dull indifference with which subjects of controversy had been previously regarded—as if exposure to sun and air had extracted the venom from them, they were discussed in a spirit of 'stormy cheer,' in which antagonists became friends. Priests who shrank from such conflicts were compelled by their flocks to undertake the defence of their faith;† and some of them, for a time conspicuous in the contest, renounced by and by the errors they felt to be indefensible. Supernatural aid was called in. The bishops Doyle and Murray proclaimed marvels wrought at the intercession of

* We pass over this topic briefly. The history connected with it may now be studied in a satisfactory manner. At a public meeting in Huntingdon, the Rev. R. J. M'Ghee having detailed evidences as to the establishment of the Romish canon law in Ireland, a requisition most respectably signed was addressed to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, praying that he would have the documents referred to by the speaker carefully examined. The requisition was complied with, and the Report has been published, with the verification of the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor—as well as of the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as respects other similar documents to which Mr. M'Ghee then or soon after referred. This important publication is named at the head of our article.

† '*Rev. Nicholas O'Connor.* You did not attend those meetings?—No, I did not attend them at all.—Could you trace any feeling of exasperation resulting from those meetings?—Yes, the people found fault with one for not going and fighting the battle.' —*Com. Com. on State of Ireland*, 1832. The meetings alluded to by the Rev. witness were those to which Capt. Gordon had invited the people. Anger was felt against the priest who declined the invitation, not against the giver of it. In many instances the priests respected the wishes of their flocks.

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a German prince, in attestation of the exclusive mission of their Church; and parodies of prophecy were put in circulation, predicting not only the downfall of the Protestant Establishment but the extirpation of the Protestant people. All this was vain. The reports of miracles were carefully examined, the impostures exposed, and the truth, wherever there was truth, accounted for from natural causes. At length educated Roman Catholics began to intimate that the wonders were too empirical for the age, or not executed with sufficient dexterity. The miracles ceased. As to the prophecies, time tested them. 1817, 1818, 1821, 1825, were, each in its turn, named as *the year* which was to close upon Ireland cleansed of heresy. Dr. Doyle, when the Ribbon conspiracy was detected in 1821, warned its members against the interpretations of prophecy that had betrayed them, and which, he fairly said, could not apply to the Church of England, which they were carefully to distinguish from Lutheranism. 1825 was to be, then, the year; and, when much of it had passed away, Mr. O'Connell put back for four years more the shadow of death, declaring that, if the prophecy were to be received in its popular interpretation, 1829 was to be the date of its fulfilment—still, undoubtedly, a noticeable date!

During all this time the cause of the New Reformation had been growing—without attracting much notice in high quarters—through the influence of Scriptural schools and the unostentatious exertions of the clergy. It is to be observed that the power of the Established Church, as an instrument to diffuse truth, has been greatly augmented since the Union—the number of Protestant Episcopal Churches in Ireland having been in 1700, 492; in 1800, 626; in 1830, 1100; in 1848, 1354. The parochial clergy had been proportionally augmented in number, and had partaken largely in the improvement which has been experienced throughout the empire. The present venerated Lord Primate of Ireland, by his own act (cordially acquiesced in by the other heads of the Church), had *abolished* the vice of pluralities—and thus the evil of absenteeism ceased to be felt. In fact, while the State was legislating and governing as if the sway of Romanism were to be a permanent infliction on Ireland, the rightful Church of that country had been reforming itself, and recruiting its energies for the great work of deliverance which it is now accomplishing. The first decisive evidence of an altered spirit was afforded in the spread of Scriptural education. In 1812 there were six hundred schools in which the Scriptures were read, and four thousand in which they were not read. In 1826 the schools in general had increased to eleven thousand, and *in six thousand* of these Scripture was avowedly read—while in more than three thousand Scripture had

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had not been introduced—and there were *two thousand* from which *no answers were returned to the query whether the schools were or were not Scriptural.* Every circumstance justified the persuasion that the Bible *was* read in this latter class of schools, but that the masters or mistresses were reluctant to make the avowal. The war which the Priests opened against this prospering system of Scriptural education introduced a new and powerful principle into the controversy. In many an instance, when the alternative was offered to withdraw from the Church of Rome or from the school, parents said their children must be instructed, and they would embrace the side of those who gave them education.

It was thus the movement commenced in 1827 at Askeaton—where the present Dean of Ardagh, Dr. Richard Murray, was then incumbent;* but even within that year it became general. No province was without its scenes of stirring interest—scarcely a county without its list of conversions. The history of that memorable year occupied a striking paper in the British Critic for January, 1828. The number of converts made publicly known, in 1827, up to the month of September, was two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven. The article was written, we believe, by the Rev. Dr. Millar, ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and author of that valuable work, 'History Philosophically Considered.' The report of this accomplished divine, carefully compiled from communications which he courted in every part of the country, was remarkable for the sobriety of its tone. The progress made in 1828 has not, that we are aware of, been so accurately ascertained, but we have ground for believing that it exceeded even that of the preceding year. In truth, the failure attendant on the Hohenlohe miracles and the Pastorini prophecies seemed to have brought disaster on the cause that had recourse to them. Two or three years more might have very seriously thinned the ranks of Romanism; but that at best perilous—certainly ill-timed and ill-managed—experiment, the measure of 1829, which seemed to have in it the essence of a miracle, and to be the expected fulfilment of prophecy, changed the character of the struggle.

It will be said that if a real conviction had been created

* The then Bishop of Limerick was so hopeless of a beneficial result from Dr. Murray's labours, that he strongly remonstrated against the peril to which he was exposing himself, as well as the peace of the country; but when he learned the actual result of this pious minister's exertions, saw how he was loved among the people, and how his work prospered, he frankly avowed his altered feelings. His Lordship had arranged to visit Askeaton Church, and preach to the converts, when he was arrested by the visitation which disabled him for active duty.—See that interesting volume (now in a second edition), the Life and Correspondence of John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, by the Rev. C. Foster, D.D.—The reader will not be surprised to learn that the Bishop's illness was represented throughout Papal Ireland as a *judgment.*

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and diffused, no political incident could have prevented the avowal of it; and it is true, that, were minds influenced only by pure reason and faith, actions would be thus simple. But, it must be admitted, many elements combine in the arguments by which controversy is decided, and the outward success of a religion has ever had at least its due power in influencing men to profess it. When *the* two Statesmen most especially familiar to the public mind as opposed to the Romish claims, were found setting aside the wishes and opinions of the English people, coercing —it was said at the time, and we now know how truly—the royal will, and breaking up a great party, for the sake of carrying into effect what they had so long withstood; and when they acted thus, avowedly, not because they thought their new course was either just or wise in the abstract, but because, from *the state of parties*, they regarded concession as inevitable—it was not wonderful that those for whom this success had been achieved thought the hour at hand when Protestantism was indeed to be cast down in Ireland for ever.

For a time there was a 'horrid stillness.' It was as if, in a battle, some vast magazine had been suddenly blown up, and the armies stood at pause until the shock should have subsided.

Romanism soon resumed its activities—and it had now attained a vantage-ground from which it became practicable to alter the direction of its movements. The contest had previously been urged on two subjects intelligible to all—*the right to read God's word, and the right of private judgment.* On these the Protestants had a clear advantage. Freedom of Scripture was now loudly proclaimed by the Priesthood. They appealed to the fact that *the Douay Bible* was open to their people. The right of private judgment, though for some time disputed, was also conceded in the end—the champions retreating upon the *abuse of the right;* and in that position Protestants left them unmolested. Such was the issue of the controversy up to the year 1829. The issue was *virtual Protestantism*—an issue not to be measured by the number of those *who came out of the Church of Rome*, but by the power also of the *new element introduced into it.* Romanism acknowledging the right to read the Bible and to exercise, with due restrictions, man's privilege of reason, could not have long maintained a separate existence in the same country with our Protestantism. To expel this element of change, and to overthrow the agency by which it had been forced upon her, was the object to which Rome now *totis viribus* addressed herself. And her first essay was very dextrous—or else she obtained a random success 'beyond the reach of art.' The *Emancipation Act* gave the Irish Romanist party a direct and important

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important weight and power—which was further increased by the *Reform Bill.* The British Government was influenced to withdraw its support from schools in which the Scriptures—in the authorised or in the *Roman Catholic* version—were, of necessity, read during hours when the children were required to be present; and to patronize schools wherein, during the same hours, the Scriptures, in whatever version, were interdicted. The advantage thus won to the Church of Rome was not granted to her by the legislature;—nor was authority for it to be found in the terms or the spirit of that well-known *letter* which has been called the Magna Charta of the National System. It was given only by a rule of the Commissioners of Education—a rule, however, which was soon found to have the effect of law. It gave a double advantage to Rome—adopting her principle on the subject of Scripture, and causing a disastrous separation between Government and the Established Church.—We have often signified our regret that the Irish clergy could not reconcile it to their sense of duty to take part in the management of the National Schools;—expressing the opinion of many reflecting laymen in Ireland itself that, under their management, the schools would improve, and become instruments of much good. The reply of *the* Clergy is, that—even putting out of view their conscientious objections to the principle of the National System—prudential considerations would have justified their adoption of a different course. They say that the abandonment, by the Government and Legislature, of the Kildare Place System taught what was to be expected whenever the National System should become unacceptable to the priests. It was *their* opposition which caused the overthrow of a system confessedly approved by the people, and faithfully administered. Similar opposition would have similar success against the National System—and the improvement which sanguine men looked for in the new schools would be the signal for so opposing *them.* In a word, the clergy were persuaded that any compromise of principle on their part could, after all, bring no assurance of an abiding recompence. We always did justice to their motives—though we thought their views, what experience has now proved them to be, short-sighted. Rome will never tolerate education. Education must inevitably lead to a free reading of the Scripture—and that is incompatible with her very existence. She never will, but as a blind and a delusion, consent that her children should learn to read—no matter what book—on the same bench with a Protestant class. Our Protestant clergy need not have been alarmed at the proposed union of the two religions in the National Schools. Rome would either keep away, or, if she came, there was *pro tanto* an end of Rome! The national grant would soon

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soon have fallen, without any effort on the part of Protestants, to the exclusive support of the Scriptural education.

By this series of errors on the side of the Protestants, the Roman Catholic party had gained apparently a great advantage. To have won from England the adoption of their principle respecting Scripture—that very principle which is the distinguishing iniquity of their apostacy—was a grand trophy; and to alienate nearly seventeen hundred ministers of our Church from the favour of Government, and narrow very prejudicially the scope within which its ecclesiastical patronage would be exercised, was, as they imagined, to have gained protection against many a powerful antagonist. They, however, were mistaken. Our Irish clergy, in their suffering protest for the honour of Scripture, were perhaps as powerful as they had been in days of external prosperity. The conversions did not cease. 'Emancipation' had fallen like a great rock into the stream and checked its flow; but the waters formed a new channel at its base, and went on their free way again.

One of the incidents which most attracted attention when the Scriptural system of education was about to lose the support of Government was an Address, signed by a large number of Roman Catholics, praying that the grant to the Kildare Place Society might *not* be withdrawn. It was prepared in Kingscourt, and was signed by more than *three thousand* masters and scholars in the schools of the Irish Society. We must give one passage from this Address:—

'In our humble sphere of life, mingling daily with that numerous peasantry of which we form a part, we have more *sure* means to ascertain the real sentiments of that peasantry, relative to Scriptural education, than any member of Government. We, therefore, *most truly* and *solemnly declare* that the Irish peasantry in general are *sincerely* and *zealously* attached to the Scriptures; that, instead of objecting to send their children to Bible schools, the very circumstance of the Bible being read in a school will induce many to prefer that school.'—*History of the Irish Society*, by H. J. M. Mason, LL.D. Dublin, 1844.

If discountenance could have frozen the Protestants into inaction, their cause would not have prospered. War was waged against the properties and persons of our clergy—until Insurance offices declined to grant policies on their lives. The Ribbon Confederacy —(alive and stirring under new names)—notified its resolution to keep down 'heresy.' Scripture Readers were pursued with ruthless violence—their protectors shared in the peril. One fanatic, made amenable to justice, boasted on the scaffold that he was not to blame for failing in *one* of his devout undertakings. His aim had

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had been true—and if the Bible in the purposed victim's pocket intercepted the slugs, he, the pious ruffian, was not accountable. Men of this stamp did their work so effectually that at one time, and for no brief space, intelligence of three murders on an average reached Dublin Castle every two days. *Menaces* were scattered abroad where the assassin was less likely to follow his vocation with impunity—the signal of the lighted turf spread alarm throughout all Ireland—friendly warnings conveyed to Protestants to show themselves in Romish chapels and make pecuniary offerings to the priests—conspiracies, also, to swear away in Courts of Justice the lives of faithful men, concocted with diabolical ingenuity, and in some instances only baffled by what we must call marvellous interpositions of Divine Providence—combined to form a system of warfare and persecution such as never yet was carried into effect, unless in a country where barbarism and bigotry were found co-existing with the worst vices of civilization.

Such were the agencies (which may be for form's sake termed lawless) at work in the cause of Rome. What was the course pursued by the constituted authorities? We will not dwell upon it. A majority from Ireland had turned the balance of votes in the Commons—had broken up two administrations, and dictated terms of agreement to the adventurous undertakers that succeeded; law and authority were not exerted to protect conscience or the liberty which order loves. The good which has followed so much suffering is ascribable to something better than the influence of human governments. Under all the horrors of their unshielded condition the clergy of the Established Church, in connexion with the various Protestant Societies, or independently, continued to labour on;—and the result is now before the empire.

The hope which has thus brightened around our way is vouchsafed at a time of trial. The papal nominee's great *Association* has proclaimed its designs; and we avow our conviction that, 'if England to herself be true,' it is well that the power and purpose of a hostile faction should have been so banded together and openly, under such authority, arrayed against the Constitution. Rinuccini was not a more inauspicious boon to Ireland in the days of Charles I., than Monsignor Cullen in ours; but the time when the Italian Prince came down upon the land was better chosen for evil. The intrusive Prelate's Association proposes to itself a bold enterprise, and beats up for recruits wherever various discontents have disquieted and embittered the minds of men. Its *defensive* system is an aggressive one. It proposes to break down the muniments of property—confiscating, as it were,

Protestant

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Protestant possessions. It proposes to destroy the Church Establishment—disclosing the nullity of those sworn engagements which were agreed to as security twenty-three years ago, and which are still renewed by members of Parliament and their constituents. It proposes to assail the Crown in its most vital prerogative, and to arrogate to the prohibited titles and distinctions of a foreign priest the eminence of dignity granted to favoured subjects by the Royal Majesty of England. Against Throne, Church, Property, the Catholic Defence Association pronounces open, and what with the usual audacity it calls 'constitutional' war. We repeat—we do not regret this bold defiance, nor do we dread the issue. It has entirely changed many opinions long favourable to a liberal policy towards the Roman Catholics. It has, we are not ashamed to confess, considerably modified our own.

Our conviction is, that the Popish Schism in Ireland has never yet been judged of in its proper character, nor tried by its merits. A vague notion has spread itself abroad, that the Church of Rome is virtually *the Church of Ireland*:—that the mass of the people love and honour it, and that for their sakes the State owes it deference and support. Further, it has been continually asserted, and the assertion has too largely passed without rebuke, that the revenues of the existing branch of the Church Catholic in that country were wrested from the Church of Rome at the time of the Reformation. Light, however, is beginning now to break in upon these long-rooted misconceptions. It is already known to every man who investigates historical evidence, that no such confiscation or diversion of revenues took place. The Irish Church, as then established, *accepted the Reformation*, and accordingly *retained its revenues*. This is part of the answer: the other part is more important. The Church of Rome, no less than the Church of England, underwent at that epoch a signal revolution. It cannot, as respects what every statesman must consider to be of the first importance, be identified with the Irish Church of the period preceding the Reformation. As no man can hold a living in our Church who does not assent to the Book of Common Prayer, so, since A.D. 1564—but *only since then*—no Romanist priest can retain a benefice anywhere without swearing to the Creed of Pius IV. Here lies the point. The adjustment of revenue which took place in Ireland was, in fact, not a transfer of possessions from an old Church to a new one—but an assertion of the rights of the old Church, and a protection of them against the demands of that newly-formed system which chose to appropriate an ancient title. The Pope claimed for his new Church and for himself, that no ecclesiastic should hold possessions who would

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would not swear an oath of *allegiance to him* in the form of a *profession of faith.* An oath, never proposed or framed until the year 1564, the British throne and Church resisted; and because they retained their possessions without adopting *a new creed* or taking an *oath of allegiance to a foreign power*, Irish ecclesiastics are charged with seizing upon the revenues of their predecessors. Should it be said that the obligations imposed in the Creed of Pius IV., although new in point of form, were old as matter of fact, the same may be said of the Anglican articles and service—but with this difference—the assertion as affecting our Church would be true; on the part of Romanism it would be a daring falsehood. The great articles of the Creed of Pius are those which regard the Bible and the Decrees of Councils—and these had never been promulgated in any form, in any branch of the Church, at any period of the world, before their appearance in fatal 1564!

The other fallacy to which we alluded has had a not less pernicious influence. It is assumed that *the religion of the priests and people is the same*, and power has been given to the priesthood because of the millions who are imagined to believe in their religion. Where the name is one, it is natural to think their faith the same. This, however, we take leave to say distinctly, is not the fact in the case of Ireland. To a vast extent, the multitudes boasted of by the priests are ignorant of the dominant peculiarities of the Papal Church. Until the year 1825, when a Parliamentary Committee made it public, we believe the creed of Pius IV. was as little known among those who all (it was said by one of their bishops) believed in it, as the Talmud; and even at this day, were it not for the exertions of Protestant controversialists, we are persuaded its doctrines would be unknown to the great mass of the people.

The genius of the Vatican organizes the three or the five thousand who constitute the ecclesiastical body; the *genius loci* has hitherto furnished the millions who gave that body consequence; nor has England ever made a persevering exertion to dissolve this alliance, but has contented herself with legislating or governing for the necessity of the hour, under paroxysms, as it were, of austerity and indulgence. It became, from the completion of the Council of Trent, the fixed policy of the Court of Rome to hold the Papists of Ireland in a state in which they must be regarded as foreigners, if not enemies, by the Crown. In the reign of James I. an oath of allegiance was condemned at Rome. All Irishmen were forbidden to take it—and ecclesiastics convicted of treason, to whom pardon was offered if they would swear that the Pope had not the power to depose sovereigns for heresy,

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heresy, implored, in vain, permission to make this declaration; their piteous supplication was received with cold cruelty, and they died on the scaffold. In the reign of Charles II. a declaration of allegiance was circulated for signature, under the auspices of Ormond, and with the aid of some moderate ecclesiastics: it too was condemned at Rome, and the project was discomfited. Under Queen Anne, George II., and George III., efforts were made to bring Roman Catholics within the constitution, by administering to them an oath in conformity with *the principles they professed;* and the prohibition of Rome prevailed in every instance against the interests and wishes of the Roman Catholics themselves. At length, at an advanced period of the reign of George III. (perhaps when the influence of the House of Stuart had declined), the gentry of the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland took the oath—the clergy to a very great extent adopted the same course of prudence and propriety; and although Rome to this hour has never given an express sanction to the oath—while *incidents elsewhere* indicate that the Papal *law* has not become more indulgent to such professions—the oath continues to be taken without hesitation in Ireland, by people, and priests, and bishops—with, it is reported, the solitary exception of Archbishop Cullen.

An allusion has been made to incidents in other quarters. We may note in particular the affair of the Bishop of Malta, who was, in 1835, invited to take his place at the Council Board of that dependency, and who, in deference to the judgment of Rome, declined the oath of qualification. On the 19th of December in that year, the Cardinal Secretary of State, Beretti, thus responded to the Bishop's letter of the preceding May:

'The form of oath having been examined, it is found that it is *not approvable by the Holy See*, and that it *never has been approved of*:—and likewise the resolution taken by Monsignor Quarantotti—whose letter, written as Vice-Prefect of the Propaganda on the 16th of February, 1814, to Monsignor Poynter, in the absence of the Pope from his See, was alleged in support of that form—has not been approved of.'

What follows from this announcement that the qualification oath of Roman Catholics is *not approvable by the Holy See?* One of two things. The oath is worthless as a security to the State—or else they who swear it *are not in communion with Rome.* Both these results may follow, and Romanism in this Empire may be rent in twain. The *Irish* party succeeded in their determination that the oath should be sworn. The *Papal* party may struggle sore to render the disapproved engagement a nullity. The Roman Catholics of the empire, of Ireland especially, are

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on their trial. Dr. Cullen's Defence Association appeals to the constituencies and their representatives. The oaths of allegiance make also their appeal. The answer to both will be returned by the now near general election.

We have seen an Irish majority in the House of Commons avail itself of the state of parties so as to acquire a perilous influence. We have not sufficiently adverted to the fact that the British Government has exercised a similar power over Romanism. It was at the side of the *Irish* party *when the oath of allegiance was first taken;* of late years it has given preponderance to the *Papal* party, and must take its full share of responsibility accordingly. A negociation recently brought to light, will illustrate our meaning. The abortive and monitory issue of the Maltese enterprise, it might be thought, would have protected the Crown against a repetition of it; but it is actually true, confessed, and boasted, that the late Government offered to a Popish Archbishop the rank, office, and opportunities of a Privy Counsellor in Ireland. While this continued matter of rumour merely, we had the charity to disbelieve it; but in the House of Commons, even while we write, all has been settled by Lord John Russell's reply to a question of the member for Armagh, Sir Wm. Verner. The noble ex-Premier's words, as reported, were—

'I have no hesitation in stating that the fact repeated by the hon. baronet is substantially correct; but I should have hesitated making that admission had I not been called upon formally to avow it. It was proposed to the late archbishop [Dr. Murray of Dublin] to take a seat at the Privy Council in Ireland, and the archbishop declined to accept it. Sir, I can only say that it gave me great satisfaction to make that proposal, which I did through Lord Besborough, and I much regretted at the time that it was not accepted by a prelate whose character I esteemed and whose memory I revere.'

We might ask why the Noble Lord, who took the step with 'great satisfaction,' avowed it with 'hesitation,' and only on a 'formal call.' But let this pass—the act itself is the important thing. 'Nos facimus—Deam.' These are the indulgences by which we make Romanism mighty, and these the prostrations by which we invite her to scorn us. With such indications of the secret good will or the craven spirit of her Majesty's ministers to guide them, how could 'the Durham letter' excite in the hearts of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics any feelings but those of indignation or contempt? In the Maltese negociation Lord John Russell ought to have learned that the qualification oath of a Roman Catholic was a most precarious 'security,' and yet he invited—not simply a member of the Church of Rome, but—a Bishop, bound by

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by feudal engagements to the Pope, to accept the dignity and power of Privy Counsellor in Ireland, and thus to share in the knowledge of secrets which it deeply concerned the interests of the Crown that he should keep, and which his feudal oath to the Pope bound him to reveal. This was a madness or a *mystery* in the noble Lord, which, viewing it in all its parts, we do not hesitate to pronounce more affronting to the Sovereign, and fraught with more peril to the State, than the intrusion of my Lord Cardinal into Westminster.

A word or two more on the Malta documents. In the Cardinal Secretary's reply to the Bishop's application, it is said, on the part of the Pope, that the letter of Quarantotti to Archbishop Poynter '*had never been approved.*' It would have been more correct to say that the letter had been *disavowed.* There were two parties at the time among the Romanists of Great Britain and Ireland—one willing that the Crown should satisfy itself of the loyalty of Roman Catholic bishops—the other would deny such satisfaction. The aristocracy and the educated, including a large proportion of the bishops, were predominantly with the former party—the latter was that through which Mr. O'Connell came into power, and which he afterwards wielded with so much dexterity. This latter party delegated two bishops to visit Rome and intercede with the Pope. They were successful in their diplomacy, and in compliance with their remonstrances Quarantotti's Rescript was 'set aside.' The bishops who thus defeated the party favourable to British rule were Dr. Milner, long since dead, and that same Dr. Murray whom our Whig Government invited to the Privy Council — that Dr. Murray whom Roche-Arnaud professes to have seen received as a Jesuit at Mont Rouge*—the same who avowedly introduced Jesuit influence into Maynooth—who was patron of the Complete Theology of Dens—whose reply to the imputation of being 'at heart an ardent repealer' had more of acknowledgment in it than denial. —Such was the faithful servant of the Pope whom Lord John Russell delighted to honour.

The spirit which dictated such demonstrations as this did not prevail in the British cabinet at the time when Roman Catholics insisted that an oath of allegiance should be taken; although, to say truth, it soon began to make its presence discernible. When the oath was taken, the whole composite body of Romanism became comprehended within the British constitution, and it was for the State to determine the extent to which its privileges should be granted to the new members, and on what

* Mémoires d'un Jeune Jésuite, chap. xxiv. p. 273.

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conditions. The first great trial of strength or skill between the Irish and Papal parties, on which the Government was to pronounce, arose out of the momentous question of education. The Catholic Committee, in the year 1794, had arranged a plan of education which was, it is understood, to be liberal in its spirit and comprehensive in its scope. It was to offer its benefits to candidates for the priesthood, as well as to those who prepared themselves for other walks of life—nay, it was to be open to Protestants. But while this scheme was rapidly approaching completion—its contrivers, moreover, having all reason to believe that the Catholic hierarchy approved of it—a negociation had been opened with the Government from which the laity were excluded—and the end was abandonment of the project which the Catholic Committee had devised, and the establishment of the Royal College of Maynooth.

Thus, if in 1774 the Irish party had a triumph in the matter of the oath of allegiance, the Papacy had its revenge in 1795 in the no less important matter of education. The choice rested in each case with the British Government how success should be awarded. At the former period there were clear signs that delay would be prejudicial to the political interests of the *Irish* party, and they determined to endure no farther martyrdom for tenets which they did not hold. In the latter case, the State was persuaded to believe that a domestic education for Irish priests would have its advantages, and thus the *Papal* party won its prize. Under the fostering policy of Jeroboam, it was said, the native soil would yield a Romanism of milder type than might otherwise be imported, with an admixture of continental vices and virulence. This was the reason of State—and show—for the erection of Maynooth. The private reason was—if we may credit Dr. M'Nevin and Mr. Emmitt—that the Romish bishops paid for it by a complimentary address to Earl Fitzwilliam. Recent events have rendered the report of such a traffic not wholly incredible. The free trade in opinion which admits of it is certainly more convenient to a party than beneficial to the country—a trade which could set up Maynooth to purchase from Roman Catholic bishops a complimentary address to one Lord Lieutenant—and, through the agency of Government-officials in a proclaimed district, could smuggle five hundred stand of arms into the hands of the Dublin Orangemen, to buy off an address of remonstrance with which those stubborn loyalists threatened another.

As to the question of the Maynooth endowment or establishment, apart from its accessories, we do not at all desire to prejudge the decision which must ere long be pronounced. We have introduced

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introduced it for one purpose only—as it serves to make manifest two interests in the Irish alliance. The Papal party, by whatever means, defeated the Irish one in the choice of an educational system. Let us ask — how has the vanquished party retaliated?

In the voluminous Report on Maynooth prepared in 1826, there is not a page, perhaps, more instructive than that which records the contributions to the College made from private sources. Some few Roman Catholics bestowed donations upon it between 1795 and 1814. According to a Report, signed by the vice-president of Maynooth, on Nov. 27, 1826, they amounted in all to 4456*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*; and the return testifies that two of these donations — one of 654*l.*, another of 622*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* — were *from England.** *From* 1814 *to* 1826 *not a single donation had been given.* For the nineteen years that followed, if we may judge from representations made by those who introduced the Endowment Bill, it was equally neglected; and, had not the State come to its aid, must have speedily sunk under the pressure of its financial embarrassments. During those latter years the Roman Catholics of Ireland had contributed from 10,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* per annum as a *tribute* to Mr. Daniel O'Connell; and they suffered the College in which their priests were educated to sink into that disgraceful squalor in which Sir Robert Peel described and adopted it. A fact like this, even if it stood alone, would be no trivial indication of popular spirit and feeling. But it is far from standing alone. The truth is that the Roman Catholics of Ireland since the Revolution—perhaps we might have said since the Reformation—*have never been parties to any arrangement by which the ministration of a Papal Clergy could be assured to them.*

We shall be told of the liberality with which they provide, voluntarily, for the maintenance of their actual clergy; and be asked how this can be accounted for except by the influence of genuine faith and devotion?—Let us ask in reply, why it is more necessary to infer *belief* in Papal dogmas from the support given to those who have been educated to teach them, than to find *approval* of those dogmas in the provision which the Imperial Government makes that five hundred young men shall be induced by an ample pecuniary remuneration to prepare themselves for the same career? As respects the educated Romanists — to say nothing of strong motives of immediate political interest in not a few cases — there are, we are convinced, many who would be well contented that a system which they have

* Eighth Report on Irish Education, Appendix, No. 68.

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outgrown should die out, and yet could not abandon its living representatives to destitution. In Ireland, too, there are harsher incentives that should not be quite overlooked. 'The contempt of the Faithful,' writes Count Montalembert in that *masterly delineation* already cited, 'assuredly awaits those who have it in their power, and will not give.' Such contempt is likely to show itself in rude shapes, and it may make the voluntaryism of Irish Popery a system more stringently compulsory, under what the Count calls 'the laws of the community,' than any system could ever hitherto be rendered by the 'laws of the land.'

If wealthy Irish Roman Catholics at home have withheld their contributions from Maynooth—while poor Roman Catholics have given heed to Protestant instructors in Holy Scripture—Emigration has also its disclosures to make. It has certified to departures from Rome so numerous as to be pronounced appalling. Various testimonies have recently been made public; that which we select has especial claims on attention. When it was decided that a 'Catholic College' (in opposition to the Queen's Colleges) should be established in Ireland, among other agents appointed to collect funds, a Priest, by name Mullen, was sent to America. An individual so selected, we may feel assured, was faithful to the Church which so confided in him, and must be regarded as having the powers of observation and intelligence essential to success. His testimony is this:—

'Twelve years ago America had a population (according to Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston) of 1,200,000. Calculating the increase of this number by births at the very small number of 500,000—and adding, for converts in the larger cities and towns, 20,000—we will have the following total:—

Catholic emigrants from the year 1825 to 1844 .	800,000
——————— from 1844 to 1852	1,200,000
——————— from other countries . . .	250,000
American Catholic population twelve years ago .	1,200,000
Increase by births since	500,000
Number of converts	20,000
Number who ought to be Catholics . . .	3,970,000
Number who are Catholics	1,980,000
Number lost to the Catholic Church . . .	1,990,000

Say, in round numbers, two millions!'

—*Freeman's Journal, Saturday, April* 24, 1852.—

After quoting Mr. Mullen's statement, a leading organ of Irish Romanism says:—

'The fact cannot be denied—multitudes do abandon all religion either in their own persons or in those of their children. Many who have

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have left Europe, that their children rather than themselves might have bread, have had cause to lament that those very children have lost by it the life which is "more than meat." We have great doubt whether emigration, as it now goes on, is attended with any real temporal benefit to Ireland; *we are very sure it is attended* by much spiritual danger to the emigrants.'—*Weekly Telegraph, Saturday, May* 1.

The late Mr. Inglis, a tourist whose tendencies were by no means favourable to the established Protestantism of Ireland, mentions, when visiting Longford, what he is pleased to call 'a curious fact':—

'From time to time considerable emigration has taken place from this part of Ireland to America; and it is not unusual for remittances to be sent home by those who have emigrated, for the use of their relatives. Now it is a curious fact, and a fact that consists with my knowledge, *that Catholic emigrants* send their remittances to the care, *not of the Catholic Priest*, but of the Protestant clergyman, to be distributed by him among those pointed out. The same respect for, and reliance on, the Protestant clergyman, is evinced in other ways. It is not at all unusual for Catholics possessed of a little money *to leave the Protestant clergyman their executor* in preference to their own priest, *or to any other individual*.'—*Ireland in* 1834, i. 347.

It would be easy to adduce a multitude of details from other quarters in confirmation of this traveller. We have not room to do so; but as to his 'curious fact' itself, we may observe that the year in which this tribute was paid to the clergy of Ireland was one of the years in which they had most to endure. The tithe war was raging; and we remember well that, when the Marquis of Normanby, then Lord Mulgrave, affirmed that no clergyman of our Church had suffered violence during his administration, an Irish newspaper replied by a list of ninety sufferers, all within a few years, 1834 included. In twenty-eight instances they were plundered—in almost as many grievously assaulted. Not a few attempts had been made to take away their lives—*five* exemplary clergymen had been *murdered*. In a multitude of cases they were driven to seek sustenance for their families at a distance from their appointed spheres of duty. While this persecution was waged by Roman Catholics *inhabiting* Ireland—and while a Government, to gratify the persecutors, was inflicting heavy blows and sore discouragement on Protestantism—Roman Catholic *emigrants* were offering to those persecuted men the highest testimony of deference and respect:—knowing their want and how it had been caused, and *proving* their confidence in an integrity beyond the reach of temptation.

The 'curious fact' of 1834 was but one of many happy omens for Ireland. At this moment there is not a province or, we believe, a county wherein exertions are not successfully made to

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to bring Roman Catholics to the knowledge of Scriptural truth. Where our difficulty was thought to be greatest, where our hope least, light has sprung up. Far be it from us to underrate the resources still wielded by Rome in Ireland—or to contemn its manifest purpose to become, in the anticipated balancing of parties here, a power by which the State must submit to be governed. We even admit that such a scheme may, under existing circumstances, be fraught with more peril to the empire than it was in the days when Mr. O'Connell kept in place the men who hated and feared him. But we hope and trust that the embodied presence of the Papacy in the brigade which is to be its secular arm in our Senate will—at last—awaken a British spirit where it has too long been slumbering.

But what is to be done? We have had tentative legislation enough. We want two things—that the laws as they exist shall be administered, and that Parliament, before it enacts new laws, shall be enlightened. Romanism has taken up a position and put forth pretensions to which the Legislature cannot but give a strict attention. But this implies the duty of exploring the doctrines of that system, so far—although so far only—as they affect its political relations. We are bound to get rid of all mystery, of all doubt, as respects *the priest's oath*. We place at the disposal of the Romish bishops a fund by which they can induce or bribe young men to enter the ecclesiastical career—and cannot divest ourselves of complicity with the parties who require of these young men, whether during their collegiate education, or afterwards in their clerical life, to swear an oath against the impiety and antisocial character of which the gravest complaints have been made public. An inquiry is demanded not only by a sense of duty, but by the emergency of the season:—not inquiry such as it was on past occasions, when the plea of *not guilty* was accepted as conclusive evidence in favour of those whom their own admitted acts and professions accused; not inquiry such as it was when Roman Catholic colleges answered the questions which Protestant statesmen allowed a Roman Catholic solicitor (and Jesuit, as some have said) to put into shape. If the Houses of Parliament will do their duty boldly—if they take fair and ample means to show what—in a political sense—the Church of Rome is, and what it teaches—we firmly believe the result will be such a change in its constitution, or such a diminution of its strength, as will render it innocuous, at least for political purposes, in Ireland.

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ART. IV.—*Mémoires d'un Ministre du Trésor Public.*—4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1845. (Not published.)

THE autobiography of a Chancellor of the Exchequer or a Paymaster-General is a subject not lightly to be approached by ourselves or incautiously imposed on the patience of our readers. We engage then at the outset to pass by the chronology of departed budgets and to forswear the mysteries of double entry. We shall neither linger at the receipt of custom nor perplex our pages with the *tableaux* of what is termed a 'financial situation'—but, leaving these *scrinia sacra*, endeavour to draw some attention to the personal history of a statesman who has seldom been surpassed for good sense and integrity.

The work before us was commenced in 1817 as a record of the actions of a well-spent life, and it includes a large quantity of notes taken at the time from the conversations of Napoleon, besides an extensive selection from his administrative correspondence. A great judge of mankind, who has himself passed alternately through the fascination of the Emperor's genius and the indignities of his resentment, assures us that upon the whole no known memoirs give so accurate a picture of his peculiar qualities and defects in the transaction of civil business. This book still remains unpublished, though completed by its author before his death, and even printed under his directions. It was his will that the work should be considered the private property of his excellent wife during her survivorship, and accordingly it is to the personal courtesy of Countess Mollien that we owe this opportunity of anticipating the judgment of the public on the eminent abilities and the estimable character of her husband.

We have seldom had the good fortune to meet with a more genuine production in this branch of literature: and we mean by that expression not only the indisputable authenticity of the work—a point not always to be overlooked in French memoirs—but the absence of theatrical display, the truthfulness of impressions, the modesty and good faith which pervade this narrative of so many great and strange events. M. Mollien brought to the service of his country all the qualities most opposed to the prevailing illusions and excesses of his epoch, and to the showy but ephemeral grandeur of the government to which he belonged. The world was convulsed by a paroxysm, but nothing could shake his stubborn arithmetic. He lived through a storm of revolution, bankruptcy, violence, and war, with unshaken fidelity to the traditions of authority, with the nicest regard for the obligations of public credit, with an inflexible adherence to right as the sole basis

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basis of permanent power, and with undisguised apprehensions as to the result of the imperial policy. Throughout that eventful era Mollien was always the drab-coloured man, constant at his desk with his pen behind his ear. His sedate remarks and his sinister forebodings, in the midst of so much waste and riot, remind us of the unheeded steward in Hogarth's picture of the Rake's Progress. Nothing could inflame his imagination or subvert his principles; and whether shouts of victory or the crash of defeat rolled beneath him, he remained in unshaken composure, until Napoleon himself ejaculated one day in 1814, 'Mon cher, il n'y a plus d'Empire.'

He lived for esteem rather than for renown; and the services he rendered to the Imperial Government were not the less important because they were unostentatious and frequently unavowed. He retained those qualities of personal dignity, and a sense of public duty, to which revolutionary governments are commonly most fatal; and he held extremely cheap that adventurous and haphazard spirit which formed the chief greatness of his contemporaries. For this reason, however, these volumes are deficient in the minuter sketches of private life usually expected from *Memoirs*. The personal narrative of the writer is reduced to a slender compass, and he only alludes to the principal occurrences of his own career as much as is indispensably necessary to explain his connexion with public events. In a word, he led what is termed a life of business, and even his memoirs are written with as much conscientious labour and precision as a report on the state of the Treasury. They deserve, therefore, to rank above the class of personal reminiscences of the Empire to which they might be supposed to belong; and from the remarkable soundness of the economical principles which Count Mollien professed, as well as from his acute analysis of the resources of Napoleon's government, they may form a valuable addition to the libraries of statesmen.

In spite of all that has been said of the state of French society before the outbreak of the Revolution, and of the destructive influence which the eighteenth century had already exercised upon the fundamental principles of religion and order, that Revolution undoubtedly found in the prime of life a race of men whose equals France has not produced at any subsequent period—and the generation it sacrificed stands far superior in energy and solid ability, if not in intelligence, to the generation formed after its own image. To that race of men, whose representatives were ere long to sit as sovereigns on the benches of the Tiers, young Mollien belonged. He was the son of a merchant at Rouen, born in 1758, 'in that class of life to which,' as he says, 'I should myself have chosen to

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to belong, since it is neither tormented with envy nor apt to inspire it—voluntarily dependent on the laws, but dependent only on mankind by reciprocal duties.' Having gained some prize at the University of Paris, the reversion of an under clerkship in the Treasury was promised him by a friend of his father; and in the mean time he pursued the study of the law. At this period his father took occasion to address to him some judicious remarks on the receipt of those professional emoluments which secure independence in life, but which Mollien's juvenile delicacy fancied to be inconsistent with his own dignity; and the parental admonition was terminated by placing in his hands a copy of Smith's Wealth of Nations.

'PROPERTY,' said the old man, 'is a word which I never pronounce without respect, and I confess I have found no work which defines it exactly as I comprehend it. The elder jurists consider it chiefly as an affair of transfer and inheritance; but my notice was lately drawn to an English book, in which I find, though not a special treatise on property, more extended notions of its elements, of the circumstances which affect it, of the ties it establishes amongst men, to whom it affords under so many different forms the sole matter of exchange. I recommend this author to your meditations; he has imagined nothing, but he has observed everything; his theory is exact, not conjectural; it explains the mechanism of society as Newton explained the solar system—by proving it. Such a book ought to be in the hands of all who take any part in public affairs, and especially of those who direct them. I am an old man, yet I can scarcely name a minister who has studied or who would have applied these principles. Perhaps the writer speaks to his readers in too high a tone, for it is not by contempt that false opinions can be effectually attacked; but as you, my son, are not called upon to enlighten or to govern others, it is for your own guidance that I exhort you to study the doctrines of my English author, whom I regret to find extremely superior to the economists of France. Be prudent enough not to use what you may find in it as a means of censure on our own government, but regulate your personal conduct by its maxims.'—i. 57.

This paternal exhortation powerfully contributed to give a lasting direction to young Mollien's life. His mind was thoroughly imbued with the clear fixed principles of Adam Smith on subjects then obscure to many of the most thinking men in Europe. He accustomed himself more and more to make the laws and obligations of property the constant subject of his reflections, until they became his rule of conduct and his test of truth. Every question resolved itself at last in his mind into a financial equation; and as, contrary to the prediction of his father, he *was* called upon to take an important part in the government of the largest empire the world had witnessed since the fall of Rome, he

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he presents the singular anomaly of a French minister under the reign of Buonaparte steadily endeavouring to apply the principles of Adam Smith, as far as he was able to prevail against the prejudices of his time and the passions of his master. Shortly afterwards, having relinquished the practice of the law, partly in consequence of the advice of an elderly advocate who sagaciously predicted the catastrophe already impending over the legal profession, Mollien received a regular appointment under the *ferme générale*, or financial company then entrusted with the collection of the public revenue.

During the seventeen years which he spent in the labours of this department he passed successively under the orders of no less than *fifteen* finance-ministers, and he had remarkable opportunities of studying and comprehending that extraordinary and increasing series of financial difficulties which at last brought about the dissolution of the monarchy. Financial burdens of far greater amount are now borne with comparative ease—financial difficulties requiring far stronger remedies are now boldly solved. But the French Treasury under Louis XVI. had fallen into the hands of empirics. The excellent intentions of the King were defeated by the feeble instruments he was compelled to choose. Confidence was destroyed, and the machinery of fiscal administration was incurably old, oppressive, and ineffective. A clandestine warfare was carried on against the fiscal authority deputed to the *ferme*, for in the single year 1783 the contraband of salt was so extensive that 4000 domiciliary visits had been made, 2500 men, 2000 women, 6600 children, 1200 horses, and 56 vehicles had been arrested on the public roads, 200 convicts were sent to the galleys, and out of the 6000 *forçats* then in the bagnes one-third were sentenced as smugglers. M. Necker declared the interest of the debt of France in 1785 to be 207 millions of livres, but that sum increased by 10 millions before the end of the year, and from 1774 to 1785 the augmentation in the interest of the debt had been 123 millions. 'But this funded debt,' says M. Mollien, 'was not the only one which Louis XV. had bequeathed to his successor; it was not so much it, as the unfunded debt, left floating and without security, which was deepening the abyss.' It was in a word the accumulated result of dishonesty and procrastination and of unclosed accounts in every department of the Government. In 1785 M. Necker computed this arrear at 250 millions; in 1789 it exceeded 550; and the result of these debts—disguised under the name of outstanding accounts—was to render it almost impossible for the State to contract any regular loan except on most onerous conditions. We advert to these figures, which give a brief summary of

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of French finance before the Revolution, because in our own day we are witnessing a repetition of many of the same phenomena—a rapid series of ill-qualified ministers, governing on no financial system, but providing only for the wants of the hour—a huge augmentation of the public stocks, and a still more rapid increase in the floating debt of the nation—yet in the present state of France these evils, which are greater under Louis Buonaparte after sixty years of revolution than they were under Louis XVI. at its commencement, are controlled, and their consequences may be averted, by the great improvement in the system of public accounts and a more equitable adaptation of the incidence of taxation.

Amongst the men then in Paris whose attention was directed to these subjects, long before it was discovered that the laws of finance involve no mysteries but the steady application of a few fixed principles and plain rules of honesty and good sense, was one whose name deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Under Necker's first administration, a Genevese banker, M. Panchaud, who had resided for some time in England, established a house of business at Paris. His operations were large, and not always profitable, but he produced a greater effect on the world by his *salon* than by his *caisse*. He talked on financial subjects with singular eloquence, and attacked the calculations of the minister of the day with extreme vehemence. Courtiers, abbés, magistrates, and idlers flocked to hear him, and amongst them were to be found one or two men capable of appreciating the value of such lessons. M. Mollien was one of the youngest of his guests, and with him young Louis, afterwards *abbé* and *baron*, the same who, twenty-five years later, under Louis XVIII., restored the credit of the monarchy after the calamities of 1815. M. Panchaud had assisted Turgot to organize the first *caisse d'escompte* established in France, which was the germ of the Bank of France itself, and he was habitually consulted by Calonne. Under the latter of these ministers a question arose about the reissue of the gold coinage. Panchaud was affronted that his opinion had not been asked, and he found means to place before the King a paper, in which he convicted the Minister of an inaccuracy. The King read the paper, and, handing it to Calonne, told him to answer it if he could. Calonne, whether from malice or from unconsciousness, called upon Panchaud himself to supply the refutation, and the unhappy Swiss was compelled to strangle, one by one, his own arguments, lest he should betray his secret and lose his place. 'How little prepared for great events,' says M. Mollien, 'was an administration so obstinate and immoveable in the midst of the light, the wants, and the interests growing from day to

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to day around it!' Mollien himself was at this time only twenty-five years of age; yet he was employed to draw up the Report of the Minister to the King on the renewal of the leases or contracts with the Fermiers Généraux. The Minister received a present of 300,000 livres, which was the usual gratuity—called the *pot de vin du bail des fermes*. Necker had refused on a former occasion to accept it. The merit of the young clerk who had done the work was, however, not altogether overlooked, and he obtained a pension of 3000 livres from the Crown for extraordinary services—a merited reward, of which the Revolution was ere long to deprive him. That catastrophe already overshadowed the highest institutions of the country and the first interests of the State, not so much from the magnitude of its embarrassments as from the want of intelligence and skill to deal with them. At the outset, by bad public examples, the authority of property was already shaken; and as it was the peculiar characteristic of Mollien's mind to combine every political principle and even the laws of morality with the forms of property with which he was most conversant, the French Revolution is judged by him chiefly from this point of view. Thus, he writes:—

'Public credit only begins with the respect of Government for every species of private property. M. de Calonne had been led by the force of events to think, as M. Necker did, that a grand revolution in the financial system of the kingdom could alone repair its disorder, and he thought himself strong enough to undertake the task. But neither M. Necker, nor M. de Calonne, nor perhaps any one in France had then foreseen that a grand revolution in our finances would infallibly lead to a revolution in our whole social constitution. Some one has said that no Government in Europe could long resist the resentment of violated property. He who made that remark might have foreseen the explosion which M. de Calonne was preparing without intending it.'—i. 124.

And thus, in examining the practical character of the legislative body which so soon acquired an absolute and dictatorial power in the kingdom, he says:—

'The Assemblies convoked in 1788 and 1789 did not represent the property of the nation. Their majorities represented life-interests only, or that floating class of society which has but vanities to defend. They brought on the stage decreasing talents and increasing passions, and the rights of property were lost in the name of equality of rights. The property of France was called upon to support the extravagance of that revolutionary power which, without finances or taxes, raised fifteen armies, and boasted that it had sent 1,500,000 combatants to the field. By the side of the ruin and universal devastation which the country had thus to endure, the sacrifices necessary to meet

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meet the deficit of 1789 would have been small indeed. But, composed as the Constituent Assembly was, it soon showed that it was capable of anything, because it relied on the classes which had no property at all. There are truths which nothing but the instinct of property teaches: as, for instance, that the seizure of property by an abuse of power is only to legalize armed robbery. . . . . Property is the principal organ of the social body. It sets in motion all the rest: but it is also the most irritable and delicate of all institutions, and the slightest lesion on one point throws the whole frame into suspense and peril. It was for this reason that, in common with a few thinking men of the circle of the Duke of Rochefoucauld, I considered the first convocation of the National Assembly to be so fatal: for we understood by the term property all that human intelligence and foresight can create and permanently appropriate to the preservation of man.'—i. 142.

Whilst Mollien continued to watch the progress of the avalanche without partaking in the illusions of either side, it overtook him in his own career. He had foreseen that Paris would become the least desirable residence in France during such a convulsion; and he obtained from M. Tarbé, who had just been named Minister of Finance, an appointment to superintend a branch of the revenue in the department of the Eure. In the provincial society of Evreux he found many at heart unfriendly to the Revolution, in which they seemed to acquiesce—shocked by the 20th of June, 1792—appalled by the 10th of August—at either stage uncombined and helpless. By and bye, Rochefoucauld—who had concluded a course of weak subserviency to that pedant of treason and atheism, Condorcet, by a sincere repentance—made an attempt to get up an address in favour of the King after the 20th of June, and forthwith was assassinated at Gisors. Upon the same day Mollien was ordered, as a *suspect*, to repair to Paris. He lost his place, and hints that, had he been a noble, he should have emigrated: but, with more genuine courage and dignity, he turned cotton-spinner. He was one of the first manufacturers who introduced into France the machinery which was at that time so rapidly extending the industrial power of England. In May, 1793, Clavière, who was then Minister of Finance, again summoned him to the capital, and hinted that his refusal to take any part in public affairs might at such an hour be regarded as a crime. To Mollien, however, 'the post of honour was a private station;' and he went back from Paris to his spinning-jennies, wondering only to have found the Place Louis XV., which he had fancied to be blasted with some ineffable horror, looking just as he had left it, with its idlers strolling to and fro in the old tranquillity. Who, on returning after some fresh explosion to that arena of public crimes, has not felt with Mollien that the very stones and houses must be conscious of so much blood, until

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until it is made evident, as it was to him, that even the living men in the streets are indifferent to the events of yesterday, and hardly more attentive to those of the morrow? The frightful familiarity of the population with incidents which would rouse every feeling of manhood and of shame in more regularly ordered societies, is the result of past revolutions, and the cause of an endless series of them. It is like the egotism of a pestilence or the apathy of a siege, when men dissemble their fear of danger by the suppression or extinction of their natural sympathies. Mollien returned once more to Evreux, but the Reign of Terror had begun. The provinces were infested by spies and informers; his friends were seized around him; he calmly awaited the same fate—and soon shared it. On the 15th of February, 1794, three Representatives of the People arrived to punish Evreux, as they said, for its attachment to the tyrant Capet, and one of them pointed out to Mollien, as he was carried away under arrest, the spot reserved for *national vengeance*. Upon his examination, he found that he was accused of taking part in the Duke of Rochefoucauld's Address. His coolness enabled him to parry the first attack of the revolutionary committee—and he was discharged. A few days later, however, he was again arrested by an order of the Convention, as an *accomplice* of the *Fermiers Généraux*. His papers were seized, and, as the patent of his small annuity was found among them, he was described as a 'pensioner of the tyrant.' Mollien's chief apprehension was that his own workmen would rise to rescue him from his captors. Announcing, in the most prosaic form, that he had occasion to be from home for a little while, he gave out work for a fortnight, and, with these precautions, surrendered himself to the ruffians who were to carry him to Paris.

He arrived in the night, and was at once restored to the society of the thirty-two Fermiers Généraux—his former masters—in the Hôtel des Fermes—their own property—part of which had now been fitted up with bars and gratings:—

'Innocence itself sleeps ill in prisons, and, though the night was far spent, most of the Fermiers Généraux were still awake. They were employed, with the incorrigible but ingenuous confidence of honest men, in opposing their own exact calculations to the extravagant suppositions of their adversaries. My arrival astonished them. Their first care was to offer me a share in the wretched furniture of the prison—a mattress on the floor and a screen—in which condition I remained till daylight. Nothing could be more painful than the scene around me, and I confess that I could ill sustain it; but the resignation, the patience, and the hopefulness of my companions gave me fresh courage. I learnt from them that their chief enemy was one of their former *employés*, for whom I had myself obtained from them a place of trust,

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trust, which he had abused by appropriating 200,000 or 300,000 francs by means of forged documents. This man escaped from prison on *the* 10th of August, and, in order to recover possession of the papers affecting his own character, he declared that he had important disclosures to make against the Fermiers Généraux, which would restore hundreds of millions to the public treasury. Access was at once given him to the papers he pointed out, and amongst them he found my own correspondence with the office respecting his defalcation. For this reason he had denounced me. My companions had persuaded themselves that, as he had succeeded in his main object with reference to his own crime, he would cease to persecute them. They boasted that they had a complete answer to every charge that could be made against them, and that they could await their trial with safety. After four years of revolution these worthy men were still in this state of ignorance and delusion as to the "trials" of that time and the violence of political passions. I sought not to shake their confidence, but I could not share it. I felt that as long as power remained in the hands of men necessarily timid, suspicious, and therefore cruel, who could only replenish their treasury by confiscation, the best chance of safety was in the multitude of their victims and the lassitude of their instruments; that to attempt a defence was to accelerate the universal solution by death; and that in so frightful an epidemic the chief resource was not to expose myself to the contagion. With these views, I merely begged those who took any interest in me to leave me to my fate.'

Some of the Fermiers Généraux had proposed to sacrifice their fortunes, thinking—with truth—that they were chiefly obnoxious by their wealth; but the proposal was rejected—because its acceptance might have looked like an acknowledgment of injustice in the charges that had been pressed upon them. This, however, led to inquiry as to the amount of property they could have collected. It turned out that these 32 Fermiers Généraux, descending from opulent financial families, and who were accused of having robbed the State of two or three hundred millions, could scarcely have raised *twenty-two millions* amongst them, including their entire property of every sort, if their lives could have been saved at that price. It barely amounted to a capital of 27,000*l.* sterling a piece. Some of them were so reduced as to be obliged to borrow a pittance for their prison meal. Their courage continued unshaken, even when their danger became more palpable; and they defended themselves from every aspersion on their honour with so much ability, that the Convention was at last compelled to decree (6th of May, 1794), that *they had put the Republic in peril, because some of their agents had been suspected, in* 1789, *of selling damp tobacco.* The decree wound up by sending to *the Revolutionary Tribunal* the members of this *conspiracy.*

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'The illustrious Lavoisier was first informed of the edict—and he had the courage to announce it to the rest. All were by this time so detached from life and human affairs that they gave the same answer: "We had foreseen it—we are prepared." I never doubted that I should share the fate of the Fermiers Généraux, as I had shared their arrest, and I was not appalled by the aspect of death. But I confess I was not equally firm when I thought of the moments which would precede it. From two to four o'clock every day we heard the shouts of the mob insulting the victims as they passed to execution. Full of the horror of such an end, dying on the scaffold amidst the execrations of the populace, I will even confess that in conjunction with another captive I had procured opium. We confided our secret to Lavoisier, and offered him a share of our poison. With a moral dignity, equal to his great attainments, this eminent man rejected the proposal. "Nous donner la mort," said he, "ce serait absoudre les forcénés qui nous y envoient. Pensons à ceux qui nous ont précédés; ne laissons pas un moins bon exemple à ceux qui nous suivent."

'A few minutes later, the Municipality of Paris, escorted by gendarmes, and accompanied by covered vehicles, arrived to consign the prisoners to the tribunal. They were all drawn out before the wicket, and taken by four at a time to each carriage. The turnkeys were all in tears. In about an hour twenty-four of our unfortunate companions had left the prison, the gaoler watching with obvious compassion each departure, whilst the municipal officers were drinking and shouting in his room. I was standing with the eight Fermiers Généraux who remained, for my turn came after them, being *the thirty-third on the list*, when the gaoler said to me in a low voice "Go in—*you* are not wanted here." I had only time to cast a glance at those I was leaving, and to see them smile at the hope of my deliverance. The door was shut upon me, and I was in solitude. What a solitude was that of a prison in which I was to survive thirty-two innocent men! I remained in a state of stupor. It was midnight when the gaoler again approached me. He was just returned from the Committee of Public Safety, where he had given his account of the clearance of the prison, but without naming me. He omitted me there, as he had done in the yard of the prison, because the decree only designated the Fermiers Généraux. Some good action, he said, was necessary to console him for so *many others*. I hardly thanked him, or understood what he said. The next day there was still danger; an inquiry had been made about me. All the following night I heard but one carriage pass, for carriages were rare at that time in Paris. I thought it was coming to the prison, and half unconsciously groped to the door which separated me from the sleeping-room of the gaolers. One of them said, "That is Fouquier Tinville, going to prepare to-morrow's work with Robespierre. He seldom passes so late." The very name and object of those men increased the gloom of my thoughts. The next morning I knew that my unfortunate comrades were before the tribunal which would pronounce their fate. At two o'clock, on the 8th of May, I hear a voice on the stairs, and the step of gendarmes. Four of them ente

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enter the prison, and behind them three other men, whom I scarcely recognized, but who fell fainting into my arms. They were the sole survivors, who had been saved by some lucky accident; but they had left their fathers and brothers at the foot of the scaffold, and their own agony lasted many hours after they were restored to me. Soon afterwards eighty fresh prisoners were thrust into our small cell, but the same compassionate gaoler removed us to another chamber in the Hôtel des Fermes, though not within the prison-part of it. He even pointed out to us a small door of escape in case of necessity. At the end of July, the day of deliverance approached. We heard the *générale* beaten, and the conflict of the 9 Thermidor between the Convention and the Municipality of Paris, headed by Robespierre. On the 28th of July we knew the result—and on the 2nd of August I was free.'—i. 174.

The interval between his escape from the Reign of Terror and his return to office under the First Consul, may be briefly passed over. He relinquished his manufactory. He lost his father. He wound up his small patrimonial fortune. He early discovered in Buonaparte (to him personally unknown) the future master of the distracted and disgusted nation; but as the young General of the Italian campaign betook himself to Egypt in order to leave another year for the execution of his political designs, Mollien, with a characteristic difference of taste, found means to visit England by passing through Holland, and studied on the spot what was of most interest to himself, namely, the effects of the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England in 1797. He travelled alone, with no companion but his old favourite Adam Smith in his pocket, and he relates nothing of the incidents of his journey; but the effect of it was lasting. He formed a just conception of the nature of English credit; he comprehended the doctrine of the Sinking Fund, as far certainly as it was understood by its authors, perhaps rather more deeply. Though thoroughly French in his predilections, M. Mollien early arrived at many of those principles which nearly forty years of peace have gradually applied to the intercourse of the world; and he returned to his country prepared, at least, to combat some of the delusions of its rulers, and to restore that order which the Revolution had entirely effaced from its public accounts.

The state of the finances of France at the close of 1799 was appalling. The customs hardly covered the expense of collection; and the duties on the registration of sales were reduced to the low returns on the transfers of national property. Traffic was stopped by an enormous impost, said to be for the repair of the roads, which, however, remained impassable, whilst the fund hardly paid

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the expenses of collection. The treasury was exhausted, and the land-tax so ill assessed that it absorbed the proceeds of the national domains still in the market. Assignats had been succeeded by all sorts of irregular paper currency—by mortgages converted into script under the title of *cédules hypothécaires*—a scheme, by the way, which has just been revived by some of the financial advisers of Louis Napoleon; by bills or drafts, with no fixed dates of payment, on the public purse; and by other forms of accommodation, which passed at from 50 to 80 per cent. discount on the market, but which the treasury issued at par, having nothing else to give. The funded debt had undergone a regular bankruptcy to the amount of eighty millions sterling, by the reduction of the capital and interest on the national debt from 100 to 33⅓. Yet in a few months after the establishment of the Consulate, the new Finance Minister, Gaudin, had restored something like regularity to this shattered system. Gaudin applied at once to Mollien to assist him; for they had both served in the treasury, though in different departments, before the revolution. Under his auspices Mollien again entered the public service—and shortly afterwards he attracted the personal notice of the First Consul, who becomes from that moment the prime subject of these reminiscences.

The career of Napoleon has been described in fifty histories and a hundred memoirs; but Mollien has drawn his portrait neither in the imperial robes nor in military uniform. The object of these volumes is to preserve a minute and accurate record of his administrative faculties, especially in Mollien's own department, and to show with what an amazing combination of versatile talent and solid industry the French Empire was constructed and governed by Napoleon:—

'Everything in that vast structure was his own; he was the pivot on which the whole revolved; every act of his life, every line from his pen, betrayed his incessant vigilance lest one iota of power should escape him. His attention was ever ready to turn from the grandest enterprises and the highest interests of the State to the smallest details of administration or police, and to the most minute calculations on the outlay of a parish vestry or even of a family in which he took an interest. He had an insatiable desire to be the centre of everything—the sole principle of motion and activity throughout his dominions. Such an organization as his was will probably not soon occur in any other man; but what is still more certain is, that if Napoleon were now to rise entire from his tomb, he would not succeed in repeating his reign.'—i. 40.

Il ne parviendrait pas à se recommencer is a significant warning to those who have allowed themselves to imagine that, to renew th

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the Empire, it is enough to dispose of the force of an army and the illusions of the common people, and on such grounds to hope for a permanent sway in the absence alike of genius—of glory—and of *Molliens.*

The first appointment which Mollien held under the Consular government was that of manager of the Caisse d'Amortissement—a fund destined to buy up, at the current price, a certain amount of *rentes.* In the eyes of the public this post was a species of comptrollership of the funds, which enabled its lucky possessor to make *honnêtement* the largest fortune in France. In the eyes of Mollien himself it was, as the result showed, an imperfect and inadequate contrivance;—though, as the five per cents. were then at 30, the State seemed to make an excellent investment in buying up its own securities at that price—he perceived the short-sightedness of its speculating on the depreciation of its own engagements. But to the First Consul the Caisse d'Amortissement represented his own power over the Exchange, and it was the instrument of a puerile illusion, which he inflexibly retained—that a government ought always to be prepared, by artificial means, to support the price of the funds, or, as it is termed in 'Change Alley, to 'rig the market.' The following detail of what took place on Mollien's first interview with Buonaparte, exhibits alike his already imperial presumption and the superficiality of his acquaintance with these subjects:—

'He had requested Consul Lebrun to conduct me to Malmaison. I received the command with some nervousness, which, however, entirely left me (though not from increased confidence in myself) when I found myself in the presence of this imposing personage. The conversation lasted two hours, in the presence of Cambacérès and Lebrun, who said nothing. I wrote down what had passed on my return home in the evening of the same day.

'The First Consul began by telling me that his intention in establishing the Caisse d'Amortissement had been to make it the comptroller of the prices of the public securities.—I replied, "General, if the five per cents. which were at 10 fr. about twenty months ago are now between 40 and 50 fr., it is certainly not to the Caisse d'Amortissement that this improvement is due."—"But has not the change in the last fifteen months led to a general hope of progressive amelioration in the country, and is not this progress the interest of every good citizen?"—"General, every speculator, on the Exchange and elsewhere, seems to me to follow his natural instinct in buying as cheaply as he can when he has to buy, and in selling as dear as he can when he has to sell."—"But is it not evident that those who speculate on the fall show very little confidence in *my government?*"—"Allow me to ask, Sir, whether any one can always speculate on the fall, and whether it is not an essential condition of all such bargains to be alternately seller and buyer, so that every one speculates on the rise when he sells, and on the

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the fall when he buys?"—"But under a government which desires only the glory and prosperity of the country, as the rise in the public funds must naturally be progressive, there ought to be no speculation on the fall. Am I not to regard as disaffected persons men who, to lower the public funds, offer to sell large amounts of them at a price below the current price of the day, and men, I am told, who could not pay the whole price of the stock they profess to hold? Is not this to announce that personally they have no faith in the government; and is not the government to regard as its enemy whosoever declares himself to be so?"—"No doubt he who makes this calculation has formed an unfavourable opinion of some particular measure or event; but the occurrence of such an event is not altered because he speculates upon it. If he is wrong, he loses the difference; if he is right, his foresight may not be without advantage to the government itself. Such a man is in the position of one who in a gaming-house bets on the respective players without playing himself: such bets have no influence on the result of the game."—"You suppose, then,"—said the First Consul —"that the government should do nothing to support its credit, and therefore that the establishment you direct is a useless one."—"It is always honourable to a government to buy up its debts, provided it be done on public and equitable principles, as a merchant may pay his bills before they are due."—"I see the bearing of your comparison. You might also compare the recent state of the finances with what I have made them. All the mischief is not yet cured; but it will be the sooner cured the less criticism and opposition the government meets with. I know what takes place on the Bourse of Paris; and I judge men by their acts. I don't say they preach revolt there, but they give a wrong direction to public opinion, if not from party spirit, at least from some motive which is less creditable and not less dangerous. To have public opinion well directed the government must give the impulse, and that impulse must be everywhere the same. . . . . Since you acknowledge that it is important to the character of a government that the price of the funds should steadily advance, the natural consequence of your admission is the right of police surveillance over those who, speculating on the variations of the market, are often interested in depressing it. The great order which governs the world ought to govern every part of the world: government is the central power of society, like the sun; other institutions must gravitate in their orbits round it. The government must therefore regulate their combinations, so that all concur in the maintenance of harmony. In the system of the world nothing is left to chance; in the system of society nothing must be left to individual caprice. I do not mean to interfere with any man's profession; but, as head of the present government of France, I ought not to tolerate this profession of stock-brokers, for whom nothing is sacred, and who for a trifling profit would sell the secrets and the honour of the government itself if they were in their power."'—i. 262.

We spare our readers Mollien's sensible but somewhat prolix reply to these egregious fallacies, in which the notions of the First

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First Consul on mercantile transactions are obviously subservient to his theory of absolute government. Mollien does not appear, however, to have made the most obvious as well as the most decisive answer—namely, that any means taken to force up the course of the funds artificially must eventually depress them, and that government interference to prevent sales at low prices would shake public credit, because one essential element in such securities is their constant convertibility. In fact, like most of Napoleon's resources of government, he was content to take a falsehood and a sham for reality, and he expected the world to do the same. To prevent the natural rise and fall of the funds is to fix the political weather-glass at 'set fair'—that is, to destroy the value of the instrument in order to make it an instrument of deception.

The conversation was broken off by the arrival of some despatches from Russia; but Mollien was desired to remain and dine. The party was small, and the Consul affected for a while to talk on indifferent topics; but about the middle of the dinner he touched on the questions of the morning, and brought out *as his own* some of the remarks Mollien himself had made just before — adding that it was absurd to prohibit what they had not the power to prevent, and that the Caisse d'Amortissement deserved to be increased and supported. Mollien was not insensible to this flattering proof of his growing influence, and he was struck with the singular alliance formed in the person of Buonaparte between the desire to command and the desire to please. On the main subject of this discussion, however, Napoleon was incorrigible. The price of the funds was a matter of as much personal vanity and solicitude to him as any part even of his own *military* administration. At a subsequent period of his reign, after Tilsit, the five per cents. had risen to 90. In 1808, the Spanish war lowered them to 80, and they were still falling, when he resolved, at any cost, to support the market at that price. In spite of the numerous demands on the treasury at that time thirty millions of francs were spent in this absurd attempt. The following letter to Mollien on the subject is curious. It is dated from Madrid, 15th Dec. 1808:—

'I see with pleasure that the five per cents. have not been below 80. I don't regret the thirty millions spent for this object; and if it cost as much more, I desire you to take care to keep up that price. The bank can take a large slice of these *rentes*, and the Caisse d'Amortissement can take more. They will get 6½ per cent. for their money. It is only by this means that the five per cents. can acquire value. Every man will know what he has in his pocket when he has no reason to fear that the five per cents. will fall below 80. I will hear of no excuse. Don't let the five per cents. fall below 80.

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'Sur ce, je prie Dieu qu'il vous prenne en sa sainte garde.—NAPOLÉON.'—ii. 365.

The same efforts had been made at the time of the rupture of the peace of Amiens. The First Consul had evidently never considered that treaty as anything more than an attempt to convince Europe of his pacific intentions and his ability for civil government. But he was soon alarmed by the imprudent activity of French commercial enterprise abroad; he insinuated to Mollien that French merchants might insure their cargoes *in English insurance offices;* foreseeing, in his own mind, that the return voyage was by no means secure. Mollien immediately detected the impending rupture, from these guarded remarks; and his conviction was strengthened by the anxiety of Buonaparte to support the funds in the event of some panic which he did not describe. It was partly from the fear of a commercial crisis ensuing upon a fresh declaration of war that Mollien was ordered to revise the statutes of the Bank of France, which had been founded in 1800, and to place the credit of that establishment on the most secure basis. Nothing can be more masterly than the papers drawn up by Mollien on this subject; and to his lasting honour it must be recorded that the Bank of France has now weathered the storms of half a century by a strict adherence to those principles, and that it has displayed a strength and soundness of constitution unapproached by any other establishment in the country. Its system of accounts, likewise introduced by Mollien, is admirable; for through all the vicissitudes of the empire, of invasion, and of several successive revolutions, the Bank is every day able to ascertain with precision its real situation; and no undertaking of this nature has till now been conducted with greater ability and success. We say *till now*—because the events of the last few months exhibit both an influence exercised by government over the Bank which Napoleon himself would have disclaimed, and a wide departure from the correct and unalterable principles M. Mollien laid down. It is curious that this excellent system was established under the immediate pressure caused by the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and was specially intended to assist the interests of trade under that calamity. Napoleon endeavoured at the same time to keep up the funds, and for three days Mollien was ordered to hold the market at the cost of four million francs a-day, which the Treasury could ill spare. But so feeble a barrier was wholly insufficient. The funds fell ten per cent., and Napoleon acknowledged that he was beaten, but boasted that he had done what he could for trade. In truth, he had done nothing at all; and the money sacrificed, in spite of Mollien's remonstrances, went into the pockets of the very class of speculators whom Napoleon abhorred. The

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The period here described was that when the promises of the Consulate were transformed into the pageantry of the Empire. A mock Court rose upon the scene of the Revolution, and the society of Paris, so roughly dispersed ten years before, began to reassemble. France was once more a monarchy. We are witnessing in our day a similar transformation—but, whilst the piece is the same, the whole quality of the actors is different. Mollien's picture of Paris in 1804, though not extremely favourable to the new social elements the Revolution had thrown to the surface, might pass for a bitter satire of the state of official society in the capital of 1852; for, amidst all its heinous sins, the despotism of the uncle repressed every irregular passion with severity and punished every abuse of trust—that of the nephew sets an example of cynical indifference to public integrity and public decorum.

In spite, however, of the progress already made by the country, the state of its finances had seldom been more deplorable than at the outset of the second period of the war. In the years from 1803 to 1805 the navy had cost 440 millions instead of 210; and the war department, estimated at 630 millions, had risen to 809, leaving many debts still unpaid.

'The treasury was literally exhausted, when, after two years spent in ruinous preparations without any result between France and her insular rival, two continental powers of the first order marched against us and threatened the most accessible part of our frontiers. Such was this exhaustion of the treasury, that Napoleon was only able to form what he called the chest of his *grande armée* out of a few millions of his personal savings. The contractors, whose accounts were all in arrear, raised their terms as they found themselves more necessary to the Government. To provide the means of moving an army of 100,000 men from the coast of Picardy to the heart of Bavaria, it had been necessary to assist the principal contractors, who, for want of any other means, had taken 10 millions of national domains in part payment. The Bank was assailed with demands for the reimbursement of its notes, because it had discounted too freely, and had been drawn on by the bankers who, under the name of *faiseurs de service*, assisted its operations. All the symptoms of a speedy and terrible crisis were perceptible before Napoleon started for Germany.

'M. de Marbois, then Minister of the Treasury, had doubtless perceived the evil; and Napoleon was still more aware of it, but he saw and sought no remedy but in victory. I remember that a short time before his departure, seeing me on his way to the theatre at St. Cloud, he came up and said, "The finances go on ill—the bank is in distress. *It is not here that I can set things to rights.*" That same night he started to join the army. I understood but too well the meaning of those words. I saw that his fate and that of France was again to be risked upon the fortune of war, and I considered with alarm what might

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might be the consequences of defeat, or even of tardy success.' —i. 410.

After Napoleon's departure, the difficulties of the Bank increased, and the Council of Regency was constantly occupied with means of dispersing the crowd which demanded payment of its notes. No complete suspension took place, but the payment went on so slowly that public confidence was shaken; the notes ceased to circulate freely, and fell to 10 discount. Mollien firmly defended the sound principles of banking, with which he alone seemed conversant. But in reply to his observations the Cabinet resolved to disperse the claimants *by force*, as seditious groups, and to pay a small portion of the notes every day at each of the *mairies*. No attempt was made to procure bullion from abroad, and the crisis had been becoming every day more formidable, when it was terminated by the battle of Austerlitz, which restored confidence to the nation and enabled the bank to resume its regular payments.

But though the immediate danger appeared to be averted, Mollien was not to be imposed upon by the assistance which military triumphs can render to financial affairs; and, in his view, these victories attacked the fundamental principles of public prosperity, because they attacked the property of nations. If Austerlitz was won, Trafalgar was lost; and whilst the French standard floated on the towers of Vienna, the ports of France were closed against all commercial intercourse on both her seas. The troops brought back glory, but left undying resentment behind them. For whilst their Chief had adopted (and improved) the most modern combinations of strategy, he retained the rudest notions of antiquity on the rights of conquest. The armies he led were the armies of a Revolution which had declared war to all property at home and to all governments abroad; and he never learnt in that school the slightest respect for either the sovereigns or the nations he combated. He fancied that Paris could be enriched, like Rome, by the tributes of every other people, and that he could thus weaken the power and influence of the princes who were compelled to buy his contemptuous forbearance. But eighteen centuries had elapsed since Rome had subdued the world by a policy which rendered her hostility so terrible and her alliance so onerous. The wealth of those days consisted in the treasures of barbaric kings, and the loss of that wealth was ruin to their dreams of defence and independence. In our times the exchange of mutual services conduces far more to the happiness and greatness of a State than the ravages of mutual destruction. The exploits of violence are superseded by the law of duration, for

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for *preservation* and *increase* are the moral law of the civilized world. In the midst, therefore, of the enthusiasm which the great achievements of Napoleon kindled in the pride of France, those who were disposed to investigate the real benefits of so much victory and glory were wont to reflect that whole nations could not be chafed with impunity in their property and their honour, and that it was dangerous to give a national character to the sting of defeat. Already they discerned the gigantic plan of the French empire, whose grandeur did not disguise its danger. The marvellous man who had risen so rapidly to the highest degree of power, and terminated the convulsions of the French Revolution, had transferred its violence and instability to the thrones of Europe. Yet these critics were not hostile to the new government—they desired its duration, and they served its interests—for such were the opinions Mollien himself entertained—and it is a remarkable circumstance that in the heart of the Imperial Government such views were deliberately formed.

On the 26th January, 1806, Napoleon returned to Paris in the night. Scarcely allowing his ministers time to congratulate him on the result of the campaign, he summoned a Council of Finance for eight o'clock the next morning. 'We have more serious things,' said he, 'to talk about. It seems the chief interests of the State were not in Austria. Let us hear the report of the Treasury.' The crisis was indeed extraordinary. Pressed by increasing embarrassments, M. Barbé Marbois, then Minister of the Treasury, had been reduced to accept terms offered by a company which had been formed to take the chief military and naval contracts, and at the head of which was the notorious Ouvrard. This company had agreed to discount Treasury bills at 9 instead of 12 per cent.—but, as the demands of the State continually augmented, it had entered into a convention with the Court of Madrid for all the gold and silver which the war caused to be retained in Mexico. The Spanish Government had handed over to them upwards of 100 millions of francs in bills payable in the American colonies, and they had substituted some of these bills of the Madrid treasury on Havana and Vera Cruz for the bonds of French *receveurs généraux* which they held. Some advances had also been made to Spain in cash, and the French minister found himself obliged to support the credit of Ouvrard's company to avoid a crash that would have aggravated the position of the Bank. At this point in the report Napoleon broke forth—

"They have deceived you. They have imposed on your integrity, which I don't question. These men who have promised you the treasures of Mexico, how have they more power or skill than the ministers of Spain to cross the sea which is in the hands of the English? They

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They have gained the confidence of Spain by making over to them funds subtracted from the treasury of France. It is we who are subsidizing Spain instead of drawing from her what she owes us. But the plot is divulged; let us interrogate in person its authors."

'The order was given to introduce the two *faiseurs de service*, or managers of the company—also the clerk in the treasury who had been specially entrusted with this negotiation—and who, by the way, had received a million as a gratuity, which he was afterwards compelled to refund. They entered, but the scene which ensued is beyond my powers of description. It was a thunderstorm falling for an hour on those three unsheltered heads. The first of them burst into tears. The treasury clerk stammered forth excuses. The third, Ouvrard himself, stood like a rock, without uttering a syllable—but his attitude seemed to say that nothing is more transient than a tempest, and that it must be endured. None of them could be much more impatient for the end of it than I was.'— i. 436.

The deficiency caused by Ouvrard's operations was estimated by the minister at 70 millions; it amounted in reality to twice that sum. M. Barbé Marbois was dismissed, and Napoleon insisted on Mollien's accepting that same day the office of Minister of the Treasury. It may here be added, that the very first duty he had to perform was to compel Ouvrard and his accomplices to disgorge their booty. The Court of Spain acknowledged 60 millions of the debt, and of the remaining 82 millions a large portion was obtained by the seizure of their private property, of their stores of all kinds, and by cancelling the debts due to them by the State. It is a singular circumstance that, by interesting two great houses in London and Amsterdam in the recovery of the Spanish bills on Mexico, piastres to the amount of three-fifths of the debt were embarked at Vera Cruz on board *an English frigate*, and brought to Europe in reality for the French exchequer. Mollien was entirely free from the vulgar prejudices so common in his time, and not wholly eradicated in our own, as to the scarcity of bullion being the cause of the embarrassments of the treasury. His predecessor had been duped by the idea of bringing over new piastres from Mexico, for it was in those days an article of commercial faith that pressure on the money-market arose altogether from the want of the precious metals which the war imprisoned in the Mexican ports. In the eyes of the new Paymaster-General the credit of the State depended far more on the moderation, good faith, and punctuality of the Government than on a casual importation of the precious metals.

Contrary to the opinion of his ministers, Napoleon persisted in dividing the functions of the Treasury, which are usually held to be inseparable. By the system he had established, Gaudin (Duc de Gaëte), as Minister of Finance, was charged with all that

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that related to raising the revenue; and Mollien, as Minister of the Treasury, with all that related to spending it. Fortunately these two men were united by old friendship as well as community of opinions, and they continued for nine years to act with close and unbroken harmony, which could alone have rendered such an arrangement practicable. Mollien's immediate task was a heavy one. He found drafts on the ministerial departments to the amount of nearly 30 millions on which payment had been postponed. The pay of the army then in France was about 15 millions in arrear—and the deficit of the last five years was 100 millions—all this besides the frightful gap caused by Ouvrard's bankruptcy: in fine, some 200 millions were required to enable the treasury to pay its way. But the manner in which the public accounts were kept was still more extraordinary. The first cashier of the treasury, through whose hands these transactions with the *faiseurs de service* had passed, did not suspect the existence of this enormous debt, and Mollien had to place the whole system of accounts on a new footing. We cannot ask our readers to accompany us through the technical detail of his operations:—but in this respect these volumes constitute, we are satisfied, one of the most masterly expositions of financial administration to be found in any language. His measures may be judged of by their results. Before the end of 1806 the funds had again risen from 56 to 64; the rate of discount had fallen from 12 per cent. to 6 or 7; the arrears in every department were paid off; arrangements were made to extinguish the deficit of preceding years; and the treasury resumed a more regular position without making any encroachment on its future resources. These successful measures were not, indeed, due to Mollien alone—though we suspect that his modesty assigns to Napoleon a larger share of merit in them than the Emperor really deserved. For, throughout the copious correspondence quoted and analyzed, we hardly find an instance in which the views of the sovereign were not gradually modified and corrected by the good sense and scientific accuracy of his minister, and in most of these discussions the Emperor seems to have allied egregious ignorance to extreme presumption.

'It would indeed have been difficult for any of the ministers of Napoleon not to communicate their plans to him, which were always minutely discussed before they received his final sanction; for though he left to them the choice of means of execution, he chose that every improvement should seem to be his own work. His sudden elevation rendered it a matter of policy with him to delegate as little as possible of his public authority, so as to remain always and everywhere the man of necessity. Napoleon carried on long and divers correspondences.

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spondences. If they were all collected it would be incredible that any single man could have sufficed to do so much; and in each of them he proved that he entered into every subject and every circumstance as if he had nothing else to think of, adapting all rules and principles to his own paramount interest in forcing the most opposite elements to combine in his system. But in these correspondences none proves more thoroughly the patience with which he investigated the most arid details, than that which he carried on with myself. It is perhaps the most singular *polémique de chiffres* that ever existed. I frequently in the early period of my ministry received letters of many pages, solely intended to analyze long calculations, to investigate statements, to divide statistics, and to present the same results under other forms. The principal object of these discussions was to keep all his chief servants in perpetual distrust of themselves and of their subordinates: he had no longer to dispute the superiority of power, but he disputed with every one the superiority of attainments.'—vol. ii. p. 42.

It may be well to cite briefly a few specimens of these letters, despatched *in a single day*, just before the Prussian campaign:—

'I send you the documents relating to the loan for the kingdom of Naples. I have informed you for what purpose this loan is to be made. It deserves consideration.' (St. Cloud, 19th Sept., 1806.)

'Eight hundred thousand francs are wanted at St. Domingo. Contrive to send them, so that this sum may be realised in the colony.' (19th Sept., 1806.)

'I place extraordinary funds at the disposal of the Minister at War, for the most pressing services of his department on the frontier of Germany.' (19th Sept., 1806.)

'I have read your report. My intention is not to diminish the army of Italy at this time. Send them 1,500,000 frs., not immediately wanted in the treasury of Piedmont, and let me know if the operation will cost anything.' (19th Sept., 1806.)

'Explain to me the accounts of the paymaster of the forces in Italy on the contributions raised during the last war on the frontiers of the Austrian provinces. They are stated at 1,700,000; they were more. The expenses are not classed. I find an item, "military subsistence, 3,440,000 frs." I don't understand this manner of reckoning our estimates. This sum must be divided amongst the bakers, the meat, the forage, &c.' (19th Sept., 1806.)

'Give orders to send 500,000 frs. in gold to the army of Naples; to be charged to the account of its pay.' (19th Sept., 1806.)

Nor was this astonishing fecundity of details at all arrested by the operations of active war. The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th of October, 1806; on the 25th Napoleon was at Potsdam, and continued his correspondence:—

'The Prince de Neufchâtel has sent for 2,000,000 frs. from the military chest at Mayence, to use them as they may be wanted. If there

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there be only 1,500,000 frs. still at Mayence, that is not enough—15,000,000 *à la bonne heure;* take your measures so as to have always four months' pay of my army in cash at Mayence.' (Potsdam, 25th Oct., 1806.)

'Send 500,000 frs. in gold to the army of Naples; you can take it from the reserve at Turin.' (Potsdam, 25th Oct., 1806.)

'I am told the allowances of the Guard are not paid. Send for Colonel Arrighi and pay instantly what is due to the two regiments of fusiliers and dragoons which are to join me.' (Berlin, 2nd Nov., 1806.)

'You state that 25,000,000 frs. from the sale of cuttings in the woods, which are included in the budget of 1806, will not be realised till 1807. Take the money on bills from the *receveurs généraux* out of the fund of foreign contributions for 1806, which can spare it in cash or in short bills. The public treasury will pay interest to the fund at the rate of ½ per cent. per mensem.' (Berlin, 4th Nov., 1806.)

'Here we are at the 15th of November. Send me the schedule of remittances to the several departments of the ministry for next month: and tell me how we stand with Spain, and the piastres she owes.' (Berlin, 14th Nov., 1806.)

'I desire you to keep 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 frs. at Strasburg, and eight months' pay for the army, at the rate of 3,000,000 a month, always at Mayence, in cash, as a sacred deposit: then, whatever happens, I may consider my army paid. Otherwise, if another event occurred like Ouvrard's affair last year, or any disaster happened to render bills less negotiable, the pay of the army might be compromised. However, as I am master of Prussia and of all Westphalia, I shall get in some money, and there is no longer cause for uneasiness.' (Berlin, 16th Nov., 1806.)

'The delay in the Spanish payments is very alarming: let me know if they have done anything since the 29th of October.' (Berlin, 24th Nov., 1806.)

(The same day a long letter directing the form in which the budgets of the empire are to be drawn.)

'Any treaty which will facilitate the recovery of the piastres is to be accepted. I don't want to trade, but only to get back our own money. I authorise you to conclude any treaty for this purpose.' (Posen, 6th Dec., 1806.)

'The English threaten to confiscate the funds of French holders of British securities. Could we not take precautions to prevent transfers from our securities to theirs? This is a very delicate matter. I do not choose to set the example, but if the English do it, I must retaliate.' (Posen, 15th Dec., 1806.)

To this last intimation Mollien replied that he did not believe it, because it was contrary to the policy of England; but that he should be delighted if England committed such a blunder, which France

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France might render more injurious to her *by refusing to do the same.* He fortified this opinion by sending to Napoleon the wise and able paper by the American minister, Hamilton, which demonstrates that policy and morality not only forbid a government to confiscate property lent to it by the subjects of a hostile power, but even to suspend the payment of interest on it: and Napoleon dropped the subject.

It was about this time that Mollien undertook the complete reform of the mechanism of the public accounts, and founded the Cour des Comptes, whose methodical operations have continued ever since to control the whole expenditure of France. But the complexity of the accounts of the French Empire far exceeded that of any State that ever existed. It extended at that time from Illyria to Spain, and from Naples to Hamburgh. It had to provide for armies on the Tagus, in Calabria, and on the Niemen. It supplied the pensions of the imperial family and the allowances to vassal kings; for, after the treaty of Bayonne, even the Spanish Bourbons were dependent on it for support; and Napoleon basely evaded the payment of the income he had himself allotted to Charles IV. and his family when he robbed them of the throne. It had to regulate the public debt of recently annexed countries, which sometimes became, as in Holland, a matter of extreme difficulty. As the embarrassments caused by this enormous extension of power and military occupation increased, the labours of the Treasury became more onerous. The Spanish war had cost at the end of 1810 nearly 220,000,000 frs., including the cost of magazines and equipments of the army: the mere transmission of the necessary funds under convoy to the different corps d'armée in the Peninsula, where they were everywhere liable to be cut off by guerillas, became a task of immense difficulty; and, with singular absurdity, Napoleon ordered that 200,000 francs should be despatched every month from Bayonne *in copper money*, not reflecting that such a sum would amount to several tons of metal, to be carried over tracks impassable for carriages.

Meanwhile the continental system, intended by Napoleon to complete the ruin of England, weighed with far greater severity on France and on her tributaries throughout Europe than it did on ourselves. Mollien never countenanced the harsh measures which that detestable invention rendered necessary; and he early perceived its suicidal folly:—

'Throughout Europe the most violent complaints were raised by the injury inflicted on all the rights of industry—for industry has become in our time a second property, more intelligent, more active, and more sensitive than the former one. French manufactures were crushed by the aggravated rigour of the prohibitive system. England no

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no doubt suffered also, but she remained mistress of the ocean—she commanded all raw material at a low price, and she levied a tax on the raw material she allowed the continental consumer to receive. Heligoland, Jersey, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and Spain were filled with her contraband traders; for England made war in the spirit of modern improvement; Napoleon in the spirit of antiquity: and there are times at which an anachronism is a mortal error. Twenty thousand douaniers on the frontiers of the empire had to defend the territory against one hundred thousand smugglers, more active than themselves, and more favoured by the population; so that the chances in favour of the contraband trade were as 80 to 20. Nay, the Emperor had himself increased the evil by his additional duties of 30, 40, or 50 per cent. on colonial produce, from which even the American vessels were not exempted. Hence the price of colonial produce was sometimes quadrupled, and the taxes of the French customhouse were an additional premium on the monopoly of England. The increase in the prices of raw material, and the want of improvement in machinery, discouraged the manufacturing interest. The export trade in French commodities had fallen off by one-half since 1810, and prices had also fallen 50 per cent. Napoleon himself seemed at length to acknowledge that commercial interests had a power with which it was necessary to come to terms. He would not recede; that was contrary to his nature. He did not despair of reducing British trade, he said, in a few months to its last shilling; but he endeavoured to impose on the French traders as he had imposed on himself, and it was by pecuniary advances from the government that he attempted to purchase their silence, imagining that a few loans would satisfy their wants.'

His first scheme had been to compel the Bank of France to advance money on the bills of all traders, reputed solvent, throughout France, at 4 per cent. This was demolished by Mollien in a masterly paper on the theory of discount; to which the Emperor submitted. A second project was to create an immense *mont de piété*, to make advances to trade on the deposit of goods—and Napoleon proposed to devote 30 millions to this purpose. He again gave way, however, on Mollien's representing that, in the event of these loans not being repaid, it would be necessary for the State to sell the goods, which must not only ruin the borrowers, but depress the whole market. He resolved at last to make an advance of 1,500,000 frs. to a mercantile house at Amsterdam, and another at Paris, on good security. In the following year (1811) this precedent became known. A second request for a similar sum arrived, then another, and at length they poured in by hundreds from all parts of France. Still Mollien, who disapproved the whole proceeding, was condemned to find funds for this insatiable demand. The government were threatened with disturbances in the faubourgs and the manufacturing towns if they did not yield: and they yielded. A million was

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sent down to Amiens, to be advanced by instalments of 20,000 frs. a day; two millions were spent at Rouen, St. Quentin, and Ghent. These operations were conducted with secrecy, and in some instances they enabled the manufacturers to escape impending ruin: but upwards of eighteen millions had been spent by the Treasury in lending money to men who could borrow nowhere else, and whose commercial existence was barely prolonged by the assistance they received.

'It is difficult to conceive how Napoleon, with his lofty and incontestable penetration, failed to perceive the singular contradiction into which he fell by persisting in his continental blockade at the very time he was acknowledging by these advances to trade that the system caused his ruin—placing himself in the dilemma of either exhausting the treasury and the privy purse (if he attempted to indemnify trade for its losses), or (if he confined his liberality to a small class of traders) of augmenting the complaints of those whom he had not relieved. Yet it must be confessed the fault was not his alone. Never since the commencement of the long commercial hostility of France and England, which broke out with fresh fury after the truce of 1787 [Mr. Pitt's treaty], never had the frenzy of prohibitive laws been more universal or more popular than in 1800, when Napoleon took the helm. There seemed to be a common interest between the traders, who never thought the customs laws severe enough against England, and the Treasury, which still hoped to increase its receipts by excessive duties. The advisers of Napoleon on commercial matters were all traders and ultra-prohibitionists. After the rupture of the treaty of Amiens—which was not a treaty of peace and still less a treaty of commerce—these hostile measures went on in an increasing degree between the two nations. It must be confessed that our restrictions on the liberty of the Continent, because England refused liberty to our ports, were an injustice the more irritating because it could not be accomplished; but, with the exception of a few persons whom he never consulted on the subject, those about the Emperor constantly endeavoured to keep up his illusions. He was always reading reports that all nations were sighing for the liberty of the seas, and that he was to break the yoke of British monopoly. When the English paid for their supplies from abroad in money, he was persuaded that *British capital* was *migrating* from that *inhospitable soil* to France. He was persuaded that cotton could grow in Naples, and tobacco in Alsatia. He lived, in short, under constant delusions of this nature. Yet, if we consider how long the Continental System lasted, and the perturbation it caused in all the usages and results of trade, it was certainly the most extraordinary *coup d'état* ever attempted; and I know not which is most surprising, the daring of its authors, or the submission of all the interests aggrieved by it.'—iii. 318.

Although Count Mollien (for he had now received this title), in spite of a clear perception of Napoleon's errors, yielded to no

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no one in fidelity to his service, any more than in admiration of his genius, he does not appear to have been at any time dazzled by his fortune or overpowered by his authority. Napoleon himself paid him the highest compliment that absolute power can pay to the sagacity of a minister by silently acquiescing in his views and adopting them towards third parties as his own. Mollien's influence was strictly limited to the business of his own department, and he took no part in the general policy of the government, for whose pecuniary wants he was continually called upon to provide:—but, nevertheless, he was not unfrequently selected as the depositary of opinions entertained by the most moderate party in the Imperial councils. Thus in 1809, when Paris was literally thronged with tributary kings, and the sovereign houses of Germany seemed allied to the upstart sovereigns of Naples, Spain, and Westphalia, Eugène Beauharnois had the sense and penetration to say to Mollien:—

"The Emperor is mistaken on the state of Europe. Perhaps these sovereigns, who owe an extension of territory to his support, are themselves mistaken in the disposition of their subjects. But the nations of Europe are not mistaken as to this new dominion exercised over them by one people, or rather by one man. They will never be our allies in good faith, these nations whose defeat is our glory, and whose misfortunes are our success. They were already humiliated by defeat and by tribute: they are more humiliated now by seeing their own sovereigns summoned to the capital of the conqueror to adorn his triumph. But the humiliation of nations bears sooner or later a harvest of vengeance. I fear nothing, indeed, as yet for France; but if I like war it is for the sake of peace, and I see no lasting peace for the world."

'Such was the language of the wisest and most faithful adherent of Napoleon in his own family, at a time when there was but one sentiment in France and in her new dependencies—universal submission. And it is the more honourable to Prince Eugène that he had the courage to hold pretty nearly the same language to Napoleon himself.'—iii. 79.

The state of voluntary self-delusion, which was necessary to the maintenance of Napoleon's system, increased, year after year, with the increase of his difficulties. In spite of what he considered his searching analysis of the finances, he laboured not so much to arrive at the truth as to convert a deficiency into a surplus by complex calculations and unfathomable arithmetic. His mind, unshaken by the ruinous outlay of the Spanish war, was already fixed in 1811 on the Russian campaign, which was to extend his domination from Madrid to Moscow; and he continued to thrust additional military estimates, to the amount of 60 millions, on the budget of the preceding year, evidently anticipating that the balance would be adjusted by the Russian tribute at the close of the war. In the secret discussion

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of his financial resources which took place between Napoleon, the Duc de Gaëte, and Mollien, the latter represented the increasing embarrassments of the treasury, as no loans could be contracted, and at the first rumour of another war, public credit would be still further depressed. To this Napoleon replied with vivacity—

'"If I am compelled to undertake another war, it will certainly be for some great political interest: but *it will also be in the interest of my finances.* Have I not always restored them by war? Was it not thus that Rome conquered the riches of the world?"

'I quote the Duc de Gaëte as witness of this extraordinary declaration with myself. I quote the incident as a proof of the strange blunders into which the intoxication of power may lead the most powerful minds. From that moment I held the power of Napoleon to be seriously in jeopardy.'

It was about this time that an occurrence took place which reveals a singular portion of the secret history of that ephemeral Court. Napoleon, who esteemed few people, never gave unlimited confidence to a human being: but if any one at all touched the springs of his affections it was Josephine. Nor did this interest cease after her divorce, though it was somewhat tried, and not very mildly expressed, when her extravagant habits continued to annoy him. Josephine had an allowance of three millions of francs (£120,000) when she retired to Malmaison, but before a year had elapsed she was again in debt. Napoleon then addressed to Mollien the following letter:—

'*Wesel, 1st November*, 1811.—It is proper that you should send secretly for the Empress Josephine's intendant, and tell him confidentially that nothing will be paid him in future until he give proof that there are no debts: and as I will have no jesting on this matter, I shall hold him responsible. You will tell him that no payment will be made on the 1st January without a written certificate that there are no debts. I am informed that the expenses of this house are most irregular; you must therefore see this man, for it would be deplorable that the Empress Josephine should have debts instead of laying by two millions a year as she ought to do. Take an opportunity of seeing the Empress Josephine yourself, and hint to her that I expect her house to be managed with order, and that I shall be supremely displeased if it be not. The Empress Louise has 100,000 écus (12,000*l.*), and never spends that sum; she pays her bills once a week, goes without new gowns if that be necessary, and suffers privations to avoid having debts. The expenses of the Empress Josephine's household ought not to exceed one million. If there are too many horses, cut them down. The Empress Josephine has children and grandchildren for whom she ought to lay by. *Sur ce*, &c.'

Mollien executed this task, and on receiving his report, Napoleon insisted still further on the savings to be made for her family, adding,

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adding, that they ought not to depend on him alone, and then—for once in a somewhat broken voice—*Je suis mortel, et plus qu'un autre.* The Empress had cried on hearing these remonstrances, and complained that she could no longer pay pensions to some old soldiers, probably of the Royalist party. Napoleon said, 'You should not have made her cry, though. Give me the names of those officers; and tell her not to cry.' Yet how many tears this selfish and ungrateful man had cost that repudiated woman and the world!

The time at length arrived when the clouds which had been gathering on the horizon of Europe broke with all their fury on the presumptuous and infatuated ruler of France. The campaign of Moscow sent him home impoverished by defeat, not enriched by conquest; his army destroyed—the *prestige* of his name woefully tarnished. On his sudden return to Paris Mollien was one of the first persons he sent for. Not without anxiety and alarm did he enter the presence. But Napoleon received him with perfect serenity and self-possession—inquired eagerly for Madame Mollien, who had been dangerously ill—said he had travelled as uncomfortably as when he was a lieutenant of artillery, but that it did not signify—adverted to the Mallet conspiracy in Paris—and made no allusion either to the tremendous calamities of the still unfinished campaign or to the financial difficulties of Mollien's own department. The public were not entirely duped by this show of composure, for the bulletin of the Beresina had told the story of ruin, and every fresh arrival from the army increased the sense of horror and insecurity. But they hoped that so severe a lesson would not be lost on the Emperor, and that if he were again placed at the head of an army it would at last be to contend for *peace.*

Nothing in Buonaparte's career was more extraordinary than the energy he displayed during the winter of 1812-13. The cavalry had to be mounted, the artillery to be entirely re-organised, a great part of the infantry to be clothed, immense quantities of arms to be provided, munitions of war to be collected in all the fortresses; and the whole was to be done in six months. Strange to say the conscriptions were never more readily filled up than after the disastrous campaign of 1812. The country still supported him, and since he had fallen upon evil days, it was content to share them with him. The accusing voices of 1814 were not yet audibly heard; the defence of the territory was the prevailing sentiment, and Napoleon encouraged the self-devotion of the people by the hope of approaching peace. Immense levies were ordered. The financial measures resorted to in order to defray new and immoderate charges were startling. Thus Maret proposed

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proposed and his master sanctioned the appropriation by the State of all the common lands belonging to parishes throughout France, which were to be sold, and the *communes* to receive their value in the shape of funded capital. This project was expected to bring in 300 millions—which being forthwith spent by anticipation, the government was once more living on credit alone. It was an imitation by Napoleon of the revolutionary acts by which the Convention had begun the war. Mollien, in forcible terms, pointed out the defects of such a scheme, but the condition of the finances was already such that only the choice of bad means was left him. Yet no sooner did Napoleon find himself at the head of another army than he changed his tone—declaring that 'to be worthy of herself France must abstain from pusillanimous desires; that her first object must be to avenge her offended glory; and that the only peace she could make was a peace extorted by new victories and recognizing all her former conquests.' The difficulties he encountered seemed to surprise without instructing him. But his labours were enormous. The whole day was spent in warlike preparations—the night in administrative correspondence. Some of his letters to Mollien entered into the minutest calculations. One of them consisted of eight pages of figures. Even on his arrival at Mayence, to put himself at the head of the army in the field, he stopped several hours to investigate the accounts of the military chest on the frontier. Twelve days later he fought the battle of Lutzen with 85,000 men, and in three weeks after 150,000 more had joined his standard. But his efforts and his hopes of securing the neutrality of Austria failed. The great coalition was formed in September, and in October the battle of Leipzig again annihilated the French army, and left Napoleon no resource but a hasty retreat on the Rhine.

Throughout this period, and indeed from the first reverses of the Russian campaign, the regular and punctual course of the administration of the Treasury was at an end; and Mollien, who invariably recognized in exact payment the test of strength and stability for a government, had already long before the disasters of 1814 made up his mind that the case of the Empire was desperate. When Marie-Louise retired to Blois he followed her, leaving the control of the Treasury to his friend and disciple Baron Louis, who was destined to render the most important services in that capacity to the future government of Louis XVIII. Mollien was sent for on the return from Elba, and, under a sense of personal obligation to his old master, did not refuse to resume the office he had filled with honour for nine years. But he has disdained to record in these Memoirs the fugitive occurrences of that feverish

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feverish interval. When summoned to the Tuileries on that occasion he had formed a resolution to resist the proposal. Napoleon was alone when he entered the closet, and said, taking him by both hands, 'In this crisis you will not refuse to take your old place in the ministry.' To some complimentary remark on the miraculous success of his return, the Emperor replied, '*Mon cher*, the time for compliments is over. *Ils m'ont laissé arriver comme ils les ont laissés partir*'—an expression which proves the more correct estimate he had at length formed of the French character—his feeling, in short, that the vicissitudes of fortune to which he had himself accustomed that people must have prepared them for viewing with indifference any possible revolution—were it from the excess of freedom to the excess of servitude.

M. Mollien candidly acknowledges that as his principal object was to bequeath to the world a correct portrait of Napoleon, especially in those relations of life which fell under his own cognizance, so it is not without regret that he has recorded much to darken the fame of one who was to him an object not only of high intellectual admiration, but of grateful regard. He has steered clear of the servility of a Las Cases and of the malignity of a Bourrienne; and while others have depicted the policy and character of Napoleon from their personal motives of affection or of resentment, Mollien discusses them with reference to the fixed principles of public economy and of public morality, from which his own career never deflected. But though the narrator of these transactions has not sought to exalt his own penetration and experience at the expense of his master, and has displayed in a remarkable manner the versatility and application with which that extraordinary man governed his immense empire, he has entirely failed to raise our conception of Napoleon's real competency to deal with these abstruse subjects. In these pregnant volumes we have not met with a single idea originating with the Emperor himself on points of finance or political economy, which is not radically unsound. He seems to have thought on these matters as he did on the obligations of public morality, that a code of science and of duty could be framed to suit his own convenience, and that motives of State sufficed to cover every enormity. But he was eminently skilled in the choice of instruments, and his insatiable activity kept every department of the government in constant efficiency. The last mark of confidence he would bestow on those who really possessed it was the tacit adoption of their opinions, even when he had just before combated them. He was tolerant of contradiction when alone, but absolutely oracular when he held forth in the Council of State or in public. In reality he had no financial principles: the perpetual recurrence

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recurrence of war, the continental blockade, and his own crude notions of public credit prevented the formation of such a system at any part of his reign; and the last extravagant and destructive years of the Empire shook and well nigh obliterated the advantages resulting from the methodical reforms of the Consulate. Admitting therefore the extraordinary military successes and political energy which had extended that vast dominion over Europe, M. Mollien has failed to show that it possessed those sound and practicable financial views which are inseparable from the stability of governments and the contentment of nations. His own administration of the Treasury was a long struggle against incoherent projects and reprehensible expedients; and the ground he was continually endeavouring to strengthen and consolidate, was as continually cut from beneath his feet by the exorbitant demands of the military and political departments. His official duties were rather fiscal than financial, and he never had the power or the opportunity of altering the great springs of taxation that pressed, and still press, so injuriously on the French nation. No alleviation could take place in the condition of the people—no safe or permanent extension could be given to trade; and at length war, which had been the principal source of this misery and pressure, was resorted to as the easiest mode of palliating them. Austerlitz and Moscow were the projects of an insolvent gambler. The daring expedient was successful in the one case and ruinous in the next; for as this whole system of credit was stimulated and kept alive by victory, it collapsed at once under defeat. We will not here detain our readers to apply to the politics of France in the present day, the analogies which these facts can hardly fail to suggest; but if similar embarrassments should drive President Buonaparte to similar enterprises, that is to the vulgar resource of foreign spoliation, there is, we fear, no Mollien in the councils of the Elysée to resist and correct such lawless and self-destructive tendencies. Under the imperial administration at least the spendthrift vices of the present government were unknown, and indeed no one would have repressed them with more severity than Napoleon himself.

Little remains to be said of the later years of Count Mollien's life, for his official career terminated with the final fall of his Emperor, and he closes his own narrative at that period. But though he held no office of public trust under the Bourbons, he was placed by Louis XVIII. in the Chamber of Peers, where he continued, until the latter part of the reign of Louis Philippe, to treat with great superiority, and with perfect consistency, the financial questions of the day. In private life he was respected for the sobriety of his judgments and the steadiness of his friendships;

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friendships; nor would his character have been complete without the charm which his unvarying conjugal affection shed over it. Well were it for France if, amongst her men of wit and her men of action, there were more possessed of the reflection and composure which these volumes attest; or if, when such men are to be found, they were raised to a higher position in the State, so as to control the impulses of their countrymen. Sooner or later all governments are judged by their adherence to, or departure from, sound fixed principles; and the Empire of Napoleon himself was, as this narrative proves, tainted with the mortal disorder of financial embarrassment in the midst of its most brilliant achievements. The welfare and stability of nations require more homely virtues, and more provident care; of which qualities these volumes will perpetuate an honourable example and an unpretending picture.

ART. V.—1. *Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord Cockburn. Edinburgh, 2 vols. 8vo. 1852.

2. *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 4 vols. 8vo. 1844.

THIS Life seems a good deal too big for its subject, but that fault is redeemed by features of less common occurrence. Though the septuagenarian Judge apologizes for himself as a young author, his readers will detect few signs of inexperience. His narrative is on the whole clear; shrewdness and sagacity mark many a sentence:—and a cordial affection relieves the exaggerated vein of eulogy in which it was perhaps inevitable that one Edinburgh Whig of the top flight would glorify another. Some wonder, no doubt, was excited by the announcement of the undertaking; for among Lord Jeffrey's *eminent* intimates hardly any one had been so little thought of in connexion with literary matters as Lord Cockburn; nor can we deny that the book presents a blank as to some subjects on which students of literature might have expected entertaining details. Jeffrey, we had always been told, conversed very freely on the topics which must have occupied the larger share of his attention — yet Cockburn has nowhere made the least attempt to give us an idea of his style of conversing on such topics. Of course the bulk of his notions must have found a voice in his Review; but still a man does not talk to the public as he does to a friend, and there must be more in him, we imagine, than he ever puts upon

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upon paper. As to some minor peculiarities, we cannot concur in criticisms that seem to be current. To say that many uses of words, and especially turns of phrase, are not English, is merely to say that Lord Cockburn himself is before us in every page. To ourselves these idioms, like the intensely local prejudices everywhere projected, are among the charms of the performance. They give it individuality and force. Smooth, correct writing is common enough. Earnest sentiment and unaffected diction will do their work, in spite of worse transgressions than can be laid to this door.

In his first volume he interweaves sundry extracts from Jeffrey's letters,—the second consists of a selection from them;—and we had already seen a good many in the Memoirs of Horner;—but it is evident, as might have been anticipated, that the most curious parts of the critic's correspondence have not yet been submitted to public view.

His early environments must have been in the main very like those familiarized to our readers by the accounts of Mackintosh, Scott, Campbell, and Horner. Old subjects, however, put on a new face when a new spectator is not afraid to give his own impressions: and after all, this is the first time that we have had the whole scene and system depicted by one of Jeffrey's immediate circle.

He was born in 1773, in an obscure corner of Edinburgh. His father, a solicitor, obtained ultimately a deputy-clerkship in the Court of Session—an office which, from some of the biographer's phrases (for he is usually above statistics), we must presume to have then been of slender emolument. Francis had one younger brother, John—a mild, calm creature, totally unlike himself, but always warmly loved by him—who spent the best years of his life in America under the wing of an uncle, long before settled there, and married to a sister of the famous John Wilkes. There were two sisters, both in due time respectably married; between whom and their brothers the most cordial affection is testified by the correspondence. The book leaves the impression of less agreeable relations between the father and his children. From a period not far subsequent to the death of their mother, which occurred when Francis was but thirteen, there appears to have been a growing discomfort. Lord Cockburn speaks of the old man as 'sensible and respectable,' but 'sour' and 'morose.' The sting comes behind—he was, it seems, a Tory. Owing his post to the Dundases, he was steady in his allegiance to that dynasty; and few things, we may believe, could have been more mortifying than certain early symptoms of liberalism in his bright son. It is probable that the younger branches adopted the views of

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of that oracle; and thus, perhaps, the whole grievance may be explained. What no one can contest is, that, in spite of all disappointments and disagreements, this sulky clerk acted uniformly in a very generous style as to his boy's education.

His final abode and that with which his children's young recollections were all connected was in the very heart of Auld Reekie—the crowning story or flat of one of those towering edifices on the Lawnmarket—scarcely matched even in the ancient market-places of Leipzig or Vienna. To this *habitat* Francis had a warm attachment. In his early letters he often refers to the 'dear retired adored little window of the Lawnmarket garret:'—indicating equally, we feel, his tenderness towards his brother and sisters, and his satisfaction in the retrospect of many a midnight hour well spent in his own aërial citadel. About the last of the upper class who adhered to that vicinity was Boswell; and once, in his ladhood, the future critic had personal intercourse with this distinguished neighbour. Returning home after a supper, he was serviceable in lifting Mr. Boswell from a gutter, and carrying him safe to the 'convenient dwelling' in which he had once had the honour to lodge Johnson. Next day Boswell, informed of his obligations, stopped Francis in the street to thank him—a little conversation gave a favourable impression of the young Samaritan as a lover of his book, and the close was 'Go on:—you may come to be a Bozzy yourself.' One other juvenile glimpse of a great man is recorded. Jeffrey, when about sixteen or seventeen, was struck by the stalwart appearance of a passing stranger, and stopped to take a better look of him. A shop-keeper, standing at his door near the Cross, said 'Ay, look weil, laddie, that's Robert Burns.' We recall the 'startled burghers' when Dandie Dinmont first strode along that same street in search of Pleydell's hostelrie. Even Scott does not seem to have surpassed Jeffrey in affection for their 'own romantic town.' It is not only that he enjoyed enthusiastically, early and late, the general scenery—he evidently had a genuine love for the humblest locality associated with historical tradition. Even near the close of his life his letters mention long solitary walks, not merely about Arthur's Seat with all its unsurpassed variety of aspects landward and seaward, but up and down among the dingiest and most deserted alleys of the old capital itself. All this is very pleasing—by us, we own, it was not expected.

He was never the *dux* of the High School—but his written exercises attracted the Rector's observation. Dr. Adams was a liberal—almost a republican; and possibly the depute-clerk ascribed something of Master Frank's political heresy to such an instructor. From whatever motive, at the close of the school-period

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period (Oct. 1787), instead of transferring his son to the College next door, he sent him to Glasgow, at a not inconsiderable advancement of cost.

According to Dr. Macfarlane, a fellow-student, and now the venerated Principal at Glasgow, Francis during his first session there—

'exhibited nothing remarkable except a degree of quickness, bordering, as some thought, on petulance; and the whim of cherishing a premature moustache, very black, and covering the whole of his upper lip, for which he was much laughed at and teased.'

But, adds the biographer, appealing to another student, now also a Principal—

'There was no want of spirit; for Adam Smith had been set up that year for the office of Lord Rector, which depends on the votes of the professors and students, and Principal Haldane of St. Andrew's recollects seeing a little black creature, whom he had not observed before, haranguing some boys in the Green against voting for Dr. Smith. This was Jeffrey. Not that he had any objection either to the Wealth of Nations or to its author; but the Economist was patronised by the professors, which has often made the students take the opposite side.'—Vol. i. p. 12.

We apprehend that such opposition was *in those times* very uncommon; and in spite of it, for the credit of the place, Adam Smith was elected. In the second year his advance is witnessed by both our respected Principals:—

'Macfarlane says, "He broke upon us very brilliantly. In a debating society he distinguished himself as one of the most acute and fluent speakers; his favourite subjects being criticism and metaphysics." Professor Jardine used to require his pupils to write an exercise, and then to make them give in written remarks on each other's work. Haldane's essay fell to be examined by Jeffrey, who on this occasion probably made his first critical adventure. "In returning my essay to me (says the Principal) the good professor, willing to save my feelings, read some of the remarks at the beginning of the criticism, but the remainder he read in a suppressed tone of voice, muttering something as if he thought it too severe."'—i. 13.

Lord Cockburn surmises that, in sending him to Glasgow, his father had had an eye to one of the exhibitions at Balliol College, Oxford, which are in the gift of the Professors there. If the Smith affair be a specimen of Jeffrey's usual course as to discipline, it is not likely that the Professors should have been very favourably disposed towards him; nor, however appreciated at his clubs, did he earn any such distinction in his classes as to overrule all scruples.

Several note-books of those sessions have been preserved. He was not content with recording the substance of his masters' prælections,

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prælections, but already recast the whole, and blended it with his own illustrations or objections, so as to produce a series of *Reviews*.

Lord Cockburn has recovered a letter which Francis—aged fifteen—addressed from Glasgow to the Edinburgh Rector. We may be allowed to smile at its presumption, and also at its baby appropriation of the slang of Scotch Philosophy—but the good feeling towards the old preceptor is, in his own pet phrase, *quite refreshing*:—

'Dear Sir,—I do not question that you will be surprised at the freedom of this uninvited intrusion; and when I tell you (by way of apology) that for these some weeks I have been impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent, I question if your surprise will be diminished. As a student of philosophy I thought myself bound to withstand the temptation, and as an adept in logic, to analyse the source of its effects. Both attempts have been equally unsuccessful. I have neither been able to resist the inclination nor to discover its source. My great affection for the study of mind led me a weary way before I abandoned this attempt; nor did I leave the track of inquiry till I thought I had discovered that it proceeded from some emotion in the powers of the will rather than of the intellect. My epistolary communications have hitherto been confined to those whom I could treat with all the familiarity of the most perfect equality, and whose experience or attainments I was not accustomed to consider as superior to my own. This, I think, will account and apologise for any peculiarity you may discern in my style. I think it superfluous to assure you that, whatever appearance of levity or petulance *that* may bear, the slightest, the most distant, shadow of disrespect was never intended. When I recollect the mass of instruction I have received from your care—when I consider the excellent principles it was calculated to convey—when I contemplate the perspicuous, attentive, and dispassionate mode of conveyance—and when I experience the advantages and benefits of all these, I cannot refrain the gratification of a finer feeling in the acknowledgment of my obligations. I am sufficiently sensible that these are hackneyed and cant phrases; but, as they express the sentiments of my soul, I think they must be tolerated. If you ever find leisure to notice this, I shall esteem your answer as a particular honour; and that you may more easily accomplish that, I inform you that I lodge at Mr. Milne's, Montrose Lodgings. So—this is an introductory letter! It wants indeed the formality of such a performance; but the absence of that requisite may for once be supplied by the *sincerity* with which I assure you I am, dear sir, yours, &c. &c., F. JEFFREY.—Glasgow, January, 1789.'

Old Adams made a gracious reply—concluding with a monition that, among other accomplishments, it might be worth while to acquire a more legible handwriting: to which hint, Cockburn regretfully adds, no attention was paid. A more wretched hand was

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was never seen—cramped, pinched, scraggy, with a constant indulgence in utterly arbitrary contractions. Printers are *ex-officio* Rawlinsons; but the fair ladies who enjoyed most of his correspondence must have taken dutiful pains before they could decipher it.

Leaving Glasgow in May 1789, he remained 'in and about Edinburgh, left entirely to himself,' for more than two years. Except that he attended one course of lectures on Scotch law, to his avowed disgust, there is no trace during this period of any other studies than those of the adored garret—but these were constant and serious. Among other existing MSS. of 1790 Cockburn was especially struck by one:—

'*My Opinions of Some Authors* is a collection of short critical judgments. He says, "I have only ventured to characterise those *who have actually undergone my perusal*;"—yet they are fifty in number; and besides most of the English classics, include Fenelon, Voltaire, Marmontel, Le Sage, Molière, Racine, Rousseau, Rollin, Buffon, Montesquieu, &c. His perusal of many of these must have been very partial; yet it is surprising how just most of his conceptions of their merits and defects are. Many of these criticisms, especially of English writers, are written in a style of acute and delicate discrimination, and express the opinions of his maturer years. Johnson—*as might be expected of a youth*—[!]—is almost the only one whom he rates far higher then than he did afterwards.'—i. 28.

At Michaelmas, 1791, his father carried him to Oxford and entered him as a commoner at Queen's College. If there still had been any hope of a Glasgow exhibition, Balliol would have been a more natural selection. There was no endowment in which a Scotchman could hope to participate. Among the superiors there was no name of distinction; while, if Jeffrey's testimony is to be decisive, the younger members, in number twenty-seven, were as a set only less dissolute than dull. A list of them extant in his writing attaches some disparaging epithet to every one name, except that of the future Dr. Maton, whose affix is *philosopher*. Jeffrey had not been there a week before he began to write to his sisters and female cousins in the bitterest scorn and derision of the college, the university, and all their adjuncts. Though no man ever felt the charms of English scenery more sensibly than he did in his maturer years, he appears to have gazed with contempt on the sweet valleys of the Isis and Charwell—even on the wonderful congregation of architectural beauties, so entirely unlike anything he could have seen at home. 'Nothing is to be learnt here,' he says, 'except praying and drinking.' But the regulations of Queen's were, it seems, so lax that he soon found it possible to escape chapel; and, from his descriptions of

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of a few wine-parties, it may be supposed that he declined a regular course of Bacchanalian instruction. For the studies, really or nominally inculcated by the tutors, he avowed his distaste, and probably as to them also got easy absolution. But he laboured with energy in his own way—devoured miscellaneous literature, ancient and modern, and filled scores of note-books with analyses. Many will be amused to hear that another exercise was the composition of *sermons.* Lord C. says that they were afterwards presented to clerical friends of different denominations—we dare say the doctrines were far from rigid—and that 'a late respectable minister [of *the Kirk*] imposed some of them on his congregation so late as 1825.' Furthermore, he had now become an ardent versifier. Besides numberless translations from Greek and Latin poets, original rhymes occupied a large share of his hours. He concludes a melancholy letter to one of his young ladies with, 'I have now really no hope of reaching greatness—unless perhaps as a poet.'

The Oxford experiment, in whatever view the old man had hazarded it, was brief. On the expiration of the academical year at midsummer Francis took his name off the books.

One grand object with himself had certainly been to get rid of his northern pronunciation, and we presume he remained in the despised cloister until he thought he had mastered that point. Here, however, Rhadamanthus shakes his ambrosial curls:—

'He returned a conspicuously altered lad. The change was so sudden and so complete, that it excited the surprise of his friends, and furnished others with ridicule for many years. But he was by no means so successful in acquiring an English voice. With an ear which, though not alert in musical perception, was delicate enough to feel every variation of speech—what he picked up was a high-keyed accent, and a sharp pronunciation. Then the extreme rapidity of his utterance, and the smartness of some of his notes, gave his delivery an air of affectation, to which some were only reconciled by habit and respect. The result, on the whole, was exactly as described by his friend the late Lord Holland, who said that though Jeffrey *had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English.*

'As the acquisition of a pure English accent by a full-grown Scotchman, which implies the total loss of his Scotch, is fortunately impossible, it would have been better if he had merely got some of the grosser matter rubbed off his vernacular tongue, and left himself, unencumbered both by it and by unattainable English, to his own respectable Scotch, refined by literature and good society, and used plainly and naturally, without shame, and without affected exaggeration.'—i. 47.

The Judge testifies that, though thus unhappily super-English in his habitual pronunciation and accent, his yoke-fellow retained the native vocabulary full in recollection, and to the end

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end 'could speak Scotch when he chose as correctly as when the Doric of the Lawnmarket had only been improved by that of the Rottenrow of Glasgow.' This certificate, we confess, surprised us. We more than once heard the flourishing advocate examine rustic witnesses, and used to think his Doric about as funny as his Attic. Cockburn adds that Jeffrey always continued to have a lively relish for the vernacular literature of Scotland. This we quite believe. We venture to say, however, that his taste in it was not over pure. It seems to us that he never adequately discriminated between the classics of that dialect (ending in Scott), and writers who, of necessity, exhibit it in a degraded type — no longer the actual speech of any but the common people.

Whatever indecision there may have been hitherto as to Jeffrey's professional destination, it appears that henceforth he fixed his views steadily on the bar—after a little hesitation and calculation of costs and risks, on the Scotch bar; and the history of the next four years before he assumed the gown, and of the five or six more that elapsed ere he obtained any considerable practice, constitutes, perhaps, the most valuable section of Cockburn's volume. The value, however, being in the fulness and precision of the details, we can hardly do more than express our gratitude. We find little evidence indeed of serious grappling with the *arcana* of jurisprudence proper—but, on the whole, never did a young man of quick parts, and entertaining a sufficient confidence in them, set before students a more remarkable example of industry. At Edinburgh he attended the lectures of many professors, some on subjects not obviously connected with his own plans—for instance, chemistry and anatomy—all of which, however, did essentially tend to enlarge the resources of the future Advocate (as well as of the future Reviewer);—and he continued his sedulity in recording whatever their prelections added to his information. The daily public examinations—the weekly essays, subjected not only to the censure of the chair, but to the mutual criticism of the struggling youths —but above all, the clubs where they discussed all topics in nocturnal conclave—these parts of the northern system, which no doubt he had sorely regretted while among the solemn courts and groves of Oxford, afforded every possible facility for the development and display of his peculiar talents; and he ere long acquired in that sphere a considerable reputation. It should be told that of the winters succeeding his brief residence in the south, he spent two at Glasgow, which, again, must have been an additional expense to the old man. He also at this period passed a good share of his vacations in Glasgow, and this, considering his love of

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of Edinburgh, may seem strange. Cockburn accounts for it by a hint that at home he felt the humbleness of his connexions; fretted at seeing himself surrounded by circles to which he had no access. He had, it is true, says the biographer, no more access to the better society of Glasgow than of Edinburgh; but in the western town he was a stranger, and no one would take notice of his isolation. The Judge adds, however, that at Glasgow there was '*a Hebe*.'

From an entry in a Glasgow note-book, we gather that at one time he was afraid his father would insist on his adopting a mercantile career; but whether some idea of that sort still lingering in the depute-clerk's mind had any influence in these later excursions to that commercial town, does not appear. Our Judge pauses, however, to pronounce this little *interlocutor*:—

'He would have made a miserable merchant; for he had a horror of risk, and a strong sense of the value of pecuniary prudence. With a liberality of disposition, which was evinced by munificent charity, he had no spirit of adventure, and therefore one shilling certain had charms for him which twenty shillings doubtful could not impart. He would have made himself or his partners crazy, by perpetually demonstrating, in the midst of their most solid prosperity, that they were all bankrupt, or must speedily become so. The law, and in Edinburgh, was plainly his destiny.'—i. 50.

On the 30th of August, 1793, says his friend:—

'He got one of his first views of the scenes he was to act in, by being present, as a spectator, at the case of Mr. Thomas Muir, *advocate*, who was that day dealt with at Edinburgh for what was *then called Sedition*. Jeffrey never mentioned that trial without horror.'—i. 58.

It is the natural inference that facts such as those stated in this Muir's indictment, and abundantly proved on his trial, would not now be 'called sedition' at Edinburgh. Possibly not, nor—after a long course of Whig administration—in London either. But that such facts constituted sedition at least, if not treason, in 1793, was the opinion not merely of the then Scottish bench, but of English jurists whom Lord Cockburn is perhaps hardly entitled to look down upon. No statute since 1793 has touched the nature and constituents of sedition in Scotland. The Act 6 George IV. cap. 17, deprived the Scotch bench of the power to punish sedition by transportation; but the very passing of that Act proves the previous legality of the power it abolished; and that it would have been unwise to alter that ancient system at the crisis of 1793 was the decision both of the House of Commons in that year, when the question was formally brought before them, and of the House of Lords. We have no wish to enter

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into a debate with Lord Cockburn as to the particular case of Muir; but we may suggest that Jeffrey's *horror* about his trial does not seem to have been at the moment very profound. In the letter cited, he never even names Muir; but only indicates him by a ludicrous *sobriquet*—'the Chancellor'—founded on some story about his mother's dreaming that she was to bring forth a man child who should sit in the marble chair. But there is more to be observed. In March, 1845, after Lord Jeffrey had been eleven years on the bench, a case involving many references to the trials of 1793 was argued with great ability before the Court of Session. Certain persons had subscribed money for a monument in honour of the 'Martyrs,' Muir, Gerald, Margarot, &c., and purchased a site for it on the Calton-hill. Other people considered that such an erection would be, for various reasons, unlawful, and petitioned the court for an interdict. The court finally refused the interdict:—the monument is now a conspicuous feature of that commanding locality;—and Lord Jeffrey was one of the majority that carried this decision; but in his speech from the bench, one of the finest he ever delivered, he was far from expressing any *horror* for the convictions of 1793. A senior judge (a Tory by the way) had thought it fair to ask whether the loyal opponents of this pillar would have objected equally to one in memory of the *traitor* Balmerino? Jeffrey, after a graceful rehearsal of the respect accorded by all men, Whig or Tory, to such names as Falkland and Hampden, Argyle and Montrose, said—

'The individuals now in question were of less mark; but they too fill a page in history, and their private lives were, I believe, blameless—at all events unstained by any brand of infamy. Nor indeed do I see any reason to suppose that they were actuated by any worse motives than those which have at all times most commonly led men into *political delinquencies*—exaggerated notions of existing evils and possible remedies; overweening estimates of their own power and abilities, and a morbid desire of distinction and notoriety:—dangerous infirmities of character certainly, and capable of working *infinite mischief in certain conditions of society*, but not in themselves *hateful*. . . . . The lapse of time is a most material element in any estimate of the danger and consequently the illegality of monuments to *political offenders*. If immediately after the suppression of what they were pleased to call the British Convention—while the country was still in a state of alarming excitement, and all the affiliated Societies either in full operation or but partly dissolved—proposals had been publicly circulated for setting up such a monument, I feel that it must have been considered not only a daring defiance of the law, but as an open lifting *of the Standard of Sedition*.'*

* See Reports by Dunlop, Fell, &c., vol. vii. p. 561–581.

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If any of our readers desire to study minutely the case of Muir and his associates, they must turn to the State Trials—or perhaps the summary in Adolphus's History of George III. (vol. v.) may content them. The question as to what, in the view even of English lawyers, was *sedition* in 1793 receives ample illustration in Twiss's Life of Eldon. Jeffrey's 'Chancellor' appears by all accounts to have been a prating coxcomb of the weakest class. He was a great man in that 'British Convention One and Indivisible' which held its sittings in 'Liberty Court, Liberty Stairs, Liberty Close' (some hole in the Cowgate, we believe), and affixed to its decrees the formula '*Ça ira*.' He was also an United Irishman, and having been indicted in that capacity at Dublin, escaped to France early in 1793, where he was adopted as a Citizen of the Republic, no doubt on the recommendation of his friend Tom Paine. Upon this he was outlawed, and the Faculty of Advocates erased his name from their books. Returning imprudently to Scotland, he was arrested, tried, convicted, and condemned to Botany Bay. He escaped from that settlement and was on board a Spanish cruiser when she fell in with the *Indomitable*, a frigate belonging to our Mediterranean fleet. After a brief resistance the Spaniard struck his flag, and when the first lieutenant of our ship (a distinguished Scotch officer) went on board the prize, he recognised, in an involuntary cry of pain, the voice of a sorely wounded *Scotchman*. Whether he had or not been justly convicted of *Sedition* in 1793, he certainly had now incurred the penalties of High Treason. His compassionate countryman, however, made no disclosure. He was, with other mutilated prisoners, landed at Cadiz, and recovered sufficiently to reach Paris, where he died of his injuries in 1798.

Next year, 1794, Jeffrey was called to the Bar. He was barely of age, but that was very usual at Edinburgh. The gown was not necessarily accompanied with a wig. Men in high practice, indeed, seldom dispensed with it, even in those days; but at his zenith Jeffrey's own hair, 'then black and bushy,' was among the *notabilia* of the Parliament House. Nor did the *call* much affect the usual course of his occupations. He had to undergo the same discipline of 'sweeping the boards' that has been described by so many other sufferers. What business he got from old friends of his father's among the solicitors was comprised in routine motions and the inditing of 'law papers.' Before the Court of Session the great bulk not only of statement but of argument was then produced in the written form; and Jeffrey's facility of the pen must have rendered such drudgery less grievous for him than for perhaps his ablest co-operatives.

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Horner, during his short experience there, groans over a long day spent on some dozen closely written folio pages—the question being whether 'a certain ditch, one foot and a half wide, ought to be on the east or the west side of a certain hedge, three feet high' (*Memoirs*, i. 141). Lord Cockburn speaks of many utterly silent brothers as rearing their families respectably on this line of practice—'writing habitually perhaps a quarto volume per day.' But even those most distinguished for oral powers always had a large share in the business of writing (or dictation)—and it is to the biographer's own diligence therein that we ascribe the needlessness of his preliminary apologies on the present occasion. Term followed term—and Jeffrey, like Scott a little before him, failed to be engaged in any case that could fix on him the attention of *the fifeteen.* Both made their first serious appearances under the eyes of a very different tribunal—the General Assembly of the Kirk; both in cases of the same character, and both provoking reprehension from that venerable Court. Jeffrey's client was a clergyman charged with drunkenness. He concluded his appeal by demanding whether any reverend person in the House could lay hand on breast, and declare that he had never been betrayed into a trespass of that sort? There arose a storm of indignation—but Jeffrey, making a lowly obeisance to the chair, lamented in a most contrite tone that he had been led astray by 'total ignorance of the habits of the Church;' and—whether unusual candour prevailed in the meeting (which may have been an evening one) or the manner of the young performer was in itself irresistible—the result was a general roar; and, whatever may have been the fate of the jovial Calvinist, his advocate escaped. In a clerical body not encumbered with wealth, a member subjecting himself to trial for breach of discipline is seldom likely to offer much in the matter of fees, and therefore puts up with counsellors whose sufficient payment is the opportunity of exhibition. But from the rich raciness of the cases, and the popular interest attached to them, the practice before this Court has often had attractions for barristers already burthened with engagements. Jeffrey, even in the heyday of his success, was always glad to find himself at the bar of the Assembly, and there made some of his most celebrated appearances. The like might be said of our biographer:—nay, we suspect that he, being in his forensic vein (though his book might not suggest it) a real master both of humour and pathos, must have had unequalled delight as well as success in this department. At all events his sketch of the scene is among the happiest he gives us:—

'It is a sort of Presbyterian convocation, which meets, along with a Commissioner

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Commissioner representing the Crown, for about twelve days yearly. It consists of about 200 clergymen, and about 150 lay elders, presided over by a reverend president, called the Moderator, who is elected annually. As an ecclesiastical parliament, it exercises, subject to very ill-defined limitations, a censorian and corrective authority over all the evils, and all affairs, of the church. As a court, it deals out what appears to it to be justice upon all ecclesiastical delinquencies and disputes. Its substance survives—but, in its air and tone, it has every year been degrading more and more into the likeness of common things; till at last the primitive features which, half a century ago, distinguished it from every other meeting of men in this country, have greatly faded. Yet how picturesque it still is! The royal commissioner and his attendants, all stiff, brilliant, and grotesque, in court attire. The members gathered from every part of the country — from growing cities, lonely glens, distant islands, agricultural districts, universities, and fallen burghs;—the varieties of dialect and tone, uncorrupted fifty years ago by English;—the kindly greetings; — the social arrangements; — the party plots; —the strangeness of the subjects;—partly theological, partly judicial, partly political—often all mixed—of the deepest apparent importance to the house, however insignificant or incomprehensible to others;—the awkwardness of their forms, and the irregularity of their application;—their ignorance of business;—the conscientious intolerance of the rival sects;—the helplessness, when the storm of disorder arises, of the poor short-lived inexperienced Moderator;—the mixture of clergy and laity, of nobility and commoners, civilians and soldiers; —the curious efforts of oratory;—the ready laughter, even among the grim;—and consequently the easy jokes.'—i. 181.

In his earlier narrative Cockburn has a few allusions to Jeffrey as engaged in criminal cases; but he limits himself to allusion, and is accordingly unintelligible. In the sequel there is an almost total reticence as to forensic facts—and this is, of the whole work, the feature for which we are most at a loss to account. There was no need to show us that, apart from the fortunes and fates of those for whom he is employed, the career of a barrister, as such, however eminent—nay in proportion to his eminence—must afford little matter of biographical interest. All must have observed with what dexterity Lord Campbell vivifies his series by summaries of marking cases in which his heroes had been concerned, whether as counsel or as judges. Without such details the life of a lawyer is like what a general's would be that should omit his battles—realising Scott's a *little* exaggerated objection to Mackintosh, who, he said, in his History of Edward III., 'put Creci into a parenthesis.' But we are anticipating.

For several weary years Jeffrey continued with exceedingly slender practice—and this was well for him. Unless when undergoing

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going penance in two or three hours of the Outer House, or when poring at his garret-window over such lucubrations as Horner has described to us, his time continued to be devoted to the pursuits of his own predilection—not, indeed, those most likely to have made him the Hardwicke or the Mansfield of Scotland, but the fittest, on the whole, that he could have selected with a view to the real ultimate superiorities of his life.

On the whole, we say—for even the biographer seems to admit one exception. We have seen that even when at Oxford he wrote of himself as having no hopes to be 'a great man, unless perhaps as a poet.' Ever and anon that dream revisited him. His MSS. exhibit, it seems, not merely a few such specimens of rhyme as might probably be found in the unpurified repositories of any man of letters—sonnets to eyebrows—but quires upon quires of solemn exercise in almost every form of poetical composition, except the epic; for which solitary exception he atones by a translation of the dullest epic transmitted from antiquity, 'in blank verse, in imitation of Cowper's Homer.' Among the rest of this supellex are a didactic piece of ample dimensions—an entire tragedy—odes and elegies in profuse abundance. Rhadamanthus, though he sees much to admire—command of diction, metrical elegance, &c.—desiderates the *vis creatrix;* and says that, at all events, as his prodigy never produced himself before the world as a poet, he does not feel it necessary to display him in that capacity. We are surprised that Jeffrey did not burn the MSS.; but Lord Cockburn has no doubt obeyed a just feeling. It is added that, in the course of his anxious struggling period, Jeffrey more than once escaped very narrowly the fate thus still avoided. Upon one emergency he transmitted his Argonautics to the philosopher Maton, in hopes of a bargain in London, but the metropolitan booksellers, seldom eager for classical translations, rejected Apollonius Rhodius. Somewhat later he is reported to have actually carried a volume of his own original poetry to an Edinburgh bibliopole, who was less shy, and offered terms which were accepted. But, chancing to spend the next few days in the country, Jeffrey remeditated this transaction, and returned just in time to have it cancelled. What an escape for the future Editor! Had that volume appeared, should we ever have seen an Article on the Excursion opening with 'This will never do'?

'One of the poetical qualities—a taste for the beauties and the sublimities of nature—he certainly possessed in an eminent degree. His eye, which had a general activity of observation, was peculiarly attracted by these objects; and this not for the mere exercise of watching striking appearances, but for the enjoyment of the feelings with which they

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they were connected. The contemplation of the glories of the external world was one of his habitual delights. All men pretend to enjoy scenery, and most men do enjoy it, though many of them only passively; but with Jeffrey it was indispensable for happiness, if not for existence. He lived in it. The earth, the waters, and especially the sky, supplied him in their aspects with inexhaustible materials of positive luxury, on which he feasted to an extent which those who only knew him superficially could not suspect. Next to the pleasures of duty and the heart, it was the great enjoyment.'—i. 72, 73.

All this is, we think, sustained by the Correspondence. So much for poetry. We must pass over the further details of studious preparation, and especially of critical lucubrations by degrees accumulated. The biographer has satisfied himself that in many of those early MSS. Jeffrey, when a professional reviewer, found valuable materials already collected, sometimes fully shaped for his use. In one of these, for example, the theory of the celebrated article on *Beauty* is, he says, clearly developed, although within comparatively narrow limits.

We are now plunged into the vortex of the Parliament House, and the Judge seems to recall the liveliest feelings of his own youth in depicting the scene and the persons, not a few of them eminently picturesque, whose influence was predominant there when Jeffrey began to be jostled among its wigged or wigless crowds. In most of these sketches large allowance must be made for Whig prejudice; but it would be idle to go into any argument on the occasion. His account of the great minister in whose hands then, as for many years before and afterwards, the patronage of the northern kingdom was vested, appears to us not only a felicitous specimen of his writing, but, on the whole, singularly honourable to his character. He himself nowhere intimates a circumstance essential to a right estimate of this passage. His mother was a sister of *the* Lord Melville's—his father, a baron of the Exchequer, had been advanced by that powerful connexion—and had young Henry Cockburn adhered to the politics of his family, no man could have entered the bar with surer prospects of speedy preferment than the minister's brilliant nephew. Having offered this explanation to *the Southron*, we merely mark by *italics* some expressions not less deserving of their attention:—

'Henry Dundas was the Pharos of Scotland. Who steered upon him was safe; who disregarded his light was wrecked. It was to his nod that every man owed what he had got, and looked for what he wished. Always at the head of some great department of the public service, and with the indirect command of places in every other department; and the establishments of Scotland, instead of being pruned, multiplying; the judges, the sheriffs, the clergy, the professors, the town councillors, the members of parliament,

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ment, and of every public board, including all the officers of the revenue, and shoals of commissions in the military, the naval, and the Indian service, were in the breath of his nostril. This despotism was greatly strengthened by the personal character and manners of the man. Handsome, gentlemanlike, frank, cheerful, and social, he was a favourite with most men and with all women. Too much a man of the world not to live well with his opponents when they would let him, and totally incapable of personal harshness or unkindness, it was not unnatural that his official favours should be confined to his own innumerable and insatiable partisans. With such means, so dispensed, no wonder that the monarchy was absolute. But no human omnipotence could be exercised with a smaller amount of just offence. It is not fair to hold him responsible for the insolence of all his followers. The miserable condition of our political institutions and habits made this country a noble field for a patriotic statesman who had been allowed to improve it. But this being then *impossible*, for neither the government *nor a majority of the people* wished for it, there was no way of managing, except by patronage. Its magistrates and representatives, and its other base and paltry materials, had to be kept in order by places, for which they did what they were bidden; and this was really all the government that *the country then admitted of.* Whoever had been the autocrat, his business consisted in laying forty-five Scotch members at the feet of the government. To be at the head of such a system was a tempting and corrupting position for a weak, a selfish, or a tyrannical man. But it enabled a man with a head and a temper like Dundas's, to be absolute, without making his subjects fancy that they ought to be offended. Very few men could have administered it without being hated. He was not merely worshipped by his many personal friends, and by the numerous idolaters whom the idol fed, but was respected by the reasonable of his opponents, who, though doomed to suffer by his power, liked the individual, against whom they had *nothing to say except that he was not on their side, and reserved his patronage for his supporters.* They knew that, though ruling by a rigid exclusion of all unfriends who were too proud to be purchased, or too honest to be converted, he had no vindictive desire to persecute or to crush. He was the very man for Scotland at that time, and is a Scotchman of whom his country may be proud. Skilful in parliament, *wise and liberal in council*, and with an almost unrivalled power of administration, the usual reproach of his Scotch management is removed by the two facts, that he did not make the bad elements he had to work with, and that he did not abuse them; which last is the greatest praise that his situation admits of.

'In addition to common political hostility, this state of things produced great personal bitterness. The insolence, or at least the confidence, of secure power on the one side, and the indignation of bad usage on the other, put the weaker party, and seemed to justify it, under a tacit proscription. It both excluded those of one class from all public trust, which is not uncommon, and obstructed their attempts to raise themselves any how. To an extent now scarcely credible, and curious

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curious to think of, it closed the doors and the hearts of friends against friends. There was no place where it operated so severely as at the bar. Clients and agents shrink from counsel on whom judges frown. Those who had already established themselves, and had evinced irresistible powers, kept their hold; but the unestablished and the ordinary had little chance. Everywhere, but especially at the bar, a youth of a Tory family who was discovered to have imbibed the Whig poison was considered as a lost son.'—i. 77, 80.

Besides the self-elected obstacle of liberalism in politics, Jeffrey had to contend against others of which the nephew of Melville could have no personal experience. The bar was not only then, what it still is, the foremost profession in that country, but, what it now by comparison is not, an aristocratic society. Candidates of plebeian birth were (even in some cases of very great ability) admitted with difficulty—at best with coldness. The official position of Jeffrey's father has been described by Lord Cockburn as 'respectable, not high;' but his grandfather and his father's brother were still well-known citizens, and their occupation—however worthy in their way—placed them decidedly below the rank expected in a barrister's descent. The leading Whig advocates, with very rare exceptions, shared the prejudice, and were little disposed to welcome politics without a pedigree.

'For a long while his professional acquaintance was exceedingly slight, scarcely extending beyond those friends of his youth who had gone to the bar with him. Of the seniors, there seem to have been only two who noticed him.

'His talents and his reputation, which among young men was very considerable, were his only grounds of hope. These were counteracted by his public opinions, and by an unpopularity of manner which it is somewhat difficult to explain. People did not like his English, nor his style of smart sarcastic disputation, nor his loquacity, nor what they supposed to be an air of affectation. These peculiarities gradually faded, and people got accustomed to them: but they operated against him throughout several of his early years. He himself was aware of this, and felt it. He writes to his brother (27th June, 1796) of "*the few to whom I am dear;*" and envies John, who had gained so many friends, and seen so much of the world, "while I have been languishing within my island limits, scarcely known to anybody, and *not much liked by those who do know me.*"'—i. 88, 89.

Cold-shouldered by his superiors even of the Whig persuasion, obtaining no admission into the upper socialities of the place, and but a very scanty measure of the dullest employment, it is no wonder that Jeffrey should have repined at his lot, and from time to time all but relinquished the struggle. He recurred ever and anon to the idea of some colonial bar where a Scotch gown was admissible, or to the grander chances of India. In

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In case of his fixing on the East, he must first pass at the English bar; that is, eat bad dinners for three years at an inn of court. On the occasion, however, when the 'injured Thales' was nearest 'deserting Scotland for the Strand,' he appears to have abandoned his legal projects in favour of encountering the risks of a mere literary adventurer. Announcing an excursion to London in September, 1798, he says to a young kinsman:—

'I have thoughts of settling there as a grub. Will you go into partnership with me? I have introductions to review and newspaper editors, and I am almost certain that I could make four times the sum that ever I shall do at the bar.'—i. 101, 102.

He carried with him some of his translations; but these commanded no more attention from Sir Richard Phillips than befel in a former age the Æschylean Commentary and Sermons of Parson Adams. The proprietor of the Morning Chronicle was a Scotchman, and likely to be civil; but Mr. Perry was so overwhelmed with business that they never met.

'So much the better for him. He came home, and was gradually drawn by circumstances into the line of life which was the best for his powers, his usefulness, and his happiness.'—i. 102.

Thus speaks Lord Cockburn in 1852. We much doubt, nevertheless. Had Jeffrey fixed himself here in 1798, there is no likelihood that he could have long continued in the state of a 'grub.' He would have obtained a competence in his literary capacity; and the consciousness of his rare qualifications for his proper profession must have by and by revived forensic views. Like his clever townsman Spankie (about that time Perry's editor or sub-editor)—like his still more distinguished countryman, Lord Campbell—he might have started with an engagement on the Morning Chronicle; but like them he would next have pursued that function as a student at the Temple—he would have been enrolled among English barristers, and either realised a fortune in Calcutta as Spankie did, or more probably found good cause for abiding in our own sphere, and died not on the northern bench but in one of the most exalted positions of Westminster Hall. But the fates decided for the good old town which had the credit of his birth. He went back with his wallet full of Demosthenes *de Coronâ* done into English, &c. &c., and ere long was for ever fixed there by the great tier as well as dissolver of knots. From the time of his younger sister's marriage, he had lived alone in hired lodgings. On his return from London he paid a visit to some relations at St. Andrew's, and was so smitten with one of them, that, after some little prudential hesitations, he resolved on the unretraceable step, and leased a flat in Buccleuch Place; but not, as Sydney Smith was pleased to

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to say, 'the eighth or ninth story—neither of which ever existed —in fact, the *third.*'

'The marriage took place on the 1st November, 1801. It had all the recommendations of poverty. His father, who was in humble circumstances, assisted them a very little; Miss Wilson had no fortune, and Jeffrey had told his brother, only six months before, that "*my profession has never yet brought me* 100*l. a-year.*"—His domestic arrangements were set about with that honourable economy which always enabled him to practise great generosity. There is a sheet of paper containing an inventory, in his own writing, of every article of furniture that he went the length of getting, with the prices. His own study was only made comfortable at the cost of 7*l.* 18*s.*; the banqueting hall rose to 13*l.* 8*s.*, and the drawing-room actually amounted to 22*l.* 19*s.*'—i. 119.

It was under this modest roof that, about Christmas, 1801, the Edinburgh Review was concocted. We have now before us accounts of the consultations by three of the persons, and they confirm the proverbial uncertainty of the best testimony, for no two of them agree entirely. The nearest in date is Horner's; and probably it is also the closest to fact. We can well understand that no one of the parties might have been able, after but a brief interval of time, to say by whom the project was mooted, or even to how many it was at first communicated. Sydney Smith appears to take the credit of the suggestion to himself, and plainly claims to have been the editor of the first and second numbers. From his statement, and also from Jeffrey's, one would infer that the primary colleagues were at least five or six; but Jeffrey seems to deny that the earlier numbers had, in fact, any *editor;* while Horner, saying nothing as to the original editorship, mentions only three as having partaken in the determining consultations—viz. Smith (anno ætat. 31), Jeffrey (29), and himself (24). Besides these, however, the scheme was very soon embraced by John Allen, then aged 32, and a surgeon in Edinburgh, but ere long transplanted, and now best remembered as the 'guide, philosopher and friend' of Holland House; Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University, and author of a poem now forgotten, *The Paradise of Coquettes* (anno ætat. 24); finally, Henry Brougham, aged 23—who, however, by Jeffrey's statement, was neither very eagerly enlisted by the seniors, nor a very ready responder to their invitation; though, as Jeffrey adds, he proved in the sequel the most copious and efficient of all the collaborateurs; meaning, we presume, next after himself. As to the original editorship, we can quite comprehend Sydney to have considered himself as occupying that position,

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tion, while his colleagues were not sure that anybody did occupy it. While the papers were furnished exclusively by the projectors, there could have been little need for a regular editor; and those joyous, playful comrades, walking together every morning and toddying together every night, would probably overhaul all the proofsheets in such a fashion that next morning not one among them could well say who it was that had chiefly *doctored* any particular paragraph. Nay, we can believe that the original penmanship thereof might have come to be matter of uncertain recollection. It does appear, however, that Smith exercised whatever authority was conceded to him upon one occasion, and a very early one, with marking effect. He took the liberty, Jeffrey says, of cancelling or altering part of an article by Dr. Brown, who instantly cut his connexion with the concern—from which we should guess that the loss of him was a gain. The like probably happened in reference to other thinskinned geniuses. Sydney, in talking over those days with ourselves, late in his life said,—'The first, the most imperative, and the most offensive duty of an editor is to strike his pen through the preface and the eloquence.'

This chapter of Lord Cockburn's book is, like most of those in modern histories which treat of foundations, dispersive of myths. It has been usual to hear and read of the Edinburgh Review as in all the circumstances of its origin and success little short of a miraculous phenomenon—the project of a small knot of young men fortuitously thrown together in a provincial city—not one of whom had had any experience in literary workmanship; men so very young that they might almost, in the parlance of the world, be called boys. Young they were, and very extraordinary young men, most of them; but the myth, as we have already seen, was a great exaggeration even as respects the mere matter of years. 'Excellent ages for such work,'—says Cockburn—and he says well; but his narrative shows, moreover, that most of them, if not all, had passed through ample preparations and prelusions, and of the kind best adapted to insure the triumph of their enterprise. Of Jeffrey's preliminary exercises we need say little more than that, as his biographer reveals, for several years before the Edinburgh Review was born, he had been a pretty regular contributor to the 'Monthly Review;' and various articles of his in that publication are now specified—among others, curious enough, one on *Thalaba*, which, having been deferred by the metropolitan editor (little prescient of events), did not appear in his pages until another on the same subject by the same hand had adorned the opening number of the Rev. Peter Plymley. That others of the Buccleuch-place conclave

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conclave had had somewhat of the same experience we cannot affirm, but can hardly doubt. That Plymley, for one, should have reached his thirtieth year without dipping his pen in periodical ink, is what, till we see distinct evidence, we shall not believe.

It is another mere delusion that the critical press of London had during the previous period been unsupported by able and learned writing. Many most accomplished persons had been diligent in its service. It is sufficient to name Southey, Wm. Taylor, Parr, and Mackintosh. The mischief was, that the whole concern had fallen under the sway of booksellers, who dictated subjects, paid good hands shabbily, and gave most of their space to articles for which they could not have paid too little, so that the wheat was lost among the chaff.

In the new design, with the exception of the clerical wit, the colleagues were all natural denizens of Edinburgh. Sydney seems to have gone thither a year or so before as tutor to a young man of fortune, and to have been soon enrolled in *the Speculative Society*, where he made acquaintance with Jeffrey and all the rest. The Edinburgh Review may be considered as a child of the Speculative. Sydney's profession and connexions speedily withdrew him from the North. Great as was the prosperity of the work in Jeffrey's hands, we still question whether it would not have had even more if continued under the divine's care. In fact, we doubt if there ever was any man so admirably qualified for such a position. He might not have had, in 1802, so much reading as Jeffrey;—but any such deficiency would soon, with energies like his, have been supplied; and he undoubtedly even at the start possessed a purer literary taste than his successor: to which, in the sequel, were added, if he had them not then, a far keener knowledge of human character and a superiority of tact which it would hardly be too much to call infinite. A more consummate man of the world, though we believe one more entirely unhardened at heart by its experiences, never existed. Compared to him, as to society in all its departments and bearings, Jeffrey was never more than a clever stripling beside an unsurpassed master. And even as respects mere literary reputation, in which throughout their most active days Jeffrey must be allowed to have in popular opinion overshadowed him, what is likely to be the ultimate result? We are not afraid to say that according to our anticipations Sydney will rank 100, 200, 500 years hence as an English classic in the same line with Swift, and therein inferior only—though *magno intervallo*—to the immortal Dean. How will it then fare with Jeffrey?

Neither

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Neither Horner nor Brougham, any more than Sydney, adhered long to the scene which suggested to the latter as a motto for the Review—*Tenui musam meditamur avena*='We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal;' an epigraph ill replaced by the stately one from *Publius Syrus*, which, as our reverend friend hints, must have been picked up from some note in Bayle, as at the meeting where it was proposed no one seemed to have the least notion who Publius Syrus was. However republican might have been the original administration, this dispersion could not but be followed by somewhat of a monarchical *régime;* and the first who signified the urgency for such a change was the long-headed senior. Sydney understood fun too well not to understand business too; and very soon after he left Edinburgh, he wrote to the publisher that, if he meant to establish the Review, he must have a regular editor, and give him a decent salary, and, moreover, determine as an inflexible rule that all articles should be paid for—otherwise some contributors would fancy themselves entitled to hold their heads higher than others, and also become disagreeable customers to the common superintendent. Constable, one of the most judicious as well as the boldest of his trade, adopted this advice; and Jeffrey, after a little hesitation, was formally installed. How soon that arrangement was proved to be a necessary one, is sufficiently shown in the Memoirs of Horner—from which work, indeed, we rather think a clearer notion of the early history of the Review might be obtained, than from Lord Cockburn's volumes taken by themselves—a result not very surprising, as Horner was, and Cockburn was not, of the original conclave, and continued to be, for some years at least, what we must question that Cockburn ever was, an effective contributor. It is in the confidential correspondence between Horner and Jeffrey that we have the simplest delineations of the latter's struggles in the first exercise of his delicate office. What Lord Cockburn adds is a lucid summary, and, we believe, just eulogy, of the qualities exemplified from the first in his treatment of all classes of colleagues. Whatever of needless sharpness might be ascribed to his critical pen—whatever of apparent petulance to his manner in mixed society—no man ever was, in fact, more free from either harshness of feeling towards others or presumptuous self-conceit than Jeffrey—than young Jeffrey even. No one ever came into close contact with him either as a private gentleman, as barrister, or as editor, without being impressed with a sense of the real kindliness of his spirit and intentions. With men of high mark we cannot suppose him ever to have had much difficulty—such could estimate his claims, and would rarely exaggerate their own;

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own; but, as Lord Cockburn signifies, and as we could easily have guessed, it was not until after a certain course of time that he found his control submitted to implicitly by those whom he, in writing to Horner, styles 'the journeymen.'

It is not disparaging any man to rank him as, on certain points, inferior to Sydney Smith. Jeffrey was happily fitted for his post. He knew more upon most subjects than people in general know upon any, which not only gave him a great range for his own pen, but enabled him to judge with confidence the contributions of his allies. In literature in almost all its branches, in metaphysics, in politics, he could appreciate what he read, and add something from his private stores. He was a stranger to the scrupulosity which torments fastidious workmen, and could with little trouble transfer to his Journal whatever entered his mind. Thus, in forming the tessellated pavement he was able to multiply his own marble squares, and dispense with many a rough piece of granite from ruder quarries. But he was also excellent at beautifying the productions of his 'journeymen'—an art, Scott said, of the last importance in an editor. The biographer intimates that he effected his end by slight omissions and delicate touches; while the artist himself states, on the contrary, 'that he was more given to dash out and substitute by wholesale, than to interweave graces or lace seams.' We have little doubt that Cockburn judges by his own experience—none that Jeffrey employed both methods according to his mood—and the necessities of the occasion. In any case of need, being fertile in metaphors, and rapid in discovering pertinent applications for his varied stores, he could dot at will a dark expanse of heather with gay tufts of flowers. His moral qualities were worthy of his intellectual rank. His courtesy, upon all points where he could properly yield, seems to have been joined to inflexible firmness where his duty was at stake. He declared, on accepting the editorship, that if it ever sunk to be an ordinary bookseller's journal he would dissolve the connexion, and not sink with it. He kept his pledge by never suffering encroachments to be made upon his independence. He reviewed Scott's edition of Swift, at the particular request of Constable, who was the publisher both of the book and the Journal. 'It was, I think,' said Constable, 'the first time I ever asked such a thing of him, and I assure you the result was no encouragement to repeat such petitions.' *The Crafty* (as Jeffrey called him) had asked a fish and got a serpent. 'You will, of course,' Horner wrote to him, 'review Scott's *Lay*' with a little of the partiality which we all feel for the author. But Jeffrey replied,—'Justice must be done; and I, like the executioner, shall kiss him and whirl him off, if the sentence

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tence be against him.' Though the *Lay* escaped an excess of severity, *Marmion* amply vindicated his boast. He was less rigorous with Moore, and yet there is no stronger proof that he was never too generous to omit to be just. They 'breakfasted lovingly' after their absurd attempt at a duel, and entered into a compact—Moore to abjure licentious topics, and Jeffrey to applaud him when he reformed his strains. The critic must have been anxious to redeem his pledge, for he was delighted with the genial temperament of the man, and owed him a return for the ready good-nature with which, after kissing the rod, he had consented to enlist into his flagellator's corps. *Lalla Rookh* afforded Jeffrey the desired opportunity; but, notwithstanding the warmth of his praise, he said so much of its defects that he received abusive letters from the friends of the poet for his covert *attack*. His affection for the Bells was early, ardent, and uninterrupted; no one will doubt that he was eager to proclaim to the world the genius of the brightest of that remarkable brotherhood, Sir Charles, while still poor and obscure:—and yet we question if that splendid physiologist was ever told the faults of his *diction* with half so much plainness as in Jeffrey's article on the *Anatomy of Painting*. His paper upon the Historical Fragment of Fox is another example. When the adherents of the great debater found the feeble legacy devoid of every merit which had distinguished his harangues, they persuaded themselves that its bald and nerveless style must needs be an admirable specimen of severe simplicity. No subservience to *party*, even in 1808, could make Jeffrey look at purely literary qualities through a buff and blue medium. He managed, to be sure, to discover political reasons why the work was invaluable; but at once, anticipating the judgment of the world, he pronounced the writing 'unequivocally bad.' Honourable as was Jeffrey's superiority to personal predilections, his sternness must be ascribed in part to his fondness for exposing defects. He often unnecessarily assumed the office of executioner, and sometimes performed it with an unpardonable air of *gusto*. On not a few occasions authors met with harder measure from their familiar friend than from strangers or even from enemies. His inflexibility, it seems to be plain enough, was chiefly on the side of harshness, and he was more prone to detect the mote of a brother than to be dazzled by the light which beamed from the eye of an adversary.

It is a proof of the low state of journalism at the period, and of the inferior hands into which its conduct had fallen, that *Jeffrey* (as then situated) was apprehensive lest he should lose caste in society by becoming a salaried editor. His professional prospects he thought would not suffer much:—and so far, indeed, from at all

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all interfering with his progress at the bar, his critical sway was early, conspicuously, and ever more and more advantageous to him in his legal sphere. Horner says, that before the Review began, 'the genius of that little man had been suspected by none but his few intimates,' but that his articles were from the first more admired than those from any other pen; and if it had been from mere deference and curiosity, opportunities of exhibiting himself as an advocate, in cases of some pith and moment, could not but have been by and bye presented to one whose public reputation was felt to reflect honour on the ultra-national community surrounding him. Within some five or six years he rose to an abundant practice.

We have already regretted Lord Cockburn's reserve as to literary talk; but the same sort of deficiency must be observed throughout. Either he has little of the peculiar talent of that Bozzy at whom he sneers, or the luminary of Auld Reekie would hardly have rewarded such a studious astronomer. He describes one of his friend's chief rivals at the bar as having 'a featureless face;' his own portrait of Jeffrey seems to us more justly deserving of that negative character. We suspect, to be candid, that the blame lay mostly with the hero. Jeffrey had, we are convinced, a perfectly honest, generous nature; but though the early disadvantages of his manner were—it could not be otherwise—very much overcome as he approached his zenith, they never were quite got rid of. In general society he had, to the last, more the air and aspect of an actor, than of one taking his share in the conversation under the mere influence of instinctive habitudes. So, at least, it seemed to us; but our opportunities of observation were never, we allow, very numerous, nor always perhaps in other respects entirely favourable. We may, however, infer from Lord Cockburn's silence a confirmation of our own impression, that Jeffrey, with overflowing brilliancy of amplification and illustration, with singular acuteness of logic, and often a dazzling play of airy *persiflage*, carried indeed to the utmost limit of *abandon*, rarely—very rarely—concentrated his strength into either the terse stinging apophthegm, or the picturesque image which, once bodied forth in words, cannot be forgotten. He may, for all we can discover, take nearly the full benefit of exemption from the pains and penalties of Pascal's probably too sweeping rule—*Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère*. Even of his outward man—beyond the countenance which is *tolerably* represented by an engraving—the reader of this book could hardly form a very lively idea:—the almost dwarfish but light, wiry, vigorous figure, totally devoid of grace in any of its movements, and very awkward in most of them, is nowhere set before us as poor Bozzy would have

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done it by three scratches of his crayon. Nor as to the countenance itself does this engraving afford, or could any *one* have afforded, an effective substitute for the blank of Lord Cockburn's page. For there was no very marked feature, and the whole was excessively *mobile*. Whoever looked, must indeed be struck with the firm, knotty structure of the forehead, the singular mixture of sarcasm and voluptuousness in the mouth, and, above all, the splendid darkness of the eye; but the whole was on a small scale, and the peculiar beauty of the eye itself was rarely discernible unless when in its repose. It then exhibited what, indeed, no careful observer ever missed in the eye of genius—a delicate sensibility.

He had the misfortune to lose in 1805 both his wife (greatly esteemed by all his friends) and their only child—and he felt the double blow acutely. But it came too soon to be much more than a momentary shock; ere many weeks passed we find him writing to his brother that he has returned to his habits of visiting, as the only resource 'until his affections can take root again.' The Chinese have a proverb that there are but three grand calamities—to lose your father in your youth, your wife when you are in middle age, your son when you are old. To none of these was Jeffrey doomed. It was after that early bereavement that he had the silly affair with Moore, of which we have already said enough. Horner, describing his perfect calmness on the occasion, hints, with regret, that he could not but attribute something of it to 'indifferenee for life.' We see nothing either in Horner's other pages or in Cockburn's to countenance that suggestion. He had, as has been said, returned almost immediately to all his usual social engagements—nay, he seems to have studiously enlarged them; and Lord Cockburn concludes his remarks on the subject with saying that his friend, 'when not under immediate distress, was at all times the soul of gaiety.'

After a lapse of five years he made acquaintance at Edinburgh with a young lady of the Wilkes family, already allied matrimonially to his own; and in 1813, during the war, underwent all the inconveniences of a voyage to America on her account. The length at which Lord Cockburn narrates this adventure—descending even to details about pig-murder and ship-cookery—is the most remarkable proof we could adduce of his poverty as to incident. Jeffrey had the honour of an interview with Madison, and though in his Review he had more than once upheld the American side as to the *right of search* question, he felt, it seems, that it would be shabby to adhere to that side in the presence of the President. Not a little to Madison's surprise he

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he argued the matter like a good Briton; but his dismissal was polite. Jeffrey's American alliance proved a fortunate one. His second wife was not less acceptable to his friends than the first, and in her society all the rest of his days were most happily passed.

Our suggestions as to the indistinctness in Lord Cockburn's main portraiture will, we think, be sustained by several delineations of contemporaries in the book. Certain omissions in this gallery—and the inadequate treatment of some of the subjects embraced, excite, we confess, our surprise. For example, George Cranstoun (Lord Corehouse), by far the most accomplished man (if we except Jeffrey) among the Edinburgh barristers, and all through active life considered as a chief ornament of their Whiggery, is handled in a slighting—almost contemptuous fashion:—while the profoundest lawyer on the scene, and without any exception the most powerful mind, Adam Gillies (Lord Gillies)—he too, all through Jeffrey's meridian very prominent as a liberal—is totally *ignored*. Why so? We are afraid the answer lies in a nutshell—which Lord Cockburn is welcome to crack. Cranstoun and Gillies were among those reflective seniors who repudiated Lord John Russell's 'Revolution.' Cranstoun, utterly disgusted and in broken health, quitted the arena, and subsequently attracted little notice—save among the few who had access to his retreat, which every grace of studious elegance dignified: but Gillies continued the weightiest on the Judgment seat, and no eye could have lost sight of him. How truly *Whig!* The devoted services of thirty or forty years are all forgotten in a moment, if the thorough-stitch partizan detects, even in the highest intellect, the slightest symptom of intellectual independence. But enough of this. We select one specimen of the purest Whig breed—John Clerk (Lord Eldin). He retired from the bench in 1828, having been disabled by paralysis, and died in 1832. It may peradventure be well even for him, as one of Lord Cockburn's patients, that he could have manifested no opinion as to the Reform Bill; at all events his brother William, through life his closest confidant, took on that occasion the same course with their old friends Cranstoun and Gillies. However—here is, as we believe, a Hogarthian verity of this ablest probably of the old and able lineage of Penicuik:—

'A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many other ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and firm, projecting features, made his face and head not unlike that of a thorough-bred shaggy terrier. It was a counte-

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nance of great thought and great decision.—Had his judgment been equal to his talent, few could have stood before him. For he had a strong, working, independent, ready head; which had been improved by various learning, extending beyond his profession into the fields of general literature, and into the arts of painting and sculpture. Honest, warm-hearted, generous, and simple, he was a steady friend, and of the most touching affection in all the domestic relations. The whole family was deeply marked by an hereditary caustic humour, and none of its members more than he. These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities, or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race.—One was an innocent admiration both of his own real merits and achievements, and of all the supposed ones which his simplicity ascribed to himself. He was saved from the imputation of vanity in this, by the sincerity of the delusion. Without any boasting or airs of superiority, he would expatiate on his own virtues with a quiet placidity, as if he had no concern in the matter, but only wished others to know what they should admire. This infantine self-deification would have been more amusing, had it not encouraged another propensity, the source of some of his more serious defects—an addiction, not in words merely, but in conduct, to paradox. He did not announce his dogmas, like the ordinary professors of paradox, for surprise or argument, but used to insist upon them with a calm, slow, dogged obstinacy, which at least justified the honesty of his acting upon them. And this tendency was aggravated, in its turn, by a third rather painful weakness; which of all the parts in his character was the one which his friends would have liked most to change,—jealousy of rivalship, and a kindred impatience of contradiction. This introduced the next stage, when confidence in his own infallibility ascribed all opposition to doubts of his possessing this quality, and thus inflamed a spirit which, however serene when torpid, was never trained to submission, and could rise into fierceness when chafed.—Of course it was chafed every moment at the bar; and accordingly it was there that his other and inferior nature appeared. Every consideration was lost in eagerness for the client, whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk. Nor was his the common zeal of a counsel. It was a passion. He did not take his fee, plead the cause well, hear the result, and have done with it; but gave the client his temper, his perspiration, his nights, his reason, his whole body and soul, and very often the fee to boot. His real superiority lay in his legal learning and his hard reasoning. But he would have been despicable in his own sight had he reasoned without defying and insulting the adversary and the unfavourable judges; the last of whom he always felt under a special call to abuse, because they were not merely obstructing justice, but thwarting him. So that pugnacity was his line. His whole session was one keen and truceless conflict; in which more irritating matter was introduced than could have been ventured upon by any one except himself, whose worth was known, and whose intensity was laughed at as one of the shows of the Court.

'Neither in speaking, nor in any thing else, was he at all entangled with

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with the graces; but his manner was always sensible and natural. An utterance as slow as minute guns, and a poor diction, marked his unexcited state, in one of his torpid moods. But when roused, which was his more common condition, he had the command of a strong, abrupt, colloquial style, which, either for argument or for scorn, suited him much better than any other sort of eloquence would have done. Very unequal, no distinguished counsel made so many bad appearances. But then he made many admirable ones, and always redeemed himself out of the bad ones by displays of great depth and ability. And his sudden rallies when, after being refuted and run down, he stood at bay, and either covered his escape or died scalping, were unmatched in dexterity and force. A number of admirable written arguments, on profound legal difficulties, will sustain his reputation in the sight of every lawyer who will take the very useful trouble of instructing himself by the study of these works. It was his zeal, however, which of all low qualities is unfortunately the one that is most prized in the daily market of the bar, that chiefly upheld him when in his glory; and as this fiery quality must cool with age, he declined some years before he withdrew.

'His popularity was increased by his oddities. Even in the midst of his phrenzies he was always introducing some original and quaint humour; so that there are few of the lights of the Court of whom more sayings and stories are prevalent. Even in his highest fits of disdainful vehemence, he would pause,—lift his spectacles to his brow,—erect himself,—and after indicating its approach by a mantling smile, would relieve himself, and cheer the audience, by some diverting piece of Clerkism,—and then, before the laugh was well over, another gust would be up. He, and his consulting room, withdrew the attention of strangers from the cases on which they had come to hear their fate. Walls covered with books and pictures, of both of which he had a large collection; the floor encumbered by little ill-placed tables, each with a piece of old china on it; strange boxes, bits of sculpture, curious screens and chairs, cats and dogs, (his special favourites,) and all manner of trash, dead and living, and all in confusion;—John himself sitting in the midst of this museum in a red worsted night cap—his crippled limb resting horizontally on a tripod stool—and many pairs of spectacles and antique snuff boxes on a small table at his right hand; and there he sits—perhaps dreaming awake—probably descanting on some of his crotchets, and certainly abusing his friends the judges—when recalled to the business in hand; but generally giving acute and vigorous advice.

'Jeffrey and he did excellently together; for even in opposition, Jeffrey managed him better than most other people could. He respected his worth and talent; and whenever Clerk exceeded his allowed (and pretty large) measure of provocation, no one could so easily torment him in return, chiefly by the levity with which Clerk's coarser blows were received.'—i. 199-205.

The description of Sir William Miller (Lord Glenlee)—almost the only Tory either of the bar or the bench for whom Lord Cockburn indicates any respect—is hardly inferior even to that of

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of John Clerk; and we have others of remarkable merit in the same line. There are also some amiably elaborate studies of nobodies—Whigs of course—but we cannot afford to linger more in 'the Parliament House.'

Cockburn has told us that when not in actual distress Jeffrey was always the centre of gaiety. He never avoided social festivities—he himself says that 'he had a bad habit of dining out;'—he had moreover, early and late, a habit still more destructive of time, that of a gossiping, semi-philandering attendance on 'simple women with whom I am intimate'—eternal calls and loungings—long-winded, often high-flown, billets and letters. This, in one shape or another, seems to be the weakness that most uniformly besets the literary Lion—nor does the Scientific monstrosity escape. *Vanitas vanitatum—omnia vanitas.* It is marvellous how with these two bad habits he contrived to get through the growing crowd of professional engagements, and yet not only conduct with regularity the correspondence of his editorship, but continue to be in his own person one of the most copious writers for the Review. Never was a more elastic spirit; nor, to all appearance, a more joyous circle than that of which his sparkling eye was the main point: an atmosphere of cordial good will, undisturbed by petty jealousies;—a chosen band of accomplished men, all busy, and yet all fond of luxurious relaxations;—an abundant complement of fair associates, easy, spirited, intellectual, without any airs of blue-stocking pedantry—at least there are very few symptoms of that sort—tender and enthusiastic friends and counsellors, but true to all moral obligations:—a most agreeable contrast to the feminine *entourage* of the French Encyclopædists, of whose existence in various respects this Edinburgh group recalls no indistinct image. These observations might, we feel, be considered as intrusive and impertinent were we writing only for the public at home; but British journals are read everywhere, and the history of such a journalist as Jeffrey is sure to be canvassed by Continental brothers of the craft, who might (will they forgive us?) misinterpret egregiously the strain of our northern Aristarchus in many of the letters to ladies which constitute a large part of Lord Cockburn's second volume—a proportion so large that we should question his Lordship's taste in that matter, unless it were obvious that every communication implied a solicitation. When Sancho describes his presentation of the gallant Don's hyperbolical epistle at Toboso, he is careful to note that the sensible nymph immediately tore it in pieces—'*diciendo que no la queria dar a leer a nadie, porque no se sapiesen en el lugar sus secretos.*' What would poor Dulcinea have thought of their reaching Madrid?

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There is another point on which we are sorry that we must rather confirm the impression which Cockburn is likely to leave with strangers. It would be absurd to suppose that after Jeffrey had attained his just eminence, there prevailed in Edinburgh the utter severance of Whig and Tory which is represented in the biographer's sketches of the scene when his friend and he were alike young upon it. Jeffrey, naturally of anything but a bigoted or exclusive temper, soon rose above the grossly local prejudices: if it had been only that, as he grew in reputation, he became more and more familiarised, through frequent visits, with the habits of London, the effect must needs have been a signal enlargement. But it must be admitted that around and below him not a little of the old jealousy lingered on—nay, that its influence was discernible even in the usual external arrangements of the very best of that society. At the request of Scott a Club was instituted in 1803, for the express purpose of promoting a better tone, by bringing together once every week the *élite* of the two parties. But, though the suggestion was his, the affair appears, even from its start, to have *all but* assumed the character of a Whig assemblage. In Sir Walter's Diary (too late begun) there occurs, we think, only one record of a dinner with the leading spirits of the Whig side, and then, after a hearty tribute to the talents of Jeffrey, Cockburn, and some others, he ascribes the main charm of the evening to the rarity of the fellowship.

Here we find it necessary to say a few words on Scott's connexion with Jeffrey as Editor. The poet was by three years the senior—they made acquaintance at the Speculative—and it is not to be doubted that they appreciated each other sooner than most of those about them did either of the two. Scott's first offer was an article on Amadis; and Jeffrey was not sorry that Southey should be commended, apart from his poetry. By and bye Scott intimated a wish to take up Godwin's Life of Chaucer; and the sharp editor, as he tells Horner, accepted the proposal with readiness, because 'Scott knows the subject, and hates the man.' The collection of Sir Walter's Miscellaneous Prose will show what more he did for this Review—in our opinion, it was not of much importance. As a mere critic, his temper and position were alike unfavourable; and the only contributions of his to our periodical literature that are now ranked among his worthier remains were amusements of his old age and belong to the class of independent essays—records, almost exclusively, of old social reminiscences or of his own experiences in certain departments of practical life,—gardening, planting, and the like. His connexion with the Edinburgh Review was finally broken off partly, no doubt, under the influence of personal

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sonal feelings, arising from its treatment of some of his works, especially Marmion, and from circumstances in his relations with his and Jeffrey's common publisher—but chiefly from political considerations, which were brought to a head by the appearance, in October, 1808, of a certain paper on Don Pedro Cevallos, wherein the whole policy of our Peninsular war was assaulted, not only in the most decided but the most contemptuous manner. This noted article was read with regret by several even of the old Whig collaborateurs — for example, by Horner. Scott was one of the many Tories who took that occasion to withdraw publicly their names as subscribers; but ere many weeks had elapsed the shrewd Constable surmised that the poet's resentment was not to halt there—in short, that a plot was on foot for organizing a Tory journal on the same scale with the 'Edinburgh.' We have now in print statements of what passed between Scott and Jeffrey by each of themselves. On a particular point these statements are contradictory; and though the point may seem a trifling one in itself, since the Judge has thought fit to decide it formally for his hero, we must take the liberty of canvassing the evidence before the Court.

Among the three or four persons first consulted about the project of the 'Quarterly,' the one whom Scott counted as of the highest importance was Canning, then Foreign Secretary; but the original link of connexion between the Poet and that Statesman was their common friendship with George Ellis; and on this occasion, as on most others so long as Ellis lived, their confidential communications were carried on mainly through him. He, moreover, in his own merely personal capacity as a distinguished scholar, critic, and diplomatist, was looked to by Scott as likely to prove one of the most valuable supporters of the contemplated journal. To him, while the plans are maturing, Sir Walter writes in the freest manner, from day to day; and in a letter of December, 1808, two months after the Cevallos article, there occurs this passage:—

'Jeffrey has offered terms of pacification, engaging that *no party politics should again appear in his Review.* I told him I thought it was now too late, and reminded him that I had often pointed out to him the consequences of *letting his work become a party tool.* He said "he did not care for the consequences—there were but four men he feared as opponents."—"Who were these?"—"Yourself for one."—"Certainly you pay me a great compliment; depend upon it I will endeavour to deserve it."—"Why, you would not join against me?"—"Yes, I would, if I saw a proper opportunity—not against you personally but against your politics." . . . All this was in great good-humour; and next day I had a very affecting note from him in answer to an invitation to dinner. He has no suspicion of the Review whatever;

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ever; but I thought I could not handsomely suffer him to infer that I would be influenced by those private feelings respecting *him*, which, on more than one occasion, he has laid aside when I was personally concerned.'—*Life of Scott*, chap. 18.

This letter was first published in 1837, and seven years afterwards, in 1844, Lord Jeffrey favoured the world with his own edition of 'Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.' In his preface to that selection he quotes Scott's words, underlining those which we have dealt with in like manner—and adds a long commentary, of which we subjoin the essential parts:—

'Though I have no particular recollection of the conversation here alluded to, and should never dream, at any rate, of setting up any recollection of so distant an occurrence in opposition to a *contemporary record* of it by such a man as Sir Walter Scott—I feel myself fully warranted in saying that the words I have put in italics are calculated to convey an inaccurate impression of anything I could possibly have said. My first reason is, that I most certainly *had no power* to come under any such engagement. I was merely the chosen (and removeable) manager for the leading contributors; the greater part of whom certainly then looked upon the *Political* influence of the Review as that which gave it its chief value and importance. Sir Walter has himself mentioned that he had frequently before remonstrated with me on what he thought the intemperate tone of some of our political articles: and I distinctly remember more than one occasion on which, after admitting that *the youthful ardour of some of our associates had carried them farther than I could approve of*, I begged him to remember that I was but a *Feudal* Monarch, who had but a slender control over his greater Barons, and really could not prevent them from occasionally waging a little private war upon griefs or resentments of their own. . . . But in the next place it requires no precise recollection of words or occasions, to enable me now to say that, neither in 1808, nor for *long periods before* and after, did my party principles (or prejudices or predilections) sit so loosely upon me as that I should ever have agreed to desist from their assertion. . . . I think I may safely say that if I could have bargained *to silence the Edinburgh Review as an organ of Party*, I might have stipulated for somewhat higher advantages than the occasional co-operation of Sir Walter Scott—for he never was a *regular* contributor even to the Quarterly.

'I may be permitted to refer to a very distinct recollection of the tenor of many conversations in which he was directly apprised of the impossibility (even if I could have desired it) of excluding *Politics*—(*which of course could mean nothing but Party Politics*). The undue preponderance of such articles was a frequent subject of remonstrance with him—and upon one of these occasions I am quite certain that I made use of this expression—"The Review has but two legs to stand on.—Literature no doubt is one of them: but its *Right leg* is Politics." . . . . I have little doubt that I acknowledged my regret at the needless asperity of some of *our recent diatribes*—and

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engaged to *discourage* for the future, so far as my influence went, *all violent and unfair party politics.*'—*Contributions*, pp. xiv-xvii.

We frankly confess that upon first reading the letter to Ellis we had been startled with its statement; and that on first reading Jeffrey's explanation we were inclined to pronounce it satisfactory. On further examination, however, we must recur to what Jeffrey himself fairly admits—the intrinsic superiority of evidence bearing the date of the transaction over evidence given *per contra*, after the lapse of six-and-thirty busy years, and when the latter witness (as entirely as the former incapable of intentional misrepresentation) might not be unlikely to intermingle somewhat in his own mind the facts and feelings of different periods of his active experience.

We have gone over anew the Memoirs of Horner, especially the correspondence between Jeffrey and that dear colleague; and, on closing again those modest, honest, and elegant volumes, our impression is that, although at the outset—we mean just after Sydney Smith left Edinburgh—Jeffrey may have considered himself as little more than the residentiary manager for a company of equals, this condition was not, nor could have been, sustained after the editorial office had been for two or three, let alone five years in his hands. Scott, in one of his most careful letters to *Gifford* at that same crisis of 1808, explains the actual functions of an editor, as practised by Jeffrey; and whoever reads the page can decide whether Scott, whose opportunities for observation must have been tolerably good, took then the humble view of the matter which Jeffrey expressed thirty-six years later. (Letter of October 25, 1808, *Life of Scott*, chap. xviii.) The illustration of the feudal monarch and barons was, we dare say, familiar enough at the symposia of the old oatmealers; but the monarch alone had adhered to the seat of empire—the *grand* feudatories, at least, were all dispersed; nor by and bye could any one *of them*, to all appearance, be relied on for prompt, timely, and effectual compliance with the summonses issued from the throne. Of course no one will doubt that especial respect and deference were paid to the views and wishes of such men and such friends as the peers and paladins whenever their pennons were dutifully unfurled; but it may be suspected that the monarch's tolerance for irregular demonstrations of their resources was the more abundant and gracious by reason of the pleasure his majesty himself took in these exhibitions. The plea which the royal illustration conveyed might be often true, but it was always convenient.

Again, in 1844 the aged preface-writer may be suspected to have confused what his Review originally was in respect of *party* with

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with what it had come to be in the advance of his career. Jeffrey himself congratulates Horner, after the appearance of No. I., on the disappointment with which *unfriends* had recognised the 'moderation' of its tone in 'politics;'—nothing had been expected, he says, but the most 'blood-thirsty democracy'—in short *Gallicanism*—whereas the Number produced, *inter alia*, a splendid eulogy on Pitt, just displaced by peace-making Addington, and concluding with—*I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis!* So much for No. I.—and we may appeal to every one who will calmly go through the Review whether or no during several years there was any Number, or sequence of Numbers, that could have established for it the character of a staunch Whiggery. But, perhaps, in lieu of a series of references to faded Blues and Yellows, our readers will accept a single quotation from the *Correspondence* of Pitt's dear friend Wilberforce. In a letter to that minister, dated October 25, 1805, three years after the establishment of the Review, Wilberforce says,—

'If in the course of any of your calls for proper men to be employed in any diplomatic service, you should be at a loss for one, you perhaps could not find any one so well qualified as Mr. Brougham, whom I formerly mentioned to you. He speaks French as well as English, and several other languages;—but the great thing is that he is a man of uncommon talents and address, and for his age, 26, knowledge also. I told you of his being SO LONG THE ADVOCATE OF YOUR GOVERNMENT IN EDINBURGH.'—(*Corresp.* ii. p. 51.)

Jeffrey, in 1844, says that with his Review *politics* could never have meant anything but *party politics*. It is very true that both *party* and *politics* are vague words, and we by no means undertake to draw a strict line between the two; but clear it is that Brougham had been allowed to give a systematic support to Pitt down to 1805. Nor do we think it less clear that much later a distinction between the scope of these expressions was recognized by Horner and Jeffrey when corresponding as feudal baron and feudal monarch, and also by Horner when addressing his brother peers. In September, 1806, just after the death of Fox, Horner certainly writes to the potentate in terms inconsistent with the idea of his then considering Jeffrey as, in any precise sense, a party man:—

'Tell me what view you take of our situation, where you stand; careless as you are of public events, you are not indifferent (I know) at these critical moments, when lasting and large interests are involved in the turn which is given to the conduct of individuals.'—*Horner*, vol. i. p. 374.

Take them a year later—during the general elections of 1807—surely,

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—surely, in respect of party, as critical a moment as could well be selected. Jeffrey, whose rupture with Scott in the succeeding year was mainly caused by the avowed *Buonapartism* of the Review, not only from 1802 to 1805 concurred, at least, in supporting the great anti-Gallican Pitt, but had himself been in 1803 a keen though awkward volunteer—hardly a less zealous one than Scott—and that he continued stoutly anti-Buonapartist in 1807 is clear from what Horner then writes to him:—

'You talk with great contempt of our solicitude about elections, and our financial inquiries; and would have us think of nothing but Buonaparte. My system is quite the contrary: foreign dangers are always in this country sufficiently exaggerated.'—*Ibid.*, p. 404.

At the formation of that same Fox and Grenville government, Horner writes thus to Mr. Murray—an Edinburgh barrister of his own standing, all through life one of Jeffrey's closest intimates, and ultimately of sufficient consequence as a Whig to have succeeded him in the office of Lord-Advocate:—

'It often gives me pleasure to reflect, that the men who form *your race of contemporaries* at the bar, as well as that above you, Thomson, Cranstoun, &c., are very active and decided in their opinions upon public measures, but *without any tincture of party.*'—*Ibid.*, p. 269.

And that none of these gentlemen were then considered as marked adherents of the Whigs, may be, we think, established by patent facts: for, eminent as their abilities and acquirements were, not one of them partook in the good things placed at the disposal of All the Talents—not even Cockburn, who had made such a sacrifice in his early abruption of Tory connexion. But think of Jeffrey. Had he been in 1806—a man then of twelve years' standing at the bar, and since 1802 constantly rising in bar reputation—had he been in 1806 looked upon by the big-wigs of Whiggery as occupying anything like the position which he maintained somewhat later as a *Whig*, could he then have been wholly passed over? Impossible.

To return to the accounts by Scott and Jeffrey of what actually passed between them in 1808. It is to be observed that, although neither Jeffrey nor Cockburn notices the circumstance, the letter to Ellis is not the only evidence of Scott's impressions at that time. It was in the summer of 1808 that he began in Edinburgh the most valuable friendship of his life; and we have a full narrative of the whole from Mr. Morritt of Rokeby. After a picture of the first dinner where he met Scott and Jeffrey together, he adds—stating, undoubtedly, his conclusions from all Scott's confidential talk—

'I believe it was just about this time that Scott had abandoned his place

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place in Mr. Jeffrey's corps. The journal had been started among the clever young society with which Edinburgh abounded when they were both entering life as barristers. Neutrality, or something of the kind, as to party politics, seems to have been originally asserted—the plan being, as Scott understood, not to avoid such questions altogether, but to let them be handled by Whig or Tory indifferently, if only the writer could make his article captivating in point of information and good writing. But it was not long before Brougham dipped the concern deep in witty Whiggery; and it was thought at the time that some very foolish neglects on the part of *Pitt* had a principal share in making several of these brilliant young men *decide on carrying over their weapons to the enemy's camp.** Scott remonstrated against the deepening Whiggery—Jeffrey alleged that he could not resist the wit. These differences first cooled—and soon dissolved their federation.'—*Life of Scott*, chap. xvii.

We could multiply citations bearing more or less on this question; but we shall content ourselves with one more from the Life of Horner (1843). Jeffrey speaks of '*politics, which could be nothing of course but party politics,*' as from the first his Review's right leg; and asks, who can dream that he could have dreamt of cutting off that limb in 1808, merely to avoid the loss of an occasional literary paper from Scott? Well, in what terms did King Jeffrey write to his Paladin Horner about this very collision?—

'*Edinburgh, 6th December*, 1808.—I see by the Courier that the combustion which the review of Cevallos excited here has spread to London. I am convinced that it has damaged us a little; and that it is necessary to make more than an ordinary exertion at this crisis. Cumberland is going to start an anonymous rival; and, what is worse, I have reason to believe that Scott, Ellis, Frere, &c., are plotting another. Persuade yourself for once then that this is not a solicitation of custom, but that I make it with as much dread of a refusal as if I were asking a pecuniary boon. You shall have your choice of a subject—only *no party politics*, and nothing but exemplary moderation and impartiality on *all politics*. I have *allowed too much mischief to be done* from my *mere indifference* and love of sport.'—*Horner*, i. 439.

Here is Jeffrey writing to Horner immediately after the conversation with Scott, and using the actual words which seemed to him incredible in after days on reading Sir Walter's contemporaneous report—'No party politics, and exemplary moderation on all politics!' Is no distinction recognised here between party politics and politics general?—or is not this very like summoning the paladin on his allegiance to assist in amputating

* Mr. Morritt, who first entered Parliament in 1802, was then and ever after among Mr. Wilberforce's most trusted friends. See the *Memoirs and Correspondence* of Wilberforce, *passim*.

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the right leg? But the passage must suggest further reflections. The quarrel was brought to a point by the Cevallos *diatribe*. At the time this was universally ascribed, not to King Jeffrey, but Baron Brougham. That Francis Horner partook in that belief may be safely inferred from the note appended by his brother and biographer—who still, in 1843, speaks of the article as 'generally understood to have been written by Mr. Brougham.' (*ibid.*) Jeffrey published his *Contributions* in the following year, 1844; in that collection the article Cevallos was not included, nor did the preface contain a word on its authorship, so recently and authoritatively re-ascribed to Lord Brougham. It at length appears, from a distinct statement by Lord Cockburn, that the said article was wholly from the monarch's private pen. How, then, did King Francis, when commenting on the impression which that article had occasioned, feel justified in speaking so loftily to Sir Walter about the unavoidable laxity of his mediæval rule—to his own trustiest Paladin of *himself*, as having, from mere indifference, &c., *allowed mischief to be done*? The monarch it seems could divide himself, according to Hotspur's wish, and go to buffets, when the part of him which represented the boisterous Baron got an unconstitutional ascendancy over the proper instincts of the Globe and Sceptre.

There was nothing in the earlier course of the Edinburgh Review that gave rise to more discussion than its treatment of subjects connected with religion; and assuredly there is nothing that relates to the great editor, especially now that he has departed from among us, upon which we should more joyfully receive a satisfactory assurance. Mr. Horner, in a letter describing the reception of No. I., alludes pleasantly to *Atheism*, as among the extravagances which 'some wise and fair ones had expected from our set.' It would be solemn foolery to place against the charge an article by Jeffrey in the second Number on Paley's Natural Theology—where, if he shows himself insensible to the singular merit of a homely style which was opposed to his own luxuriant taste, he applauds and adopts the masterly argument of his author—for it is evident that the phrase was either a colloquial exaggeration of the hostile faction, or a jesting improvement of Horner's. Yet it would not from thence be unreasonable to infer that considerable laxity of expression had characterised the debates of the young gentlemen at the Speculative as well as the Essays they submitted to that tolerant congregation. Nay, notwithstanding the restraints imposed by publication, there was abundant ground for complaint that not merely occasional, and sometimes most indecorous levities, were scattered through the Review, but that it was pervaded by a tone

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tone not easily to be reconciled with respect for our ecclesiastical institutions, or even with a belief in the divine origin of Christianity. A strong jealousy of these anti-theological tendencies was among the motives for establishing, in 1809, an effective rival to the Review, and though from this date it was rarely liable to reproach, and latterly rose above suspicion, we fear the influence of its original tone may still be traced in many quarters. None of the articles that gave serious offence were ever ascribed to Jeffrey's pen, but in this matter, as in all others, the editor was responsible, and in proportion to its gravity should have been the strictness of his watch. His early contributors, however, were so much on a par with him in weight and standing, that the public made large allowances for any scruples he might feel about cutting away any unsound limb of their disquisitions. Without a wish at the beginning to be an austere censor—for his own phraseology was sometimes inconsiderate—he would, we quite believe, have been better pleased if the tares had not been sown in the field. He at any rate maintained later that free-speaking ought by no means to accompany free-thinking. He says to Franklin's praise, in an article on his Correspondence in 1817, that 'if he had entertained doubts of some of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, he at least would greatly have respected the religion of his country and its professors, and done everything to encourage its propagation as infinitely beneficial to mankind.' Jeffrey now and then repeated this opinion of its utility, but upon the whole there is a disinclination to enter on the topic. In reviewing his own Essays in his old age he chiefly claimed credit for his uniform attention to the moral tendencies of the works he had discussed, whether light or grave, and for thus endeavouring to make literature promote the virtue of the world. If religion had had nearly the same prominence in his mind, he would not, in sketching the lives and characters of eminent persons, have glided so commonly over the subject with a hasty step;—but he does so even when the occasion specially invited him to linger. The simple truth is that we really cannot recall a single passage in his collected *Contributions* which in any way indicates his personal creed—except so far forth as that he believed in some sort of future state, and was a thorough latitudinarian in his doctrinal demands. On all lesser questions which come before him, he seizes the opportunity to communicate his conclusions; on religion alone does he give the sentiments of others, and in the main withhold his own. He shows that he respected some temperate sort of piety and wished it to prevail—but what his notions of temperate piety were we have been unable to discover. Lord Cockburn, who might have been

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been expected to gratify a reasonable curiosity, preserves a total silence, and the correspondence is not rich in materials for judgment. In one essential particular the volumes leave an uncomfortable impression—for neither in Lord Cockburn's narrative nor in the letters can we see the slightest evidence that Jeffrey was a communicating member of any Church; nay, if we were to rely on the letters, we should say it was clear that throughout his vigorous time he had no habit whatever of attending divine worship. Very many of his letters are dated Sunday—and he continually luxuriates in sentimental descriptions of the repose and stillness of the world about him—even in term time he seems to have usually passed that day at his villa—nor does he fail during his 'contemplative trot before dinner' to admire the sober groups of country people returning from service; but he so constantly mentions his wife's having gone to church that it almost seems as if he were anxious to convey that he had not accompanied her. In fact, the first and only distinct mention of himself as being anywhere present at public worship occurs when he is in the Isle of Arran—autumn of 1837. There he spends a Sunday and hears two sermons—but at least one of them must have been in the Gaelic, of which he understood not a syllable—and both being delivered in the open air, the aspect of the Celtic herdsmen on the hillside might have attracted a less ardent student of the picturesque (vol. ii. p. 288). His presence in the circle when a granddaughter was baptized at his villa of Craigcrok in July, 1839, will hardly be considered a second exception—nor can the account he gives of that solemnity to one of his lady-admirers be thought over creditable to a judicial grandsire. In other respects our extract is a fair enough specimen of his style for Toboso:—

'I have grown (and high time too) so conscious of my failings, and diffident of my powers of pleasing, and so possessed with the dread of your increased fastidiousness in that great scornful London, and of the *odiousness* of the comparisons to which I would subject myself, that altogether, and upon the whole, you see, it has been as it were, or as you would say, impossible, or at least not easy, to answer your kind and entertaining letter with anything but kindness; which I thought might be despised, or not thought good enough for you, and so forth! And so you understand all about it, and *must* forgive me, whether you will or not; and pity me into the bargain—with that pity which melts the soul to love—and so we are friends again. And you shall be received into my heart whenever you like, and if you see anything there that offends you I shall give you leave to pluck it out.

'We baptized little Charley yesterday, with perfect success. It would have done your heart good to have seen with what earnestness she renounced the devil, and the vain pomp and glory of the world, as she

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she lay sputtering off the cold water, in the arms of the Rev. C. Terrot. The ceremony was at two o'clock, and then we had lunch and champagne, and then all the party reeled out, some to the greenwood shade, and some to the bowling-green—where I won three shillings from Cockburn (quite fairly) by the sweat of my brow, and then we had a jolly dinner—and the loveliest summer day ever seen so far to the north.'—*Life*, ii. 303.

Even later (June, 1847), in a letter on a solemn occasion, addressed to his daughter, there is a something which we regret:—

'A great man has fallen in Israel! Poor Chalmers was found dead in his bed yesterday morning. He was, I think, a great and a good man; and the most simple, natural, and unassuming religionist I have ever known.'—*Ibid.*, p. 417.

Dr. Johnson gives only one interpretation of *Religionist*—'a bigot to any religious persuasion:'—but the word is often used in a wider sense—and is certainly so used by Jeffrey himself in a letter of the very next month concerning Ragged Schools:—

'I should not object to see it made *imperative* on the parents (or patrons) of all the children to show that adequate provision had been made for their training in religious knowledge and feelings. But the difference between this and that secular information to which I would confine the general or public teaching, is, that the latter may be best given in common, and at one and the same time, to all; while the other can never be given, either in peace or with effect, except to each sect or communion of *religionists* apart.'—*Ibid.* pp. 423, 424.

Whatever shade of meaning is to be assigned to the word *religionist* in the tribute to Chalmers, there are, we are happy to observe, contemporaneous indications of a favourable kind. Age, experience, reflection, and, not least, with a heart like Jeffrey's, the natural feelings of paternity, are powerful monitors; and it is very satisfactory to trace, as we think all must do, their growing influence as the end drew near. Thus already, in 1844, describing a Sunday's walk with one of those children, he says, 'Our talk was of the goodness of God in making flowers so beautiful, and us capable of receiving pleasure from their beauty, which the other animals are not' (vol. ii. p. 388). In a somewhat later letter, after a little speculation on the risks attending a young connexion's start in life, he adds, 'But there is a Providence, to whom the shaping of our ends must be left after all, and in whom I am for putting trust cheerfully' (*ib.* 412). Later still, writing to a grandchild, he says, 'God bless and keep you for ever, and make you not only gay and happy as an angel, without sin or sorrow, but meek and mild like that heavenly child that was once sent down to earth for our

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example' (*ib.* 421). Finally, in the very last description of a rural Sunday's 'confabulation' with one of his daughter's little girls he says, 'We had a disputation about the uses and pleasures of reading, and of the good and object of going to church—though I confined myself chiefly to the *moral* rather than the religious effects:' and though this last extract does not in itself come up to our wishes, we think it in one respect of great importance. Who can suppose that so shrewd a man would have lectured a clever girl on the *good* of going to church, if she was aware that grandpapa himself never went there?

We have been seduced from the chronology of his Life,—but the leading circumstances of its later years are perhaps sufficiently in the recollection of most readers. The 'Quarterly Review,' after all, may probably have done more good than harm to the 'Edinburgh.' This proceeded certainly without any suggestion of a falling off in any respect, until the vast increase of bar-practice made it nearly impossible for him to bestow the original share of time upon its concerns; and in June, 1829, being unanimously elected by his brother Advocates to the Presidency of their body, he considered that to continue his editorship would be hardly consistent with his new dignity as *Dean of the Faculty*. His forensic eminence and general reputation being crowned by this distinction, when the Grey government was formed in 1830 he naturally obtained the high office of Lord Advocate, and of course entered the lists of Parliamentary adventure here.

His first appearance in the House of Commons excited considerable expectation, or at least curiosity. His fame as a critic, conversationalist, and advocate, had been extended by repeated spring visits to London society, and by some arguments on Scotch appeals in the House of Lords, to which his name attracted unusual audiences. His speeches on these occasions were considered by his professional brethren here as in substance lucid and well reasoned, with singular accuracy of expression; but remarkable, above all, for the extreme fluency, or indeed volubility of their delivery; and if they seemed somewhat monotonous, that effect was attributed, perhaps justly, to the good taste of treating a legal question in a level dispassionate manner. But the House of Commons is—or at least was in those days—a very fastidious tribunal, and apt to be jealous of any reputation not made within itself; it expects too much, and is not very liberal in estimating what it receives.

We offer these suggestions as explaining in some degree the parliamentary failure, as it was pretty generally regarded, of the Lord Advocate. During the three or four years in which he sat there he never made above two or three of what might be

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be called *speeches*, and all these were within the three or four first weeks of his attendance. His earliest, and rhetorically his best, display was on the first reading of the English Reform Bill, 4th of March, 1831. This speech was conceived and delivered with his characteristic precision and fluency, but contained nothing particularly striking, and, above all, none of those brilliant passages—those apparently unpremeditated bursts of wit, illustration, or eloquence, which delight and electrify, even when they do not convince, a popular assembly. His main argument, too—the danger of resisting, and the necessity of gratifying, the excited passions of the people—exhibited, it was thought, an unseemly contrast with the grave and authoritative tone which might have been expected from a great magistrate, who

> 'Nec sumit aut ponit secures
> Arbitrio popularis auræ.'

It was not over-consistent with some of the ablest articles in his Review—demolitions of the schemes of sundry theoretical reformers—which had been, justly we believe, ascribed to his own pen. But worse still, it was exceedingly inconsistent with the constitutional theory on which his leaders had affected to ground their measure, and in this respect it was thought to have been somewhat unpalatable to the Ministerial side of the House. It was, in fact, an admission of one of the strongest objections of their adversaries. It is however but justice to the Lord Advocate to say that he probably was, if not discreet, at least sincere; for it may be inferred from his early Articles just alluded to, as well as from his letters to Horner, that he was at heart no friend to democratic reform; and accordingly, that when it came to the point, he could find in his own conscience no plea to justify his vote but the *ultima ratio* of *necessity*. Whether the dissatisfaction of his leaders at this line of argument was intimated to him or no we cannot venture to say—it was so rumoured; but in a second speech, three weeks later (24th March), on the Irish Bill, he took a view of the subject more in accordance with the ministerial pretences, and tried to repair his former indiscreet sincerity by endeavouring to show—ingeniously enough, though not very forcibly—that the proposed measures were not, as had been represented, *revolutionary*, but rather a renovation of the ancient principles of parliamentary representation. But this did not retrieve his reputation as a debater; it was, in fact, meant as a *reply* to a very able speech which Sir Robert Peel had delivered early in the debate on the English Bill, *near a month before:* the hearers remarked that it showed no great readiness or tact that it should not have been spoken *pro re natâ*—in a more appropriate time and place than the debate on the *Irish* Bill, with

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which it appeared to have no immediate connexion: and this defect was made more apparent by the promptitude, energy, and effect with which Sir Robert Peel immediately demolished the tardy and laboured reply. Such, at least, was, according to our recollection, the general impression at the time; and so, we think, the Lord Advocate himself must have felt, for he never after attempted, we believe, what could be called an oration. The part that he took in what might be thought his peculiar duty, the Scotch Reform Bill, was confined to circumstances wholly local, delivered in a short, dry, and somewhat colloquial tone; and on the few subsequent evenings when his office forced him to speak, he, we think, satisfied himself with saying no more than the occasion, generally very unimportant, seemed absolutely to require. In short, we must repeat—without any disparagement of his great intellectual accomplishments and powers—his parliamentary career was a disappointment to his friends, and still more so, as we believe, to himself. In truth, it could hardly have been otherwise; he came too late into Parliament, and it was his lot to arrive there at a moment of tumultuous, and to him uncongenial excitement, in which it would have required all the lessons of experience, all the sincerity of conviction, and all the energy of youth, to have made a distinguished figure.

We have often thought of him, as Grattan said of his rival Flood—who brought a splendid reputation to St. Stephen's Chapel, and lost it there—that 'he misjudged when he transferred himself to the British Senate, and forgot that he was a tree of the forest too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty.' But the odds were still greater against the Lord Advocate. Mr. Flood and Mr. Grattan himself, though they came late into England, brought with them a long experience of parliamentary habits and tactics; but Mr. Jeffrey had never been in Parliament—had not even had the advantage of frequent access to the gallery—and was in the fifty-eighth year of his age; and we might perhaps more reasonably wonder that he did so well, than that he did no better. We may add finally that—apart from oratorical success—his manners and deportment made him personally popular with the House, and even with his antagonists; —a rare felicity in such violent times.

If we had not been willing to avoid as far as possible matters of a disagreeable nature now generally forgotten, there were several points connected with this short parliamentary career on which the biographer's expressions, but still more frequently his silence, might have tempted us to enlarge. We shall only suggest to Lord Cockburn, when he comes to revise his work, a little more caution with respect to the circumstances under which Jeffrey

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Jeffrey made his *début.* He had been elected for the Forfar burghs —but the election was instantly petitioned against; and when the case came before the House, no attempt whatever was hazarded in its defence. It is not easy to suppose that the *Lord Advocate* had ever for a moment believed the election a tenable one; it was, in fact, a most impudent fraud, and notoriously so: yet he did not hesitate to take his seat on the strength of it, and, so seated, delivered his greatest (or most pretentious) speech of 4th March, 1831; but a subsequent speaker offering some few remarks on his Lordship's title to be a partaker in the debate, there ensued a general explosion of feeling which must have been, and indeed evidently was, very humiliating to the sensitive *débutant.* Within three weeks (28th March) the election was formally pronounced void; but on the 12th April he reappeared as Lord Fitzwilliam's nominee for Malton—'*Fortunate Malton!*' In that same month Parliament was dissolved, and Jeffrey was set up for Edinburgh. In what we have called his *great* speech, as has been already intimated, there was a good deal that savoured of menace and intimidation; and this now bore its fruit. It was utterly impossible that he should have the slightest hope of coming in for unreformed Edinburgh—in short, the most lenient observer could hardly doubt that he, in standing for that constituency, foresaw clearly that the only result must be a formidable riot —a mob tumult in the service of the chief guardian of law and order in Scotland. The riot was (as is usual in that proverbially sober country) a very formidable one—and, we should think, the Lord Advocate could never have reflected on some of its consequences without the deepest pain. On this occasion he was returned both for Malton and for the Forfar burghs, but made his choice for the latter seat, and occupied it till, on the first general election under the Reform Bill (1833), he was at last returned for his native city—emancipated—for ever, it would seem—from all Conservative influences and tendencies. According to Lord Cockburn, his expenditure in these various elections within so short a time amounted to not under 10,000*l.*!!!

A vacancy occurring on the Scotch Bench early in 1834, the Advocate appears to have very promptly made up his mind to quit this bustling scene, and took his place among the *fifteen*, by the honorary title of Lord Jeffrey. In this position he remained for the rest of his life—sixteen years; and he had not occupied it long before he was universally recognized as fulfilling all its duties in a most creditable manner. That he ever displayed the resources of a very profound lawyer we do not know—nor does Lord Cockburn's page suggest that he did;—but his sagacity, candour, and firmness commanded unlimited confidence. The only

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only fault alleged was that—more especially when he had occasion or pretence for giving his views in a written form—he was apt to become profuse, and assumed too much the character of professor or essayist. But this (not uncommon) error was necessarily counterbalanced in his instance by a rare exhibition of reasoning and rhetoric.

We have at an earlier stage of this paper had occasion to give one specimen of *the Judge's* style of thought and expression, in public, with reference to a political question. On the whole, his private correspondence seems in harmony with the sense and temper of that speech on the Muir obelisk — indicating how merely temporary and of expedience had been his alliance with the cause of political disturbance and subservience to mob-menace. We shall, however, content ourselves with transcribing part of one letter to his son-in-law, dated in November, 1837, just when the Melbourne Government, long before infirm and degraded, was shaking visibly under certain demonstrations of the Radicals:—

'Do write me what is expected. I fear the "fierce democraty" of our constitution is now to be separated from its more emollient ingredients—and presented in pure extract—as embodying its whole virtue. I have no such faith in Dr. Wakely as to taste a bit of it upon his recommendation. But I am afraid many will be rash enough to make the experiment; and who can answer for the danger? I wish somebody would write a good paper on the nature and degree of *authority* which is requisite for anything like a permanent government, and upon the plain danger of doing what might be right for a *perfectly instructed* society, for one just enough instructed to think itself fit for anything. I am myself inclined to doubt, I own, whether any degree of instruction would make it safe to give equal political power to the large poor classes of a fully peopled country as to the smaller and more wealthy; though the experience of America might encourage one as to this, if there were only a little more poverty, and a little more press of population, to test the experiment. But we shall see. With us the change could not be peaceable, and I do not think could be made at all; the chances being that we should pass at once from civil war to a *canting military despotism*.'

The Judge seems to have suffered frequently during his later years from attacks of *bronchitis;* and these more than once occasioned a retreat to the Isle of Wight, which he paints very charmingly. Otherwise his course was smooth. He continues as constant as ever in his epistolary devotions to the 'dear Julias' and 'gentle Matildas'—perhaps, indeed, were no dates given, some of the very last contributions to that budget might be the most liable to misconstruction. A mere stranger might be forgiven for pausing upon one of Lord Cockburn's closing sheets,

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sheets, and asking whether after all his philosophical hero had not adopted in earnest the grand wish of Don Juan—

'—not now, but only when a lad—
That Womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.'

In this matter, however, there is little change. What we should venture to particularize as the unmistakable symptom of senility is the total critical indiscrimination of some of his later literary letters. Never was such a revulsion from the habits of firm age—to say nothing of sharp unmerciful youth. As if to atone for all earlier severities towards the great, he seems to hug every opportunity of actually prostrating himself before little people. He who had bragged of 'crushing' Skiddaw, has learned to gaze with awe upon Brixton Rise.

He appeared on the bench for the last time on Tuesday the 22nd January, 1850, was next day seized with a renewal of his old disorder, and died on Saturday the 26th—aged seventy-seven. He was followed to the grave by the universal respect and regret of Edinburgh, and all Scotland participated in those feelings.

His widow did not long survive him: she died in the ensuing May—leaving one daughter, Mrs. Empson, whose children, as we have seen, had much solaced the latter days of Craigcrook. It is understood (Lord Cockburn eschews such vulgar things) that Lord Jeffrey had accumulated (for a Scotch lawyer) a very considerable fortune.

The Advocates have erected a statue of him in the Parliament House; but, however well deserved that mark of their homage and pride—however conspicuous the part he had played in society and in his profession—the world at large would have forgotten him, as it does so many a well-graced actor, almost as soon as he quitted the stage, except for the literary merits which first gave him a name. In estimating the value of his *Articles*, their fitness for the place in which they originally appeared and their permanent rank in the English library are widely different questions. That those *Contributions* were eminently adapted for their primitive purpose is proved by the attention they excited and the popularity of the Review; that they must henceforward occupy a lower position, may be inferred from the disappointment with which the public received in 1844 that selection to which he would himself finally have entrusted his fame. The generation that had been springing up since Jeffrey retired on his laurels entertained, no doubt, exaggerated expectations. The whole effulgence of the 'Edinburgh Review' had gathered like a halo round the head of the veteran who conducted it in its most splendid era, and it was impossible that any page, however luminous, could vindicate a renown

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a renown made up of so many scattered rays. But where the anticipations were more moderate the result was much the same, and might have been predicted from a careful examination of the collection. The majority of his articles are strictly reviews, and not essays; and if a work has dropped out of notice, the criticism must possess some extraordinary qualities of thought or style to maintain an interest of its own. He wrote also in his time numerous slight and hurried papers, and he entangled the trees of larger growth with too much of the underwood. The elaborate dissertations, again, are many of them upon subjects repulsive to the commonalty—upon political theories and the subtleties of metaphysics. These are large deductions—and not the whole of what remains would possess particular attractions for a public who prefer brilliant historical and biographical sketches, or light and humorous sallies, to the cleverest estimate of books about which all the world have long made up their minds. None of his articles, in truth, were conceived and executed with a view to immortality. He would never have reprinted them of his own accord, and rated them below instead of above their value. He was quite satisfied with discussing the topics upon every tongue in a way to get the hearing of every ear about him;—and though he had no objection to live laborious days, we question if he had enough of that usual infirmity of noble minds to have resigned his festive evenings with kindred spirits, or the soft interchange of 'candied courtesies' with bright-eyed dames, for the sake of prolonging indefinitely the echoes of applause. It was necessary to explain why the stars shone brighter dispersed than now they are collected into the constellation Jeffrey:—but it is not the less certain that his articles are remarkable productions, and it is to them that posterity must always refer for much of the ablest contemporary criticism upon the numerous men of genius that arose in his day. The paper on Swift is by much his master-piece, and in the descending series there are several trifles such as every author ventures who lives pen in hand; yet they have all the stamp of the same die, and, perhaps, no person who has written upon so many branches of knowledge, and at so many different stages of life, could be more justly characterized in a general description.

For a keen speculator on the theory of composition, he was rather heedless of the structure of his sentences. There is no appearance of his having aimed at any excellence in particular—and his periods display no signal qualities of elegance or harmony; nor did he more attempt in writing than in conversation to condense his meaning into short and sparkling maxims. The few specimens of the kind seem to drop from him unconsciously.

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unconsciously. His images, without being over-abundant, are his principal ornament, and these—sometimes hackneyed and commonplace, but oftener original and forcible—are thrown out in a way which shows them to have been part of the ordinary furniture of his mind. Altogether, he restricted his ambition to writing such a free and masculine style as could be produced without much resting on his elbow. His materials for the purpose were almost unlimited, and he goes on amplifying his phraseology till his sense comes muffled to the ear from the number of folds through which it passes. He began by cultivating 'an oratorical style,' with a view to public speaking; and though he allowed that it 'was totally improper for any other species of composition,' the tree retained to the last the bent of the twig. His favourite authors were those who indulged in a copious rhetoric, and how faintly he relished a chaster manner is evident from his criticism on Swift and his contemporaries. There are men who show their mastery of language by taking a survey of all the applicable terms, selecting the fittest, and rigorously excluding the rest. Jeffrey's memory appeared to range the dictionary from A to Z, and he had not the self-denial to spare his readers the redundance which delighted himself. His overflowing diction, in short, was his weakness as often as his strength.

Horner remarked in 1808 that while his matter evinced a maturer understanding, his style had suffered much from the hurry of his operations. 'Some of his best-thought passages about Mr. Fox,' said that friendly but honest critic, 'are expressed with a clumsiness that surprised me.' Connoisseurs could hardly have shared the delusion which Horner imputes to the world at large of supposing that Jeffrey elaborated his articles with overwhelming anxiety, any more than they would have suspected a sloven of bestowing upon his toilet the care of a Brummell. He was not more punctilious about the substance than the form. His collection of books was miserably scanty—it gave him no concern if a set was broken into odd volumes—and his lucubrations for the press fared much the same with his private reading. He rarely strained after materials which lay beyond the easy reach of his arm. An acute and thoughtful man, stored with knowledge of what was past and passing, had quite enough to tell; and for Editor Jeffrey to have wasted his energies in a curious solicitude for minute perfection, would have been impoverishing the whole for the enrichment of a part. As he was utterly above the paltry dishonesty of affecting research, his confessions in the Review of superficial preparation are full and frequent. He apologises for the imperfection of criticisms because he

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he writes from imperfect recollections; for the inaccuracy of passages translated from the French, because he was too indolent to correct the blunders; and for not giving extracts from a book, because he had unhappily mislaid his copy. There is something engaging in this scorn of false pretension, and it pervaded every portion of Jeffrey's character.

He was a master of fence, dexterous in parrying and returning the thrust of his adversary; and, what does not always happen with subtle disputants upon a petty scale, he conducted a larger argument with distinguished ingenuity. Lord Cockburn says he was adroit in arraying scientific proofs, and refers, for one example, to the essay in which he claims for Mr. Clerk of Eldin (father of John the Grim) the invention of the manœuvre for breaking the enemy's line—and here, we must allow, it is next to impossible to resist the art of the advocate, notwithstanding that his conclusion is by the best judges pronounced wholly erroneous. How such art, especially the air of candour, must have told with juries, we can readily understand. Along with a specimen of his skill, where he, we suppose, was wrong, should be mentioned a couple of papers upon vaccination, in which he was clearly right. Some practitioners had the hardihood to assert, and thousands had the folly to believe, that vaccination aggravated instead of preventing the small-pox, engendered new and frightful diseases, and adulterated the noble nature of man with the baser properties of beasts. One Dr. Moseley alleged that the skins of certain children had turned in consequence to hairy hides, and that young Christians began to butt and bellow like bulls. It is hard to say whether we should marvel most at the forwardness of the ignorant to become the dupes of imposture, or at the scepticism with which they regard any rational discovery. Jeffrey plunged into the contest, attracted to it by his fondness for medical speculations, disposed of the popular prejudices—plausible or preposterous—with his usual dexterity; and by the influence of the Edinburgh Review, when its credit was highest, did more than all the pamphlets of all the Doctors to put an end to the panic.

But his chief renown was as a critic. His principal excellence in this department was his power of seizing and delineating the prominent features of a book. Of those refined observations of which nobody has thought, and of which everybody sees the justice the moment they are uttered, he has not, we believe, many—but he has a great faculty of selecting the characteristics which would have been felt by cultivated minds, and of giving them full and perspicuous expression. Even where he magnifies defects,

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defects, and leaves beauties in the shade, his portraits preserve the likeness, though it may be the likeness of a caricature. The art must be difficult, for it is rare—and Jeffrey has not been surpassed in it. In the preface, however, to his Collection, he calls 'pronouncing on the mere literary merits of works a humble task,' and prides himself most for attempting 'to go deeply into *the principles* on which his judgments were rested.' A careful examination of his volumes, with every desire to agree with him, has convinced us that he must be numbered among the many authors who would wear their shoe upon their head. He has nothing of the kind that is profound, very little that is ingenious, and much belongs exclusively to the Scotch art of philosophising truisms. His rules, drawn from particular cases, were often falsified by experience. The wayward geniuses of the age broke through his barriers, and involved him in repeated contradictions. In his article upon the *Vision of Don Roderick*, he laid down reasons why it was *impossible* to produce successful poetry on a recent victory; and when Byron sent forth his stanzas on Waterloo, Jeffrey admitted that the impossibility had been performed. He cautions Mr. Morehead, in 1813, that the poet, to be worthy of his calling, must allow 'no visions of critics or posterity to come across him;' and he emphatically warns Wordsworth, *per contra*, in 1814, that it is essential that the inspirations of genius should 'be tempered by an occasional reference to what will be thought of them by the ultimate dispensers of glory.' Others of his maxims seem purely arbitrary, and were immediately overruled by the public voice. He welcomed the poachers and smugglers of Crabbe, but he wanted to outlaw the freebooters of Scott. He could scarcely, he said, 'help regretting that the feuds of border chieftains should have monopolised as much poetry as might have served to immortalise the whole baronage of the empire.' Nobody knew better than Jeffrey that men are not picturesque in proportion to their rank, and that the savage glens and bandits of Salvator were at least as worthy of the pencil as the high-dressed grounds and groups of Watteau. The same sort of prejudice against investing particular classes with an atmosphere of poetry is curiously shown in a little episodical dissertation on some stanzas of Wordsworth, concerning one Matthew, whose calling—as appears from two or three lines of prose prefixed—was that of a schoolmaster. 'By what traits,' breaks forth Jeffrey, 'is this worthy old gentleman delineated by the new poet? No pedantry—no innocent vanity of learning—no mixture of indulgence with the pride of power, and of poverty with the consciousness of rare acquirements. Every feature which belongs

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belongs to the situation or marks the character in common apprehension is scornfully discarded by Mr. Wordsworth.' Certainly there are no allusions to Matthew's profession in the verses, but because Wordsworth has needlessly let out that his hero was a schoolmaster, Jeffrey will not allow him the feelings of a man. He is not to laugh and cry like other people, which is all he does in the poem; he can only be permitted to be pedantic and self-important, according to an outworn satirical type of the critic's adoption. The tendency throughout of Jeffrey's *principles* was to put a yoke upon the neck of genius; but, like the wild squadron in Mazeppa, 'the steeds rushed on in plunging pride,' and were not to be persuaded that it was for their good to be saddled and bridled, even by the dapperest of grooms.

The protracted war with the Lake Poets was commenced in the very first number of the *Edinburgh Review.* In an article upon Thalaba he denounced Wordsworth's partiality for puerile phraseology and sentimental rustics, and Southey was classed among the minor offenders in the same school. The Rydal Bard, it must be confessed, gave a good deal of provocation both by the loftiness of all his pretensions and the lowliness of many of his strains. The more Jeffrey endeavoured to abase him, the more he seemed determined to exalt himself; and this again reacted upon the critic, who felt—in the language of Campbell—

'Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.'

But he is not to be justified upon any plea. The article on the Excursion, contemptuous as much of it is, is the only one in which Mr. Wordsworth is not treated rather as a driveller than as a great and original poet. Nor do the essays devoted to the late Laureate's works afford the sole ground of complaint. When other poets came before his chair he was constantly travelling out of the record to pass sentence anew upon this standing delinquent. To hear the wolf of the Edinburgh Review, it might be supposed that the lamb of the Lakes was bleating in every path and troubling every stream. If Wordsworth, too, sometimes chose to appear before the public in a tattered garment instead of royal robes, Jeffrey, on the other hand, attempted to make a rent where none existed. To quote a single instance—the 'Churchyard' in the Excursion has been held by the majority of the poet's admirers to be the gem of the piece; and nobody, admirer or not, could consider Jeffrey's summary to be an honest description of that solemn descant:—

'The sixth book contains a choice obituary, or characteristic account, of several of the persons who lie buried before this group of moralizers:—an unsuccessful lover, who had found consolation in natural history—a miner

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miner who worked on for twenty years, in despite of universal ridicule, and at last found the vein he had expected—two political enemies reconciled in old age to each other—an old female miser—a seduced damsel—and two widowers, one who had devoted himself to the education of his daughters, and one who had preferred marrying a prudent middle-aged woman to take care of them.'

When Jeffrey in his old age revised his Essays, and arrived at 'the miner who worked on for twenty years, in despite of universal ridicule, and at last found the vein he had expected,' he could hardly have avoided thinking of himself and the poet. He then apologised in a note for his past asperities, but it was solely the style and tone which he regretted, and he still maintained that in substance he had neither been too liberal of censure nor too sparing of praise. He takes the utmost pains to guard against the idea that he has changed his opinions, and expressly asserts that he is 'as far as possible from intending a retractation.' The limitations of his language have been generally overlooked, and in the last few years it has been a hundred times repeated that he had ended in doing homage to the Lake school of poetry. His homage was simply to declare that he would repeat the same sentiments in softer terms. With these convictions it was impossible for him to have done justice to Wordsworth: it would have signified little although his censures had been written in milk instead of in vinegar.

If Jeffrey's taste in poetry was not universal, it was that of a highly accomplished man; and from his intense love of nature, and from the warmth of his affections, we should have guessed that it excited in no one a more ardent glow. Yet much in his articles would lead to an opposite conclusion, and induce us to suppose that his poetical sympathies were far from deep. It is difficult to understand how any one who felt the full power of verse could have penned some of his prose and prosaic analyses of poems. Where he wished to be satirical, it is intelligible that his version of the story should be burlesque; but where his admiration was highest, it is strange how he degrades the most graceful incidents by an almost farcical narration. A plot without the enchantment of details, metre, imagery, and language, is at best a stalk stripped of its leaves and flowers. Jeffrey, not content with its native bareness, twisted it into fantastic and ludicrous shapes. 'I laugh,' he wrote to Horner, and it was with reference to poetry, 'at almost everything I admire;' and he considered that his serious friend had yet to learn that whatever had a praiseworthy had also 'a deridable aspect.' His derisive art, often misapplied, was not seldom, to counterbalance, employed with just and telling effect; for he was no contemptible master of

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of that dry humour which consists in showing the intrinsic absurdity of fables and arguments, by merely reducing them to their simplest elements. He was prone, however, to carry on the jest till it ceased to amuse. He wanted a monitor to whisper in his ear,

> 'And let it fairly now suffice—
> The gambol has been shown.'

The charge of sweeping condemnation was not confined to the treatment of certain schools of poetry. There was a disposition to look upon the whole tribe of authors as game for critics, and the excitement of the sport, and the amusement which, for a while, it afforded the public, were strong temptations. In an article, of the year 1814, on Hogg's 'Queen's Wake,' Jeffrey defended the severities of his Journal on the graver plea that it was of greater consequence to point out faults than beauties. In advanced years, when he could look back upon his contests with the feelings of a by-stander, he confessed to many 'excesses of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame,' and refused to re-publish the specimens of his satirical skill. There was real virtue in their suppression, for whatever else the editor might miss, he was sure to hit the blot. Intermingled with his strokes of vivacity and acumen—many of them excellent—are occasional objections so frivolous and vexatious that it is impossible to read them without a smile. He attacked the author of Anastasius in 1807 for publishing a book on Household Furniture, a study which Jeffrey averred to be only proper 'for slaves and foreigners' at a crisis when 'every male creature in the country was occupied with its politics and its dangers.' To demand a suspension of the arts of civilised life from the dread of invasion was a sorry compliment to English self-possession, but if it was indeed a want of patriotism in Mr. Hope to print a book upon furniture—which he might easily have done without neglecting his drill—it was little better in Ensign Jeffrey to spend his time in reading and reviewing it. Bentley on *Indian Astronomy*, and Willdenow's *Species Plantarum*, both of which are discussed with exceeding satisfaction in the same number, would have been quite as useless in assisting to drive back the French to the sea. Any difference there might be was in favour of Mr. Hope. His furniture, which was associated with the comforts of home, would have been a stronger motive to expel the intruders than cogitating the Indian notions of the stars and Mr. Willdenow's classification of weeds.

These, taken separately, are trivial items, but in their aggregate they were important, and the captiousness of the editor begot an idea of malevolence which the publication of his Life must entirely dispel.

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dispel. Except when heated by conflict, nothing approaching to malice ever governed his pen; and he was conspicuous for the generosity which would confess an error and repair a wrong. He gave many proofs of it during his actual editorship, and his harshness, after all, has perhaps been over-stated. It was certainly not his habit to look at authors upon their sunny side, but he did ample justice to Byron, Campbell, and Crabbe; he was among the warmest admirers of the Waverley novels; he awarded praise and blame in a fair proportion to many occupants of the lower benches, and some with whom he dealt in a summary way well deserved what they got. The same public which complained that he had not used his faculties meekly, showed, by the estimation in which they held him, that he was considered on the whole to have used them well. The worst effects of the supercilious system were to be found, as always, in the followers and not in the chiefs. The Sydney Smiths and Jeffreys in their duellos usually fought with the gentleman's weapon—the keen and glittering sword; the mob of imitators, who wanted their skill, were reduced to the arts of vulgar violence, and fought with their fists. To be insolent, flippant, and abusive, is in the power of everybody who will stoop to it; critical sagacity, dignified rebuke, polished satire, and radiant humour are not so common. Many of 'the journeymen' were unable to distinguish the difference, and mistook asperity for sarcasm, and pertness for wit. Horner told Jeffrey in 1808 'that nobody else had written a sentence of literature that could be endured,' and unquestionably the early literary articles are more remarkable for their coarseness than their criticism. The editor might prune and engraft, but it was impossible essentially to change the nature of the degenerate suckers thrown up from his root. The singularity, however, is not in the mistakes, for they must always be committed. The exceptional fact is the wonderful success which crowned a vast undertaking through the happy combination of rare virtues and rare talents in Francis Jeffrey. His monument is the Edinburgh Review—not his collected essays, which are the smallest portion of his labours—and it is a monument of which—in spite of all the streaks in the marble—he might well have been proud.

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ART. VI.—1. *The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, 1816-46. By Harriet Martineau. 2 Vols. 1851.
2. *History of the Whig Ministry of* 1830 *to the Passing of the Reform Bill.* By John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. 2 Vols. 1852.

IN chemistry it is known that pure substances can seldom be obtained by one process. In the crucible and the retort they are first separated from their grosser parts, the product becoming more valuable as the analysis proceeds. Alcohol can be extracted, we believe, from the weakest of fermented liquors, but the distillation must be many times repeated, and the spirit will at last form an infinitesimal proportion to the mass of vapid residuum. In our day a process not unlike this is required in the investigation of political history. The newspaper and the pamphlet give place to the periodical volume; Hansard and the Annual Register supply the basis of those 'contemporary histories' which are called into existence by the requirements of an impatient public; and these compilations—for the works we have in view are little more—will in their turn be resolved into a purer shape, and truth be disengaged from the error and prejudice which attend the birth of political events.

Yet we are far from thinking that contemporary history—if it be of a genuine kind—requires the apology which Mr. Roebuck has put forth for it. We should be glad to see it worthily revived. We cannot forget our obligations to Thucydides and Xenophon, to Cæsar and Sallust, to Froissart, Commines, and Clarendon. It is true that contemporary record must be received with some caution: each age has an atmosphere of its own; and, as in archery, the truest aim may suffer some deviation from the prevailing air. Allowance must be made, too, for the bias of the writer. But if he be in any degree trustworthy, and if he bore an active part in the events he relates, it requires little argument to show that his narrative, as far as it goes, must be immeasurably superior to any which can be written at a subsequent date. Voltaire sneers, with some reason, at the historians who give traditionary tales as positive facts: 'Suétone rapporte ce que les premiers empereurs de Rome avaient fait de plus secret; mais avait-il vécu familièrement avec douze Césars?' The early history of Rome may be written with advantage after the first decades of Livy, as Niebuhr has well shown; but who could improve upon the Anabasis or the Commentaries?

No doubt the observation in Mr. Roebuck's preface is well founded, that the passions and prejudices arising from political opinions are far from being confined to the contemporary historian.

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torian. But he mistakes if he supposes he has met the weightiest objection against the class of works in which his 'Whig Ministry' must be included. If Lord Brougham or Lord John Russell had told the story of the Reform Bill, we should have had to take into account the peculiar position and sentiments of the witness, but we should have had positive facts presented to us. Burnet is a very one-sided writer: but as he had access to the best sources of information, his 'History of his own Time' has obtained a permanent place in our literature. The works of Miss Martineau and Mr. Roebuck have no claim to similar consideration: they represent but a part—and the worst part—of contemporary history. They share in its partisanship, its errors, its animosities, but not in its clear and decisive knowledge. The spectators of a scene are often more agitated than the actors in it. The illusion of the stage is lost at the wings. There is something in the presence of realities, and of the trifling incidents which accompany them, inconsistent with the earnest mood which attends the distant contemplation or mere sentiment of great transactions. When England awaited in suspense the fate of Charles I., who could imagine the buffoonery of Henry Marten, inking Cromwell's face with the pen which he had just used to affix his signature to the King's death-warrant? Montrose fainted when the news of his master's death reached him, and a loyal adherent of Louis XVI. committed suicide when the poor monarch was led to the guillotine. It is doubtful whether any of those who bore a real part in the tragic solemnities were equally moved. Wilkes declared that he never was a Wilkite. We can believe that many a vestry orator was more zealous about the Reform Bill than Earl Grey or his Chancellor.

Since the Revolution of 1688 there have been very few examples of members of a Cabinet divulging its secrets. In some rare cases men have been provoked or tempted to such revelations; but the rest—including the best—who have served the Crown have respected its confidence, and have been content to submit to any amount of obloquy and misrepresentation rather than pronounce the words which would have silenced their opponents. They have not been without their reward. Time has done them justice, and the most self-denying have been best rewarded for their forbearance by the appreciation of posterity. But this honourable reserve is much against the value of contemporary history. Those who could pen it faithfully will not. We have to wait for the papers of one eminent man after another before the shades of error which gathered about them in their life can be dispersed; and, generally, their heirs are in no hurry to disclose the contents of their well-guarded repositories.

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Mr. Roebuck confesses, or rather brags, that he has not crupled to relate accounts which he found floating in society and which he believed to be accurate, more especially in relation to what passed 'in conversation or conference with the King, and with others in high office' (P.S. Pref.). We cannot imagine a more fruitful source of error. Clubs are convenient places of resort; but who would think of taking their gossip as the basis of historical record? The conversation in which political quidnuncs delight seldom contains more of truth than there was sense found in Gratiano's discourse: 'His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.' Sir Aubrey Vacant saunters to the Reform, and there has the good luck to meet with his restless friend Mr. Sharpset. When other topics are exhausted, they come to politics, of course. Sharpset has picked up a crumb from the table of some great man—in the shape of a jest, invented to get rid of his importunate questions. It is communicated to Vacant in confidence; to him it is a perfect godsend. Glad of something to tell, he spreads it abroad as an important political secret. In due time it comes back to its author's ears, who laughs at the success of his *ruse*, and is well pleased that it has diverted attention from some matter he was anxious to conceal. Mr. Roebuck has himself, in one notable passage, furnished us with a key to the value of 'anecdotes current in society':—

'I have often heard Lord Brougham relate a circumstance connected with this celebrated motion [for leave to bring in the Reform Bill], which vividly illustrates the ignorance of the Administration, even at the eleventh hour, as to the real feelings of the people. The members of the Cabinet who were not in the House of Commons dined that day with the Lord Chancellor, whose Secretary—Mr., now Sir Denis Le Marchant—sat under the gallery of the House of Commons, and sent half-hour bulletins to the noble Lord describing the progress of the debate. They ran thus: "Lord John has been up ten minutes; House very full; great interest and anxiety shown." Another came, describing the extraordinary sensation produced by the plan on both sides of the House. At last came one, saying, "Lord John is near the end of his speech—my next will tell you who follows him." "Now," said the noble host and narrator of the story, "we had often talked over and guessed at the probable course of the Opposition, and I always said—Were I in Peel's place, I would not condescend to argue the point, but would, as soon as Lord John Russell sat down, get up, and declare that I would not debate so mad a proposal, and would insist upon dividing upon it at once. If he does this, I used to say, we are dead beat; but if he allows himself to be drawn into a discussion we shall succeed." When Le Marchant's bulletin at length came which was to tell us the course adopted by the Opposition, I held the

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note unopened in my hand, and, laughing, said, "Now this decides our fate; therefore let us take a glass of wine all round, in order that we may, with proper nerve, read the fatal missive." Having done so, I opened the note, and seeing the first line, which was, "Peel has been up twenty minutes," I flourished the note round my head, and shouted *Hurrah, hurrah! Victory, victory! Peel has been speaking twenty minutes!*—and so we took another glass to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune." Such is the anecdote, which proves, among other things, how *uncertain as guides are such anecdotes for history*. The events doubtless occurred much as Lord Brougham is accustomed to relate them, but Sir Robert Peel did not speak on that night's debate. Sir John Sebright seconded Lord John Russell's motion, and Sir Robert Inglis was the next succeeding speaker in vehement—nay, fierce—reply to Lord John. But I relate the story because it proves how little aware the Ministry was of the state of popular feeling; how little they knew of the intensity of that feeling when they believed that Sir Robert Peel *could* so have disposed of the proposed measure.'—Vol. ii., pp. 87, 88.

We may remark, in passing, that it is difficult to conceive how the Ministry could have known of any intensity of popular feeling in favour of a complicated scheme which was announced that evening for the first time. It is for Lord Brougham to settle the truth of this story with his friend the author as he pleases. We adduce it only to illustrate the historical weight of the 'oral testimony and floating evidence' on which Mr. Roebuck—in spite of this not overlooked warning—has confessedly grounded great part of his narrative, and which he has suffered to influence his estimate of the persons most conspicuous in it.

In the passionate strife of the Great Rebellion common rumour was urged by the Puritans as a ground for the indictment of Strafford, but that ill precedent has found little favour in better times. It was indignantly repudiated when attempted to be revived by the opponents of Walpole; and Chancellor Hardwicke, in a passage which should be in the memory of every constitutionalist, showed how repugnant was the allegation of common fame to every rule of law, and every sentiment of true justice. It is the more necessary to condemn Mr. Roebuck's revival of that *obsolete* practice, as we fear he too often modifies and colours his 'current reports.' He has recently informed us that he is never better pleased than when exposing 'a sham;' but the delight he feels in the chase of falsehood may have occasionally had some effect in blunting his perception of truth. He imagines that he can discover *sham* where no one else would ever think of looking for it. This disposition most frequently results from disappointed vanity acting on a splenetic temper. Not a few men have a natural talent for vituperation, which they pass off as

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frankness and sincerity. Apemantus, for one, mingles his abuse of all Athens as knaves, fools, and baboons, with applause of his own honesty and plain-dealing. We do not forget that there are some who, in real scorn of hypocrisy and meanness, run into an opposite extreme, and choose to represent themselves as more cynical than they are. But Mr. Roebuck's spite is too plain and real for this mild interpretation. He scrambles up to the chair of history for apparently the one purpose of reviling every name that comes before him. Something more than the head must be in fault here. Whatever sentiments of liberality are on the lips, there must be bigotry deep seated in the heart, and that worst kind of bigotry, which, believing in the infallibility of its own ideas and judgments, has no respect for conscientious opinion when opposed to them, and is inaccessible not only to reasoning but to every humanising influence. This temper, if not held in restraint, would erect the scaffold or light the pile with the same satisfaction that it experiences in rending reputations.

Mr. Roebuck has occasion to mention our last three sovereigns —George III., George IV., and William IV. Their reigns occupy nearly eighty years—a long period and chequered with great misfortunes. In the course of it both people and governments had to sustain severe trials, and to make heroic efforts to maintain their ground; but contrasting the England of 1760 with the England of 1840, we know not in what age or country to look for an equal advance in social prosperity and national greatness. This in itself furnishes a strong presumption that the country has not been very unfortunate in its monarchs, yet Mr. Roebuck speaks of them as if he were characterizing the worst of the Cæsars. According to him George III. harboured in 'his confused and incapable brain' only the 'crotchety conceits of a madman' (i. 14). His successor is described as 'implacable in his resentments; a vain and pampered voluptuary, whose ears were daily filled with fulsome flattery and words of slavish submission;'—and who 'must have shrunk as from a burning iron, when branded by the fiery indignation of the excited orator [Mr. Brougham] as a cruel and cowardly despot' (i. 245). Yet 'in the conduct of George IV. there is little which distinguishes him from the common herd of ordinary sovereigns' (i. 249);—and because the Duke of Wellington extolled his polished manners and knowledge of business, we are to believe that the Duke has 'doubtless had great experience of Kings, and by his speech shows that he has a very mean opinion of their courtesy and their intellect' (i. 253). This sort of speech is better fitted to the Marats of the last age than an English gentleman of 1852. William IV., the 'Sailor King,' fares

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fares no better. Previously to the publication of this book we should have thought it next to impossible that there could be much difference of opinion as to *him*. In this case surely there were no mysteries to expound—no depths to sound. Frank, kindly, sincerely desiring the good of the country—somewhat credulous—of no great capacity, yet gifted with some natural shrewdness—he won respect for the manifest purity and benevolence of his intentions, even among those who dissented most strongly from his policy. His worst fault was that he was never so well pleased as when the shout of the mob rang in his ears. The Duke's ministry could never have possessed his confidence after they balked him of the tempestuous delights of a popular procession and a civic banquet. The foibles of such a character need not be concealed. But Mr. Roebuck will allow him no one good quality. He sets out, even in his preface, by declaring that the King was 'very weak and very false; a finished dissembler; bitterly hostile to the Whig Ministry and their great measure of Reform.' The author seems proud of this novel estimate of the unlucky Prince—for we find it in two places (*Pref.* ix.; vol. ii. 27). He acknowledges that he runs directly counter to the fixed opinion of his noble and learned patron—but of this discrepancy the explanation is easy:—

'The kindness and generosity of Lord Brougham's own nature make him give easy credence to kind professions in others. The off-hand hearty manner of the King, therefore, imposed upon his Chancellor. The very weakness of the King too gave him strength. His capacity was notoriously contemptible, and Lord Brougham could not for a moment believe himself the dupe of parts so inferior: and yet in truth was he deceived. The trained artifice of a mean spirit misled and cajoled the confiding generosity of a great and powerful mind; and to this hour, Lord Brougham asserts that the King was a sincere reformer, and earnest throughout the struggle which followed the introduction of the Reform Bill in his expressed desire to have that measure passed in all its integrity. My opinion as to this matter is fully stated in the history which I have given of all the transactions connected with it; and I am now only anxious to declare that in that opinion Lord Brougham does not coincide, and for it cannot be held responsible.' (*Pref.* ix.).

Lord Brougham is, as all the world allows, a good-natured and charitable man; but here, we think, on the whole, the public have simply to decide between the probability of the Reform Chancellor's failing, through excessive generosity of spirit, to at all appreciate one whom he had ample means of studying, or of Mr. Roebuck's erring as to the views and feelings of a man never by possibility submitted to the scrutiny of his (however superior) acumen, through a confirmed habit of malignant construction.

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Our young readers have not forgotten the fable where the animals in council give their opinion of man. The monkey dislikes him for his propensity to mischief, the ass for his obstinacy, the viper for his venom, and the toad for his ugliness. Thersites is a council in himself. Of the venerable Lord Eldon we are told, that 'the closing scenes of this man's career were a wretched exhibition of *impotent spite*' (i. 71). Of Mr. Huskisson, after his separation from the Wellington ministry, it is said—'Under the thin disguise of a pretended moderation and exalted patriotism, *bitter personal spite* was seen to rankle, governing every thought, word, and deed' (i. 268); and even the poor defendants of the *Morning Journal* are denounced as 'mere mercenary traders in vulgar abuse,' who 'never prayed to God to keep their tongues from *evil speaking, lying, and slandering*' (i. 330).

Mr. Roebuck boldly solicits inquiry into the facts of his book, and challenges contradiction as to *them*. The language sounds fairly, but it amounts to nothing. In a compilation of this kind the opinions are usually of more importance than the facts. Conduct and character are more often disposed of in a few decided words than described in detail. Thus Lord John Russell is seldom mentioned here without some epithets significative of the 'tamest mediocrity.' Rash, factious, ambitious he may be, but certainly there is nothing of tame mediocrity in his nature. For all that appears on the face of this narrative, we allow the judgment may be well-founded; but that judgment stands alone, neither supported nor contradicted by facts, just as do the summary verdicts we have noticed above. A narrative may be essentially false in which every circumstance is substantially true. If Mr. Roebuck be really anxious to instruct generations to come, let him go carefully over the sentiments he has expressed, examine what grounds they rest on, and acquire, if he can, the temper, the impartiality, the predilection for truth and charity—they are seldom found apart—which must distinguish him to whom the world assigns ultimately the high title of HISTORIAN.

Notwithstanding the tenor of a previous extract it is somewhat ostentatiously announced that the author has been assisted by Lord Brougham—and has had access to his official papers. We do not question either the extent or the curiosity of that collection, but we very much doubt the worth of garbled citations from its stores. Contemporary writers who happen to possess the friendship of some great man, are very apt to make him the hero of their narrative; and, as in dramas framed with an eye to some particular performer, all other parts are quite subordinate to their principal. The occurrences in which he is more immediately

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immediately concerned, however trivial in reality, are magnified to a momentous consequence. 'Points' are made for him on every possible occasion, and attention is emphatically bespoken for the lightest of his sayings or doings. Thus, in Walpole's Memoirs, Henry Conway is the centre about which a multitude of petty intrigues are continually revolving, and these are related with such anxious minuteness, and so mixed up with more important things, that we lose our way in a labyrinth of confused details—but are left with an impression that in some way or other Horace's dear cousin, in fact an exceedingly weak politician, exercised a most marking influence on the history of his time. Something of the same kind of perplexity attends the eternal recurrence of Lord Brougham's name in this book; it takes us backward and forward, and round, round, round; it is prominent in the Preface and in the Appendix; it detains us in places where we do not care to linger, and hurries us over others where we would willingly pause. In the little romance which is related here of the interview between Lords Grey and Brougham on the morning of the dissolution in 1831, the Premier is represented as dumb, while the Chancellor announces to the astonished Monarch that *he* has ordered the royal carriages, and that *he* has sent to the Horse Guards to have the troops in readiness. It is a pity that the author did not take as much pains to verify this anecdote as he did concerning the one which he heard from Lord Brougham's lips on the first debate in the Commons on the Reform Bill. Why did he not make some attempt to ascertain in what shape the successor of Bacon conveyed *his* order to the Horse Guards?

In Miss Martineau's ponderous volumes, considerable space is devoted to the period on which Mr. Roebuck concentrates his strength. Of the two narratives, so far as they run parallel, we prefer the lady's. She makes no pretence to exclusive information, but she shows complete mastery over materials, such as they may be, both in their disposition and treatment. Her style has some resemblance to that of the French Memoirists, being rapid and glancing rather than steady and methodical. She does not so much relate as indicate events, but this is done with so much animation, and such felicity of language and allusion, that the mind is kept continually attentive, even when the subjects themselves are far from inviting. We are happy in an opportunity to do this justice to her literary talents; we wish that she would or could more often do justice to them herself; but by one of those freaks of nature not uncommonly met with, she is subject to such wild fancies, presumptuous crotchets, and strange hallucinations,

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as to render her at all times an unsafe, and, frequently, a most dangerous guide.

Her intellect, though extremely vivacious, is of that cast which can scarcely admit of doubt or reasoning upon any subject. Certain ideas, often amusingly fantastic, find their way—by a process we do not profess to understand—into her brain, and become thenceforth a part of her very nature. Sir Walter Raleigh defines *Incredulity* as *the wit of fools;* and in good sooth it requires more credulity to reject conclusions built on sufficient evidence than to receive them. Miss Martineau, unhappily indifferent to the truth of revelation, exercises the wildest flights of fancy in constructing something like a new scheme of theogony suitable to the ruins of Egypt. Pronouncing Moses an impostor, she gives implicit credit to that convicted charlatan, the 'Magician' of Cairo —nay, even at home, believes in the supernatural powers of a cunning servant-girl. Her History is more free from offensive matter in this line than many of her other productions—for example, the Narrative of her Eastern travels, but, above all, her late extraordinary Correspondence with Mr. Atkinson—for which perhaps we have to thank that party-spirit which keeps her mind in a state of tutelage. She even avoids, until her last page, all mention of those Malthusian doctrines of which she used to be so eloquent an expounder. Probably, amidst all the bewildering imbecilities of her Pantheism, she sees by this time that there are some arrangements at work superior to the theories and contrivances of economists, by which the harmony of Nature is secured, and provision made for the advancing numbers as well as civilization of mankind.

From her character, it may be supposed that she is on all points excessively positive—and occasionally her confidence is piquant. On the trial of the notorious St. John Long, she naïvely remarks, that—

'the spirit of quackery did not die with him, nor the propensity to it in his admirers—the ignorant of the educated classes. The thing wanted evidently is such an advance of physiological and medical knowledge as shall exalt that knowledge into real science' (ii. 181).

She has done her best to forward the desired end—but neither her own cure, nor even that of her favourite cow—given up by the veterinary faculty—has been able to convince the 'ignorant of the educated classes' that mesmerism in any of its shapes is more or less than a system of gross imposture.

She is qualified to decide on every one of the multifarious concerns of the world with the same authority as on medical science. When she speaks of Continental politics, her proper post

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post seems the Foreign Office; but when she touches on religious matters, and disposes of Presbyterian schism and Tractarian mummery, we are at a loss to say whether she should have been Moderator of the General Assembly or Archbishop of Canterbury. Our perplexity lasts till she engages with bullion and currency, when there can be no doubt that she ought to be Governor of the Bank of England. Her qualifications for other offices, however, expand as she proceeds. The Board of Trade can never do well till she is at the head of it. The Royal Society will commence a new career of usefulness when she mounts to the chair of Rosse, and the army will at last be fitly managed when she realizes the step ascribed to Lord Chancellor Brougham, and sends her orders to the Horse Guards. In direct opposition to F.M., who never interferes with other people's business, Miss Martineau feels it her appointed duty to make the business of all other people her own.

In spite of this assumption and other amusing foibles, we think her book likely to survive the fleeting publications of the day. It is full of matter, and the information given is generally accurate, though almost invariably one-sided. The political opinions, if selected, would form a tolerably complete system of full-blown Liberal intolerance; but her tone is infinitely less offensive than that of Mr. Roebuck. She never errs through malice; on the contrary, she tries with all her heart to be considerate and charitable. She is very sorry indeed that Tories should be so shockingly blind, and, with honest kindness, exerts herself to enlighten them. Were a society to be got up for their conversion, we are sure she would cheerfully contribute some tracts to the good work.

Her quick temperament and wealth of words often enough hurry her into extravagance. She is tempted to take up a scene-painter's brush for her Academy picture. Perhaps the most glaring device is that of exalting events by investing them with an universal sympathy. This is a common trick—and the popularity of one historical writer of real genius will probably conduce to its cure, by the multiplication of feeble and feminine mimicries. Miss Martineau represents the people as sitting up all night when important debates are in progress. During the Queen's process—though the summer heat was so intense

'that horses dropped dead on the roads, and labourers in the fields—yet along the line of mails crowds stood waiting in the burning sunshine for news of the trial, and horsemen galloped over hedge and ditch to carry the tidings. In London the parks and West-end streets were crowded every evening; and through the bright nights of July neighbours were visiting one another's houses to lend newspapers or compare rumours.

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rumours. . . . Daily was the fervent "God bless her!" repeated from the nearest house-top to the farthest point of vision.'—(i. 257.)

On the death of Lord Londonderry we are told that—

'the relief to the multitude was so extraordinary and portentous, that little children who carried the news—as little children love to carry wonderful news without knowing what it means—were astonished at the effect of their tidings, and saw, by the clasped hands and glistening eyes of aliens in English towns, that there was a meaning in the tidings beyond their comprehension.'—(i. 287.)

When Canning announced that troops were on their way to Portugal, to resist the aggression of Spain:—

'The newspapers passed from hand to hand under the Spanish cloak; recitation of the Englishman's words went on in whispers under the bright Italian moon; and at Vienna and Warsaw men's hearts swelled, and their eyes shone, as phrases from this speech were detected in common intercourse, and forthwith formed a sort of freemasonry among those who understood.'—(i. 303.)

The account of the panic of 1825 (vol. i., pp. 359-365) is still more extravagant; and to indicate the drought of 1826, 'the richest people made presents to one another of little pitchers of fresh water.'

It is announced that Earl Grey has been sent for. Next day—

'The newspapers could not give the list of the ministry fast enough. In reading-rooms, and at the corners of the streets, merchants, bankers, and tradesmen took down their names, and carried them to their families, reading them to every one they met by the way; while poor men, who could not write, carried them well enough in their heads.'—(ii. 21.)

The Reform Bill is produced:—

'The very ground shook with the tread of multitudes, and the broad heaven echoed with their shouts, and the peers quaked in their houses, and the world seemed to the timid to be turned upside down.'—(ii. 34.)

The Reform ministers resign:—

'The mail-roads were sprinkled over for miles with people, who were on the watch for news from London; and the passengers on the tops of the coaches shouted the tidings. Then was there such mourning throughout England as had not been known for many years. Men forsook their business to meet and consult what they should do. In some places the bells tolled—in others they were muffled. In many places black crape was hung over the sign of the King's head; and there was talk of busts of Queen Adelaide being seen with a halter round the neck.'—(ii. 62.)

This style reminds one of Will Marvel's journey to Devonshire—'He has accustomed himself to sounding words and hyperbolical images, till he has lost the power of true description.' Far be it from us to justify those who venture on such empirical audacities as the Reform Bill, or to underrate the evil consequences

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consequences for the hearts of their dupes. Nor do we forget the immmediate tangible effects—among others, the sinking of the revenue. But we are not to adopt the high-flown rhapsodical caricatures of such pens as these. To take Miss Martineau or Mr. Roebuck as a guide, one would suppose that the nation only recovered from one political convulsion to fall into another; and that, with so many elements of discord at work, its existence could only have been preserved by miracle. But the truth is that the hubbub which, bad enough in itself, they swell into a hurricane, scarcely reached below the surface of English life. A certain amount of popular effervescence is inseparable from a representative system, from a free press, and from public meetings. The political opinion which exists among us thus finds ready expression, and may often be supposed, even by fair and candid observers, to be more general and influential than it is; but, except at particular periods, we very much doubt whether the Englishman interests himself so much in politics as many of the Continental nations, whose opinions find no ready mode of expression. If we look from political history into private life, we shall find that state affairs occupy but a very small part of any man's attention, compared with his proper business. There are trading politicians, who not unfrequently find their trade answer very well, and who are able to raise a certain degree of agitation at favourable seasons, but with these men the great body of the people have nothing in common.

Miss Martineau professes to review Thirty Years of Peace. We can now look back upon seven years more. The whole period has been distinguished by great social improvement, and by unparalleled fecundity of invention in all industrial arts. If our progress has been both more steady and more rapid than that of other countries, it has been because we have united to a higher degree of individual freedom a more perfect preservation of legal rule. This union, simple as it appears in theory, has not often been attained in practice; nor can it ever be attained without long previous discipline, and without great moderation on the part of those two powers which, with a common interest, are often, from the antagonistic spirit of free states, in opposition to each other—the people and the government.

The cessation of a war which had lasted almost uninterruptedly for more than twenty years, and had been carried forward on a scale of unexampled magnitude, was far from proving at first a relief to the government of the day, or even to the people. While a necessity existed for lavish expenditure the nation assented to it, and, voting the gross sum demanded, scarcely cared to look at the items which composed it. The struggle was for life

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life or death; and safety could not be purchased at too high a price.

The same feeling has generally animated England throughout the severe contests in which she has been engaged. We have rarely had an economical war-minister. Chatham, with large, grand views, discarded questions of economy altogether from his consideration. His only aim was success; well knowing that success could not be bought too dearly, and that the bolder, the more extravagant even, the effort, the less might be the cost.

This ancient national policy was undoubtedly adopted throughout our long struggle with Napoleon—and, no less clearly, it was very open to attack while the event was in suspense. The Whigs were persevering in their advocacy of economy and submission. They denounced the supplies voted for the Peninsular army as a scandalous and shameful waste of the public money, and gleefully predicted, year after year, that the genius of the Emperor would assert itself, and the demolition of Wellington bring with it the utter prostration of Britain. Waterloo put an end to their sinister prophecies—but at the same time relieved them from a false political position. Spectators marvelled how it was that, while the country was yet in the full glow of rejoicing for its deliverance, the power of the ministry began to tremble. The explanation is not difficult. When the danger ceased the prudent and practical spirit of Parliament returned. Estimates were once more closely scrutinised; and the Commons judged for themselves of the necessity of retaining taxes, which only the urgency of the case had rendered tolerable. Their eagerness for relief was not surprising: the unguarded expression of Lord Castlereagh—'an ignorant impatience of taxation'—was eagerly caught up and bruited abroad, to the no small injury of the government.

The attacks on the Peace were less successful. All our great treaties, however advantageous, have been violently assailed by the party in opposition, and generally been received with discontent by the public. The sentiment, that the aim of war should be to conquer peace, has never, we fear, obtained much credit with us; we seem rather to be of opinion that war should be waged for the aggrandisement of our trade, territory, and wealth. It is forgotten that that peace cannot, from its very nature, be lasting which greatly disturbs old settlements of power, and which forces an independent state to a bitter acknowledgment of defeat by humiliating concessions.

The opening chapters of this History of the Peace are by Mr. Charles Knight, who, if he had not devoted himself to the busier labours of publication, would certainly have attained distinction as a writer. He is as liberal in his politics as Miss Martineau, but he

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he has the good sense to acknowledge the merits of those treaties which were so virulently assailed when their stipulations first became known:—

'Napoleon at St. Helena said to O'Meara, "So silly a treaty as that made by your ministers for their own country was never known before. You give up everything, and gain nothing." We can now answer that we gained everything when we gained thirty years of repose. We gained everything when, after twenty years of warfare, upon the most extravagant scale, the spirit of the people conducted that warfare to a triumphant end. The gains of a great nation are not to be reckoned only by its territorial acquisitions or its diplomatic influence. The war which England had waged, often single handed, against a colossal tyranny raised her to an eminence which amply compensated for the mistakes of her negociations. It was something that they did not close the war in a huckstering spirit—that they did not squabble for this colony or that entrepôt. The fact of our greatness was not to be mistaken when we left to others the scramble for aggrandisement, content at last to be free to pursue our own course of consolidating our power by the arts of peace. There were years of exhaustion and discontent to follow those years of perilous conflict and final triumph. But security was won; we were safe from the giant aggressor. The people that had subdued Napoleon—for it was the act of the people—would do the work that remained to them.'—(i. 9.)

That character for magnanimity which England established by her moderation has since borne noble fruit, and in spite of occasional checks, here or elsewhere, will, we trust, continue to do so. We cannot forget the cordial assurances of support proffered to England when she was threatened on the side of France some ten years since; nor the kind and generous (perhaps somewhat repentant) visit of the greatest of the Continental sovereigns to our shores at the moment when a rupture appeared most imminent. The northern courts of Europe, singularly jealous of even a partial encroachment on the Turkish territory, placed the sword in our hand to drive the rebellious Pasha from Syria, and saw without alarm the important fortress of Acre garrisoned by a British force. No higher compliment could possibly be paid to national honour.

Graver difficulties than those arising from finance assailed our ministers after 1815. Contrary to the experience of most nations, war has been with us a period of prosperity — while peace has often brought our progress to a temporary pause. The cessation of enormous expenditure by government—the depression of trade, restored to its normal state after a long period of artificial encouragement—the sudden fall in the value of produce — contributed, with the enormous taxation still necessary, to create distress—and of course discontent. There was another cause more

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more influential still to excite disaffection among the labouring classes. Machinery was continually encroaching on manual toil; and, as it seemed to the people who found themselves deprived of employment by the superior economy of this new agent, was depriving them and their families of daily bread. 'They had been taught,' says Mr. Knight, 'as some demagogues still continue to teach, that all the evils of civilization are political evils.' Nor was there wanting behind these agitators a party which, entirely opposed to their doctrines, threw its shelter over them, under pretence of maintaining the rights of public meeting and freedom of speech. So threatening did these symptoms of disorder appear to foreign observers that there were some who conceived that the knell of our dissolution had been sounded in the hour of our highest glory.

It was the duty of the Ministers at all hazards to preserve society; nor did they shrink from it. Looking back at this distance of time, it appears amazing that so much violent opposition should have been offered to measures of obvious necessity for the repression of tumult. They were described by the Whig leaders as the 'most detestable ever introduced into Parliament'—as though their express design had been to subvert public liberty, not to preserve it. Freedom has perished much oftener from the turbulence of the people than from the usurpation of governments. The spirit of Jacobinism, though restrained, had lingered in England through the whole period of the war, and now endeavoured to turn all existing elements of evil to its own account. There was little probability that its wild plots could succeed, but they were excessively mischievous; and in discussing the precautionary and exceptional measures of an administration, it is surely no valid objection to urge that they were directed against no greater dangers than the massacre of a cabinet or the firing of London.

The discovery of the Thistlewood conspiracy justified the vigilance of Government, and rallied moderate men round authority. The most sensible of the disaffected, finding how vain were their efforts against society, were led to the wholesome conviction that 'by virtue and knowledge alone can the people work out their own redemption.' (i. 152.)

The first five years after the peace were years of commercial distress or apprehension, of political disturbance, of social disquietude. With the accession of George IV. better influences prevailed. Tranquillity, seriously threatened, had been maintained; that was the great point. The industry and enterprise inherent in English nature did all else that was necessary to recall prosperity. The Government was secure in parliamentary majorities, and in the support of the most sober classes of the country.

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country. The Whigs had well nigh lost heart and hope—when an unlooked-for incident came to revive their spirits.

It would appear that it is in the nature of political freedom to generate crises, more or less alarming: an element as variable as the ocean or the atmosphere, its ordinary state is gentle and wholesome activity, but subject at uncertain intervals to profound calm and violent tempest. When the horizon seemed most clear clouds began to gather. The Queen returned to England, and the question of her guilt or innocence furnished parties with a new ground for contest. The Ministers engaged in it with reluctance—of that there can be no doubt; the Opposition, with joy and alacrity. This time they were sure of popular sympathy: whatever might have been the errors of the Queen, it was impossible not to pity her position. The story of her trial is eloquently told by Miss Martineau—it occupies one of her most striking chapters. We have only to mark its political influence. Mr. Roebuck, speaking of the cabinet deliberations on her return, favours us with a noticeable *anecdote*:—

'The Whig party are *said* to have acted with a magnanimity worthy of the highest encomium. They gave the Ministers to understand that, if office were offered to them (the Whigs) by the King, in consequence of the Ministers refusing to prosecute the Queen, they would refuse it, even though the King should dispense in their case with the unworthy compliance he demanded of his actual cabinet. If this intimation were given—and that it was so I have *the highest authority for stating*—the baseness of the ministerial acquiescence is immeasurably enhanced.—vol. i. p. 9, note.

If Mr. Roebuck's anecdote be true, the magnanimity of the Whigs was not over-heroic. The advantages resulting from such an invidious proposal would be entirely on the side of those who made it. No English cabinet could receive it without a sense of degradation; and so far from being likely to incline them against the prosecution, it was calculated to bias them the other way, as, had they refused compliance with the King's wishes, the Whigs would have taken all the credit of the refusal to themselves, and accused the Tories of having been moved by interest, and not by conscience.

This episode in our political history soon vanished. So sudden are the revulsions of vulgar sentiment that the Queen's popularity was on the wane even before her death; but the courage with which the popular leaders championed her cause had gained them a higher place in public respect than they previously filled. The death of Lord Londonderry still further improved their position.

He was one of those rare men of decided character who are in themselves

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themselves a system of policy: so much is conceded by the hatred of his opponents. He was regarded by them with an intensity of bitterness—with an envenomed and personal antipathy—to which we know no parallel in modern days. Yet it is admitted, even by Miss Martineau, that he was 'amiable, winning, and generous in the walk of his daily life.' It was the force of his character which gained for him so much detestation. 'This man was the screw by which England had riveted the chains of nations' (*Mart.* i. 100): that is, he had established the peace of Europe on the firmest basis it had ever known, and discountenanced revolution in every shape, as the foe not only of governments but of humanity. The part assigned him as the representative of England at the Congress of Vienna was a tribute justly due to the sagacity and courage which had foreseen and realized the glorious termination of the contest. In his nature there was nothing showy; he was in the cabinet what Wellington was in the field. A supreme sense of duty filled his mind, and rendered him indifferent to popularity. He was eminently fitted for the part he had to sustain—for carrying out, that is, with resolute energy, grand conceptions of true statesmanship. The test of greatness is the influence it exercises on the future. The peace he founded subsists to this day; its principles are still recognized as the code of European policy, and, as we learn from recent accounts, are exercising a restraining and salutary influence on the councils of the Tuileries, waving, like a sword of flame, the French usurper from his ambitious projects. Posterity will assuredly do justice to the greatness of his character, and pay homage to the lofty triumphs of his statesmanship.

With his successor was inaugurated at the Foreign Office that liberal system which, pursued and developed by the Whigs, had the result of estranging us from the great Conservative powers of the Continent, and of leaving us at a most critical time without one cordial ally. Mr. Canning, we are told by Miss Martineau, entered 'manfully on his task of liberating nations.' Where are the substantial benefits of his policy? In what country has it borne good fruit? In Portugal? In Spain? In Italy? In Germany? In that New World which the intoxicated orator boasted of having 'called into existence to redress the balance of the old'? Alas! the wars of the South American States present the most sanguinary and dismal page in modern history.

It is a principle held by Liberal politicians with so much constancy as almost to induce a belief that there must be some foundation for it, that nations may be endowed with freedom by *Constitutions* as easily as children are pleased with toys and sweetmeats.

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sweetmeats. As the witty waiting-girl in the Malade Imaginaire refers every complaint of her master to 'le poumon,' their sole response to every grievance that reaches them from abroad is 'Constitution—Constitution—Constitution.' The remedy has been tried, Heaven knows, often enough since it was first announced. The world has been deluged with constitutions of late, but without any remarkable advance in the freedom or happiness of the nations most richly favoured with them. If constitutionalism alone could have benefited any country, France ought to be the most blessed under the sun. We leave her most eminent citizens to decide whether she is so. We are not ignorant of the theory of our brilliant essayist—that the disorders of liberty are to be cured by more liberty. This is much like the doctrine of the quack, who, accused of killing a man by his pills, replies that the patient died not by taking so many, but through not taking more. As the wise and sober Whig Mackintosh—the most accomplished and worst-used of modern Whigs—has so honestly pronounced, and so elegantly illustrated, free constitutions cannot suddenly be rooted in the mind of any people. They must grow up there to be abiding, and must be in perfect accordance with their nature, their instincts, their habitudes. To us constitutional rule appears natural and easy (though it can hardly appear simple); but we have been fitted for it by the education of a thousand years.

The career of Canning, though, perhaps, to the end his name was wormwood among the body of the Whigs, had been most substantially serviceable to them by breaking up the exclusiveness of parties. When the Duke of Wellington was summoned to form a Ministry, he had no longer the compact phalanx to depend on which formed the strength of Lord Liverpool's government. Of all achievements that of successful statesmanship in a free country is certainly the most difficult. Marlborough could boast that he never besieged a place he did not take, nor fought a battle he did not win. Our own great captain can point to a longer and still more brilliant career of heroic triumph;—but what statesman has ever achieved success equally uninterrupted? The life of the most distinguished among them has been signally chequered, and those who have held power the longest have usually in the end experienced the most grievous defeats.

The instability of the preceding Ministries had been a general complaint when the Duke became Premier. A strong government was desired, and it was thought he would form one: his great practical sagacity, his firmness of will, and splendid reputation throughout the world, all justified the anticipation. We do not often agree with Mr. Roebuck—but some of his remarks

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on this occasion seem creditable to his judgment, and afford a pleasing exception to the general acidity of his style :—

'No man can be a great soldier unless he possess great administrative talent, and this talent is more likely to be brought forth and fostered by the business of war than by the management of cases at Nisi Prius; yet because of the habit of speaking, the lawyer is deemed capable of governing; while the soldier, whose life is spent in action and not in talk, is considered unversed in what are called the civil affairs of State. The training of the Duke of Wellington was, however, of a much higher character than any which ordinary statesmen, or soldiers, or lawyers can hope to enjoy. In India, and Spain, and Portugal he led armies and he governed nations. To feed his armies, and to keep the people for whom he was nominally engaged obedient and favourable to his cause, he was obliged to bring into action all those great qualities of mind which are needed for the practical government of mankind. Every intricate question of finance, the various and perplexing operations of trade, the effects of every institution, commercial, political, of law and administration—all had to be understood, weighed, watched, and applied, while he led the armies of England, and, in fact, governed the people of Spain and Portugal. The vast combinations needed for his great campaigns made him familiar with every operation of government; and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the people of Spain and Portugal and their various rulers called into action every faculty of his mind, and made him profoundly skilled in the difficult art of leading and controlling men of all classes and of all characters.'—i. 41, 42.

Mr. Roebuck has evidently studied *Gurwood* with diligence, and closed the invaluable book with a clear and honest conviction. So have thinking men of all parties—all countries—nowhere more decidedly than in France. Yet the fact remains—account for it as we may—that the Duke's ministerial, in singular contrast to his military, career has been almost uniformly disastrous. From the first his Cabinet had not a strong look. Catholic emancipation, as in Canning's government, was left an open question; this encouraged the audacity of O'Connell and gave spirit to the Whigs. In the Commons Lord John carried his Bill for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts. This success indicated that the Whigs were rapidly gaining ground, and, from the readiness with which the Duke adopted the measure in the Lords, experienced politicians began to think that it was only a question of time when Emancipation would be brought forward as a Government measure.

It was every way unfortunate that throughout the session of 1828 the Duke in one House and Mr. Peel in the other opposed the Catholic claims as emphatically as they had ever done; their declarations gave confidence to the high Protestants, and led them to suppose that no change was contemplated; on that supposition

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sition they spoke and acted. There is a pride in conviction which revolts from sudden change. Sincere men may be persuaded out of their sentiments, but will never surrender them at the word of command. Though suspicions were abroad, there was not the slightest authority for the rumour that the Government intended to give way until the King's speech, on opening the session of 1829, announced the fact.

The measure originated with the Duke: he honestly believed that the time for concession had come. The principle of emancipation had been sanctioned by the Commons on Sir Francis Burdett's motion, by a majority of six; and, to increase the difficulty of resistance, O'Connell had been returned for Clare. We can fancy the Duke, with his clear, straightforward, practical sense, putting the case that emancipation must be conceded; and that the only question was whether the measure should be carried by his Government, or by a Government forced on the King against his will. The conversion of Mr. Peel to the Duke's view is commonly believed among people better informed than our authors to have been *very sudden*. We have some reasons for doubting the fact; but, were it established on clear evidence, we should see little difficulty in reconciling it with the marking features of his disposition. Opinion is usually of slow growth. An influence often unknown to ourselves—as early associations, or any accidental cause—may give the mind a bias in the first instance, and then it instinctively seizes on those circumstances and ideas which are best calculated to confirm its prepossession. In this respect its action resembles that of some of the testaceous tribes, which suffer the tide of ocean to flow through their open shell, but close it to grasp any trivial substance which they feel to be their proper food. There are men so constituted that their sentiments, being in perfect conformity with their temperament and character, remain unchanged from youth to age, and present the same being through all the varied stages of existence. Others are so exquisitely susceptible, so open to impression, that their whole mental life is continual oscillation. The representatives of great principles should be chosen from the former class; the latter are, we humbly think, out of their place on the summits of public life. Sir Robert Peel was extremely susceptible, and, like most persons of that constitution, he concealed the warmth, and even irritability of his feelings, under a cold and reserved exterior. But those who knew him best understood how easily he could be moved, and observed that tears would start to his eyes when his sympathies were strongly excited. It is said that he would faint from the slightest shock to his nervous system, or from a trifling degree of bodily pain. It

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was this acute sensibility which contributed to his death. No examination of his injuries could be made, as it was certain that he would sink under the operation. It is an illustration of the axiom 'extremes meet,' that genius and weakness are often allied in the tenderness of their physical organization. Opinion in persons of this stamp, however elaborately built up, is liable to sudden destruction when once unsettled. The new light, or fancied light, bursts on the mind at once, and there is scarcely an interval between doubt and renunciation. We are to consider, too, that in state affairs men are often called on to decide between courses of action rather than to resolve political problems. Necessity is in itself a potent ruler of opinion; even firm men soon find good reasons for acts which they believe to be inevitable; but we think we may assert that at least a year before the Duke proposed the Emancipation, Sir Robert had signified in private his conviction that such a measure could not be much longer deferred. We by no means desire to convey that he at that time contemplated his own part in carrying it.

It is said by one of our great divines that every act is attended by so long a train of consequences, as that no man can possibly foresee them to the end. This is especially true of political acts; and it furnishes the strongest possible argument against the slightest deviation from the strict straight path of truth and right. It must have seemed even to the Duke a strange circumstance, bearing the character of retribution, when seventeen years later the pupil retorted on the master the lesson he had been taught. In 1845 it was Sir Robert Peel who called his Cabinet together to announce a necessity for repealing the Corn Laws. His Grace could not see the necessity then, and he perhaps experienced a feeling, approaching mortification, at finding his tactics turned against himself. The plea availed in one case as in the other—and this time it was the great commander who had to mould his convictions and rule his conduct by an exigency not perceived till a junior announced it.

In theory it appears quite natural that a public man, who has always resisted a particular course of policy, and gathered a party about him on that understanding, should refuse to inaugurate it even when he perceives its necessity. It would seem more generous, more fair, to resign his power into the hands of his opponents, and allow them to carry out their own principles, rather than to adopt them and deprive their real owners of the fame, for good or ill, of placing their measures on the statute-book, after they had virtually secured their triumph.

The question is assuredly not so simple—for it may be urged that

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that it is the duty of a minister to set the interests of the crown and country above all other considerations, and to carry those measures most essential to the public good without much caring for the punctilios of party. On the supposition that he believes the necessity for a measure to exist, what must he do if he resign? Plainly support the measure by whomsoever introduced. May he not then do that as a minister which he, in honesty and honour, must do as a legislator?

It may seem to him that, while he is at accord with the rival Party on one particular question, he is opposed to the general scheme of their policy. The Duke had good reason for distrusting the Whigs—and George IV. believed he could not receive them without positive degradation. Was the Premier, because he found one measure indispensable, which they had partially made their own, to give them power to carry others of which he, on all possible grounds, disapproved? Again—every change of ministry occasions some inconvenience, and when changes are frequent they weaken the power of the State both at home and abroad, and disturb that regularity and order which the public interests require to be preserved. Still again—a Government is composed of many members and many dependents. It has great patronage. A Premier may himself be perfectly indifferent to the loaves and fishes of office, but it is not permitted him to wholly overlook his friends and retainers. There is a bond between them of service and reward, which serves very materially to keep parties together. Napoleon, it has been observed, was well served, because whoever adhered to him faithfully was sure of remembrance. A political leader, who lightly resigned office, would soon be without a following.

We may suppose that these various reasons had weight with the Duke—of all selfish motives it would be insolence to acquit him—and yet we still feel satisfied that the greatest of living men committed a grave error. Bossuet loftily says that the mind of the historian should be above the caprices of events and of fortune. To some extent this is true. But the wisdom of a policy must be judged by its consequences. The common sense of mankind recognizes no other rule—and in a vast majority of cases it must be right. The immediate effect of the Duke's course was to produce a bitter feeling of exasperation in a great part of the people—to weaken the confidence of the general mind in the good faith and declarations of public men—to directly encourage agitation by promising it success when sufficiently active—to break up his party—to bring his government to an unpitied end—and to throw such absolute power into the hands of the Whigs

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Whigs as enabled them to revolutionize the constitution of the country. A course which had such results could not have been politic—could scarcely have been just.

It is to mistake the position of a minister in a free country to suppose that his chief duty is to serve the Crown in the sense of carrying on the routine business of Government. This could be done without the costly complexity of a constitutional system. To represent him as exclusively the servant of the Sovereign is a fiction, which, if acted on, might well lead the sagest mind into error. It is in the nature of free institutions to elicit a full disclosure of sentiments. Every leading public man is the representative of principles of policy. He is not indeed expected to act the part of a mere delegate, but his declarations are understood to convey his real opinions, and according to their character he is trusted and supported, or distrusted and opposed. Hence parties are formed, and their contests with each other—whatever evils may attend them—constitute the healthy action of a representative system. The line which divides these parties is usually broad and distinct—those important questions which test their relative strength are the key-stone to a whole political system. This was certainly the case with Catholic Emancipation, and as certainly with the Corn Laws.

That statesmen should modify their views with the progress of events, is natural; nor can it be expected or desired that they should be guilty of the hypocrisy of concealing their altered sentiments. But the minister who, without concert or explanation with his followers, suddenly takes up with his opponents' principles, and employs the power he received on the faith of the sincerity of his professions, to carry by a *coup d'état* the measures which he had professed the firmest resolution to resist, does unquestionably take the most effectual means of wholly breaking up his party and rendering it powerless. And this is so great an evil—so momentous in its results as effecting a total change in the condition of parties in the State—so deplorable as not only leading to distrust of the most solemn declarations and assurances of public characters, but exciting dissatisfaction with the Constitution itself—that no considerations of attendant good can, in our opinion, make amends for it.

It is mere sophistry to allege difficulties in the way of a directer course. That party which has long advocated a particular course of policy is certainly the best calculated to carry it into effect. Its natural authors can afford to be moderate, and even magnanimous, in success. They can make concessions, to meet the fears or protect the interests of opponents, which cannot be afforded by ministers

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ministers who take up with their policy on compulsion—and who, acting in the face of an unbroken party, must in prudence avoid giving *it* any new ground of exasperation. Had the Whigs, as a government, carried Catholic Emancipation and Corn Law Repeal, it is probable that we should have had stronger provisions against Romanist Aggression in the one case, and against undue depression of the Agricultural Interest in the other, than we actually obtained; and, at all events, neither the Protestant party nor the Country party would have been rendered so powerless as both in turn were by the desertion of the force on which they had most implicitly relied.

We recommend those who have an absolute faith in party tactics, and who believe that an Opposition can be routed by stealing its principles, to mark what has been the actual result of their ingenious system—how surely it has recoiled upon themselves. When the principles of a party have been acknowledged to be just and salutary, and have been adopted by the legislature, that party acquires such distinction and credit in the country as to ensure its accession to office at no distant date. Measures and men—whatever may be said to the contrary—are inseparably united in the public mind; nor will any specious reasoning ever lead to the conclusion that one party in the State should enjoy all the honours and emoluments of office, while the other should be content with the empty triumph of dictating principles of policy. This separation of pudding from praise can never suit *John Bull's* ideas—fair play is his jewel.

The ministry, after the success of its Catholic Bill, fell into universal discredit. The Whigs, who had cordially supported it during the struggle, and who, tired of barren patriotism, would gladly have listened to any overtures from the Duke for their accession, became furious when they found they were to be neglected. The schoolboy lesson, 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,' never received a better illustration than in their applause of the Duke while he was forwarding their ends and breaking up his own party. A government is usually in a false position which receives the cheers of the opposition benches. We have learned to consider such plaudits as about the unhappiest of omens.

The Duke might have met the enmity of the Whigs, but there was no contending against the division in his own ranks. Many of the most high-principled of the Tory party, indignant at the manœuvre by which they had been defeated, and at the outrage offered to the religious feeling of the country, expressed themselves favourable to a reform in the representation of the people, and

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and their declarations, acting on the sentiment out-of-doors, that the opinions of the people had been contemptuously overlooked, had, it is not to be doubted, considerable influence in fixing the public mind on that subject.

The ministry endeavoured to regain the ground they had lost by the usefulness of their administration. Improvements were introduced in the law; retrenchment was carried out with an unsparing hand; taxes were repealed to a large amount. All would not do. The country could not be coaxed into approval. The strong ministry of the Duke became perhaps the weakest and the most unpopular known under the house of Brunswick. The elections on the death of George IV. brought out this fact in a striking manner:—

'Two brothers and a brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel were thrown out. Mr. Hume came in for the county of Middlesex. While the Duke of Newcastle was causing the return of members hostile to the ministry, their faithful friend, the Duke of Rutland, could not carry the county of Cambridge; and Lord Ebrington was returned for Devonshire. *No cabinet minister obtained a seat by anything like open and popular election.* Of the eighty-two county members only twenty-eight were avowedly on the ministerial side, while forty-seven were avowedly on the other side. Of the twenty-eight members representing the greatest cities three were ministerialists, and twenty-four liberals.'—*Martineau*, ii. 6.

The 'glorious days of July' came at the right moment to swell the tide. *Harry Brougham*, decorated with his tri-color watch-ribbon, was triumphantly returned for Yorkshire; and from the general character of the elections it appeared plain that the concession of the Catholic claims—so far from keeping out the Whigs—as the ministerial movers anticipated—was to have the direct effect of bringing them in.

Liberal writers are accustomed to assert that it was the Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform at the opening of the new parliament which annihilated his Cabinet. 'The Prime Minister,' says Miss Martineau, 'settled everything—the fate of his government and the course of public affairs for years to come—by a few sentences in the opening debate.' (ii. 16.) Mr. Roebuck follows in the same strain:—'The anger of the people out-of-doors, roused by the Duke's impolitic avowal, forced the Whigs onward; and the Duke retired, not before the parliamentary forces of the Whig opposition, but in deference to the overwhelming force of that public opinion which he had most unwisely roused and offended.' (i. 371.) Parliament met in November. Before it was a fortnight old ministers were defeated in the Commons—only, it is true, by a majority of 29 in a house of 437—but that majority included some of the most influential

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fluential Tories. This vote dissolved the Tory government. Eighteen months had elapsed since the passing of the Catholic Bill; and for so long it had been in the humiliating position of existing by the sufferance of its various enemies—old and new. To other sources of mortification was added that of seeing agitation more rampant in Ireland than ever. O'Connell, coarsely exulting in his success, declared for Repeal of the Union, and defied the Duke. His Grace's Irish Secretary, Sir H. Hardinge, was 'a paltry, contemptible little English soldier;'—'and at this time,' writes Miss Martineau, 'we find first recorded that expression of O'Connell's, which he used with the utmost freedom of application for the rest of his life—the administration was "base, bloody, and brutal."' (ii. 8.) This was the grateful recognition by the Romish faction of the great boon which was to pacify Ireland and disarm her agitators.

For sixty years—save a few short intervals—the Whigs had been condemned to battle in opposition, without even popular sympathy to console them. Parties have had a long reign with us. For nearly sixty years previous, the Tories had suffered a still more complete and harsh exclusion. With the epoch of 1830 the turn of the Whigs came round again. The accession of George I. secured their rule by a new dynasty; and through the Reform Bill they sought to perpetuate it by a new representative system.

The long experience and opposition tactics of the Whigs were now recalled and pondered. Though it was evident that the ministry was broken up by the Emancipation Bill—though the elections had rendered it certain that a change was imminent—yet there was little expectation of a pure Whig government being formed. We can perfectly recollect that many of the warmest supporters of Grey, and Hobhouse, and Brougham shook their heads at the idea of the Empire being intrusted to them. They were regarded as very useful in their old line; excellent guards to blow the horn, and watch over the mail-bags with loaded blunderbuss—but hardly staid or skilful enough to be intrusted with the reins on the box. It would seem as if they shared in this feeling themselves; for the great hitch in the constitution of a new Cabinet arose from an apprehension that it could not last.

Not the least curious portion of Mr. Roebuck's work relates to the difficulty experienced in satisfying Mr. Brougham's expectations. Though intimately allied with Earl Grey for years past, he distrusted the aristocratic exclusiveness of his party, and seems to have entertained a suspicion that he should not be treated with that deference by the new government to which his abilities and his

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his place in popular estimation entitled him. To be frank, it was no easy matter to satisfy him. He desired high judicial station for life, and to retain at the same time his full influence in the Legislature. To be Master of the Rolls, member for Yorkshire, and perhaps leader of the Commons, would suit his convenience, gratify his ambition, and afford scope for his activity. On the afternoon of the 16th November, Lord Grey had his first interview with the King. On the same day Mr. Brougham was offered the post of Attorney-General—and peremptorily refused it. That same evening he entered the House of Commons, and showed that he 'was not in a mood which made neglect of him and his pretensions either safe or politic.' (i. 434.) His motion for Reform stood for that evening; and in reply to Lord Althorp, who urged him to postpone it, he said that he would do so against his own opinion, and only in deference to the wishes of the house. 'And further, as no change that can take place in the administration can by any possibility affect me, I beg it to be understood that in putting off the motion I will put it off till the 26th of this month, and no longer.' (i. 435.) He regarded the offer made him as an insult; and, according to Mr. Roebuck, 'must have felt what all the world believed, that the wish of the Whig leaders was, if possible, to form an administration without him.' (i. 434.)—It might occur to cool bystanders—(if such there were)—that an office which since the Revolution had been filled by Somers, and Yorke, and Murray, and Thurlow, and Scott was not altogether so inadequate to his pretensions as he was pleased to consider it.

The confusion of *contemporary history* is apparent in the various versions given by Mr. Roebuck of the transactions which took place in reference to the appointment of Master of the Rolls, so much desired by Mr. Brougham. Lord Grey was well-informed of his learned friend's wishes. According to one statement, the King peremptorily negatived the appointment when submitted to him by Lord Grey; and, according to another, his Lordship never mentioned the appointment to the King at all (i. 472.) One account asserts that the Duke of Wellington, on taking leave of the King, warned his Majesty 'not to consent to Mr. Brougham being made Master of the Rolls, because at that time he deemed Mr. Brougham the most dangerous person in Parliament; and thought that his powers for mischief would be indefinitely increased, if he were made entirely independent, as he would have been if Master of the Rolls, and allowed to hold, as he then would, a seat in the House of Commons' (i. 471). Another asserts that 'the Whigs were resolved that he should not have

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have that office,' and that, if the King were prompted on the occasion, the prompting was by the Whigs, not by the Duke of Wellington. (i. 473, 4.)

It is not our part to reconcile these contradictions. Mr. Roebuck adds:—

'It has been said that the notion of Mr. Brougham's being Master of the Rolls never entered the head of anybody except that of Mr. Brougham, and that either Lord Grey never gave the reason supposed to have been assigned to Mr. Brougham by him, or that, if he did so, it was a devise to escape from a difficulty.'—i. 472.

The principle of uniting judicial office with parliamentary influence and party objects is so universally condemned, that we can very well understand how reluctant the new premier must have been to sanction it, and with what good reason the King might have peremptorily refused it without being prompted either by the Duke or Lord Grey. Mr. Roebuck conceives that his friend was injuriously treated, and thinks that 'a wary man would have hesitated, under such circumstances, to put himself into the power of those who could thus act;' but Lord Brougham himself, we imagine, would now, on a calm retrospect, confess it to have been a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Brougham's wishes were not gratified.

From the 14th to the 18th of November he received no further communication from Lord Grey. On the latter day the first council of the new cabinet was held, and Lord Grey announced that he had the King's sanction for offering the Great Seal to Mr. Brougham. The Cabinet unanimously concurred; but Mr. Brougham 'refused the Seal—giving as his reason the *great uncertainty of the continuance of the ministry*, and the great sacrifice, therefore, which acceptance would entail on him.' However, after an interview with Lord Althorp and Lord Sefton, in which they appealed to his patriotism, and stated that, without his acceptance, Lord Grey must resign his mission, he withdrew his refusal. 'That the man who had won the battle was to be passed over in the division of the spoil,' says Mr. Roebuck, 'does indeed seem strange, and plainly proves that some powerful influence was at work against him.'—(i. 475.) That he won the battle may be questioned; that he was passed over in the division of the spoil seems a strange assertion—more especially when the retiring pension of Chancellor was soon after raised from 4000*l.* to 6000*l.* a-year—we suppose, in consequence of the 'great uncertainty' of the ministry's duration.

How to secure their permanence became now the first object of anxiety. There is a noble passage in the Iliad, where Hector, reaching

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reaching the Grecian ships, finds all the toil of years repaid by that hour of victory, and calls for fire to complete the destruction of the enemy. Lord Grey must have experienced a similar feeling of exultation when the power of government was placed in his hands. But thoughts of vengeance mingled with his glow of triumph. The foe was routed, not annihilated; he cried with the Trojan hero, 'bring fire,' that the struggle might be final and the victory assured. He determined on Reform. Four members of the Government, Lord Durham, Lord Duncannon, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell, were formed into a committee, 'to prepare the outline of a measure large enough to satisfy at once the public opinion and *to prevent any further change.*'—(*Roebuck*, ii. 29.) Their deliberations resulted in the celebrated Bill.

It is superfluous to say in 1852 that this measure was dictated purely by party considerations. Lord John Russell had, only in the previous session, fully stated his views on Reform: 'Regarding our representative system as an aggregate, he was opposed to any material change in it.'—He would take one member from each of sixty small boroughs and give them to large towns and counties, and would compensate the boroughs for the loss of their members by a fixed sum to be granted by Parliament.—This was the furthest limit of what he considered to be safe Reform. It was the ludicrous contrast between his plan of 1830 and his Bill of 1831, that drew shouts of laughter from the house when he complacently announced its provisions. Lord Grey, who of all members of the Government had been on that question the most consistent in his views, candidly acknowledged that his first disposition was to limit the Reform within a much narrower compass than he afterwards found would satisfy his supporters; while the Lord Chancellor, according to the 'report,' which Mr. Roebuck chronicles, 'was among the most timid, and was the least inclined to spontaneously grant those changes which the people so ardently desired.'—(ii. 26.)

According to Mr. Roebuck, King William wished the whole subject to be postponed until the next Session; and certainly this would have been no unnatural desire when we consider, with the recentness of his own accession, the revolutionary excitement of the Continent, and its reflection on the English mind. But to Mr. Roebuck it is a convincing proof of the Monarch's insincerity. While, however, announcing his opinions ex cathedrâ, he is candid enough to acknowledge that the materials for a true judgment are not yet before the public:—

'The secret history of this period is to be found in the letters of the ministers of that day, and in their correspondence with the King, through

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through Sir Herbert Taylor; the time may come when these letters may see the light; now, however, we can only obtain some furtive glimpses of the facts as they occurred.'—ii. 27.

If the King were really so much opposed to all reform as Mr. Roebuck represents—and if such had been the fact, it would certainly be no impeachment of his good sense—how came he to sanction the Bill before it was introduced into Parliament—when it was submitted to him by Lord Grey, and discussed with him from point to point? It was not until a later day that conviction of its danger was forced on the King's mind by the revolutionary spirit and frightful outrages it excited. But then regret was vain—it was too late to retract. The first Parliament of William IV. was only five months old when the Bill was laid before it. The Government perfectly well knew that in that Parliament it could not pass; while preparing their measure they anticipated the necessity of a dissolution. There are obvious reasons why the power should be vested in the Crown of making an appeal to the country as emergencies arise—but there can be no doubt that to dissolve a Parliament recently and fairly elected, for the express purpose of obtaining a majority on a particular measure in a time of great party excitement, is directly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, and immediately tends to degrade representation into mere delegation. So it proved in this memorable instance. When the new elections took place, a majority of the members were returned under formal and servile pledges to support the Bill.

Among the changes it has made in the Constitution not the least dangerous are those which are supplied by its precedents. A ministry seeks a dissolution only for its own purposes; and it will hereafter be impossible to resist its demands when it has raised a great excitement on account of a particular measure, however perilous the Legislature and the Sovereign may deem it. Nor will the Lords be able to oppose an effectual barrier to democratic agitation. To the voice of the people, clearly pronounced, whatever arts may have been used to delude and inflame it, yield they must.

With a decisive majority in the new House of Commons there was yet, in those days, a great difficulty in view: it was known that the bill would be lost in the Lords. How was this obstacle to be overcome? Two projects were broached—to swamp the Peers by a large creation, or to intimidate them by urging the people to the very brink of revolution. Lord Grey was jealous of his Order, and his Government decided on the latter course.

It was with this view that Lord Grey addressed the Peers in the language of menace; warning them against provoking civil war,

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war, and insolently telling the Bishops 'to put their house in order.' The mob understood this language, and—as Miss Martineau reports—'for many months—till some time after the Reform Bill became the law of the land—it was not safe for any Bishop to appear in public in any article of sacerdotal dress. Insults followed if hat or apron showed themselves in the streets.' (ii. 44.) The Birmingham Political Union met to the number, it was said, of 150,000 men. A resolution was passed to pay no taxes, should the Bill be thrown out; and Lord John Russell, replying in set phrase of gratitude and compliment to the meeting, wrote it was 'impossible that the whisper of a faction could prevail against the voice of a nation.' (*Roeb.* ii. 219.) When the bill was lost by a majority of forty-one, 'the only means left to the Reformers was terror.' (*Ibid.* 230.) This agency had been at work for some time past. At the elections serious riots had occurred. Then it was—to our lasting disgrace—that Apsley House had to be defended by ball-proof shutters. After the Edinburgh election—Lord Advocate Jeffrey being the Reform candidate and defeated—the Lord Provost was attacked on the North Bridge, and with difficulty rescued by the military. (*Mart.* ii. 41.) These outrages increased after the vote of the Lords. 'At Derby the gaol was carried by the mob, the prisoners released, and several lives lost after the arrival of the military. At Nottingham the castle was burnt, avowedly because it was the property of the Duke of Newcastle.' (*Ib.* 46.) The riots at Bristol were more serious:—

'The mob declared openly what they were going to do, and they went to work unchecked—armed with staves and bludgeons from the quays, and with iron palisades from the Mansion-house—to break open and burn the bridewell, the gaol, the Bishop's Palace—[Lord Grey's *text* was remembered]—the Custom-house, and Queen-square. They gave half an hour's notice to the inhabitants of each house in the square, which they then set fire to in regular succession, till two sides, each measuring 550 feet, lay in smoking ruins. The bodies of the drunken [Reformers] were seen roasting in the fire.'—*Martineau*, ii. 48.

From the bosom of the Political Unions sprang Chartism, which now openly reared its front, 'declaring all distinction of ranks to be unnatural and vicious, and inviting the working men throughout the country to come up to their grand meeting at White Conduit-house, on the 7th of November.' (*Ib.* ii. 51.) The Whig ministers looked on with complacency. The Duke of Wellington communicated his thoughts to his Majesty on the necessity of suppressing the Political Unions. Our readers may like to see Mr. Roebuck's account of the King's conduct at this crisis:—

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'Every one now understood that the great Whig aristocracy had set their fortune on a cast, and that they were determined to stand the hazard of the die. *No wonder that the King should in such a state of things be alarmed and indignant.* He daily, nay hourly, called upon his ministers to check this dangerous outbreak of the popular indignation, to apply palliatives, and not stimulants, to the already too excited feelings of the people; and *he composed an elaborate paper upon the dangers resulting to the kingdom from the existence of political unions,* and desired that his law officers should advise him as to the means afforded by the present law for the suppression of these associations, and what could be done, if the law, as it stood, was not sufficient. *We shall quickly see that his Majesty had good cause for alarm.*'—*Roebuck,* ii. 219, 220.

What evidence is there here of 'contemptible capacity' or of 'finished dissembling?' Is it not admitted that the King's distrust of his ministers was well founded? Must he be accused of insincerity on the Reform question because he could not agree with Lord John Russell in applauding the refusal of the political unions to pay taxes? '*The Republican radicals,*' Mr. Roebuck continues, '*were ready to adopt measures directly leading to civil war:*'—was *the King* to remain quiescent until those measures could be matured? His Ministry yielded to his remonstrances so far as to issue a proclamation against Political Unions—but their leaders—having some close connexion with the Home Office—laughed at the prohibition, and continued their agitation more actively than ever. 'The National Union immediately put out its assertion that the proclamation did not apply to it, nor to the great majority of Unions then in existence.' (*Martineau,* ii. 53.)

Parliament met again on the 6th of December. In the last paragraph of his speech, the King said:—

'I know I shall not appeal in vain to my faithful subjects to second my determined resolution to repress all illegal proceedings by which the peace and security of my dominions may be endangered.'

Mr. Roebuck asserts that this sentence was suggested by the King himself, who dreaded the combinations of the people which could alone carry the Reform Bill (ii. 232). Are we to suppose from this that the King was wrong in his determination to maintain the ascendancy of law and order, and that he ought to have abdicated in favour of the political unions? The author contradicts himself when he speaks of the hatred of the King to the Reform Bill, for a few pages previously (222) we read that 'the King and his immediate and intimate advisers were alike terrified by the violence and fierce language of the press and the people, and ready to adopt any feasible means by which the Bill might be

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be passed into a law.' Mr. Roebuck often writes at random when a malignant interpretation is to be put upon conduct. He does not seem to consider whether his version will bear even a gloss of probability.

The Bill was introduced into the Commons by Lord John Russell for the third time. In the Upper House the second reading was carried by nine, but on the first division in committee ministers were defeated by thirty-five. The question now was, whether a sufficient number of peers should be created to give the Government a majority. The point had been debated in several meetings of the Cabinet. We know not how far Mr. Roebuck's statements are to be depended on.

'The ministry looked almost entirely to the Chancellor for advice and support. Lord Grey saw all the dangers and difficulties of his position, and trembled before them. He was kept at his post and his courage was sustained by the more active and resolute mind of his colleague.'—ii. 225.

According to our historian's detail of facts, a large majority of the Cabinet at first declared against a creation; but 'on the 1st of January, 1832, the majority reluctantly, and at first only partially, gave up their own opinions in favour of those of the Chancellor and Lord Durham' (ii. 226). The King, as an earnest of his determination to have the Bill carried, was asked to create ten peers; but his Majesty 'preferred, he said, doing what was necessary at once to proceeding by driblets, and offered to create twenty-one new peers, which he somewhat hastily assumed that Lord Grey could warrant was sufficient to carry the Bill.' The subject was postponed until it was seen what the decision of the Lords would be. The ministerial defeat on a mere matter of detail in committee did not seem to the King of sufficient importance to justify the creation of *fifty or sixty peers*—and he received the resignation of the Ministers.

On the devotion of the Duke the King knew he could depend. He was summoned to the royal councils—but the situation was hopeless. Sir Robert Peel stood prudently aloof. The Commons, by an overwhelming majority, were pledged to the Bill. A dissolution at that time would have been madness—and how could the Government be carried on in the face of a hostile House of Commons and an exasperated people? The Duke could answer for the peace of the country, but for no more. He was again checkmated; his loyalty had no other effect than to give circulation to a host of calumnious stories representing him as eager for an occasion of letting loose his red-coats upon the people. Miss Martineau duly

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duly parades the old Radical tales of the Scotch Greys being employed through the Sunday 'rough-sharpening their swords, to make them inflict a ragged wound' (*Mart.*, ii. 65). That some preparations against an outbreak were necessary was shown by the attitude of the Birmingham Union, 'now 200,000 strong, which was to encamp on Hampstead Heath, or perhaps Penenden Heath, in order to incorporate with it bodies coming from the south' (*Mart.*, ii. 63). The detail is worthy of a housekeeper's tea-table.

This agitation was the more criminal as it was wholly unnecessary. Throughout these books it is assumed that the Bill was carried by intimidation; that it was forced upon the King and the Lords by 'popular influence;' and that without the Unions and their gatherings it must have been lost. The assumption is wholly groundless; we contest it from first to last; and we dwell on it for a moment here, because it has often been extolled as a politic movement, and because some leading public men were certainly at the bottom of it—or why the *hint* to Sir W. Napier about taking the command of the Unionists?

With a hostile House of Commons no Government can be carried on; the body can no more live when the heart has ceased to beat, than the State can fulfil its functions when the Commons refuse their co-operation. It was not the mob-meetings nor the threatening language used at them, nor the silly placarding 'run for gold' which checked the Duke. They must know little of his character who think so; it was the knowledge that the Commons were irreconcilably opposed to him, and that he could not hope for a favourable change by a Dissolution. This was a constitutional obstacle not to be overcome, and the Duke bowed to it, and retired.

The agitation was indeed so far from forwarding the Bill that it had a directly contrary effect. It was the frenzy excited by the Bill, and the boasting insolence of vulgar demagogues—the threats of violence, and the revolutionary organization—which embittered the objections of the steady Tories, and at last arrayad against it that body of moderate opinion which, commonly silent in this country, has always great weight when circumstances force it to declare itself. The King came to regard it with dislike and fear when he saw the dark influences embattled on its side, and even the majority in the Commons declined as the violence out of doors went on increasing. The Reform majority on Lord Ebrington's motion for an address to the Crown sank to 80, and the party, by Mr. Roebuck's own admission, was kept together only by indefatigable exertion.

Had the Birmingham Union made their threatened movement,

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there would from that instant have been an end to Reform. The action of 'physical force,' on which some of the Whig leaders were so senseless as to rely, would of necessity have suspended the proceedings of the Legislature, and thrown for the time all power into the hands of the Executive. In the march of an immense multitude to London, collision at some point with the authorities charged to preserve the peace must occur; and what can it be supposed that a mass of undisciplined artizans, however vast, could have effected against the army united under its illustrious chief? The miserable timidity which has twice betrayed the throne in France would not have paralyzed here the soldier's arm. The dispersion of the Manchester multitude by three troops of hussars would have been a lesson not lost on either party. Had the Duke been driven to draw the sword, his sense of duty would have forced him to keep it unsheathed until tranquillity was restored. Order is not only the first condition of government, but the foundation on which all law and all society are built up. In spite of his memorable declaration—which has done him scarcely less honour than his immortal victories—that he would lay down his life to preserve his country from civil war—he would have felt himself compelled to act with decision on the instant that *insurrection* declared itself. There can be no doubt what the result would have been. But when would the angry passions excited by the contest have died away? Revolution would have commenced where physical resistance ended. A return to legal and constitutional rule would have been impossible; and whether civil liberty had perished by the sword maintaining its ascendancy, or by the disorders which would inevitably have broken forth when it was laid aside, the British Constitution would have been equally lost.

With the resignation of the Duke the struggle ended. He withdrew from the Lords until the Bill passed, and most of the opposition peers followed his example. Why the ministry shrank so long from a large creation of peers, has never been satisfactorily explained. According to Lord Brougham in his *Political Philosophy*, it is exceedingly doubtful, after all, whether either he or Earl Grey would ever have screwed up their courage to insist on such a measure. The passage we allude to is, certainly, the most extraordinary one as yet published in reference to the interior history of that time; but our sincere respect for Lord Brougham forbids a formal discussion of his avowed narration at the tail of an article on Mr. Roebuck and Miss Martineau.

The *final* character of the Reform Bill was, as Mr. Roebuck records, one of the reasons most insisted on by its authors in excuse of its extensive changes. Twenty years have passed, and

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and the statesman who conducted that bill through the Commons comes forward with a new representative scheme. We are duly thankful for its failure — but let us not forget that it dropped still-born only because it did not go nearly far enough to meet the views of the noble lord's supporters. The more radical combination with which we are threatened as a Government, should the country afford support to its pretensions, would undoubtedly bring in a bill of a more comprehensive character, and all the dreary work of agitation would have to be gone through once again, to be followed, at a still shorter interval, by other more sweeping measures yet—until our legislature resembled the worst of French Assemblies or Conventions.

Miss Martineau seems to anticipate that the next great agitation we are doomed to undergo will be *social*. In a passage written very shortly before the great outbreak of Socialism in Paris, and when the labour workshops and other fooleries of Louis Blanc were in full blow, she tells us that 'the great question of the *Rights of Labour* cannot be neglected under lighter penalty than ruin to all;' and that its 'solution may be the central fact of the next period of British history.' We have better hope than that Socialism, in any of its monstrous shapes, will ever be permitted to gain ground amongst us. It is impossible that the view of the revolutions and troubles of the Continent, and more especially of France—attended with so many and so great evils to all the best interests of mankind, and especially to freedom—can be wholly lost on our people. If political experience can exercise any, the slightest, influence over opinion, we may rationally hope that the Conservative element in this country will be greatly strengthened by the evidence still passing before our eyes of the immeasurable evils which follow from the adoption of rash theories, and attend on the excesses of popular agitation. The practical sense of England, strong as we admit it to be, is liable to sudden aberrations, both commercial and political. Bubbles are mistaken for realities in both cases; but there is this difference between them, that while the evils of commercial panic can rarely be more than temporary, those of political convulsion may be permanent and final. Robust as the English Constitution is, we doubt—like Jeffrey in his sobered judicial age—if it could survive another Reform crisis.

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ART. VII.—*Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon, illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery.* By Lady Theresa Lewis. 3 vols. 8vo., 1852.

IT may seem singular that neither Dr. Waagen nor Mrs. Jameson should have noticed, in their comprehensive accounts of the works of art near London, the remarkable collection formed by the great Chancellor Clarendon, which is preserved at the Grove, in Hertfordshire, within twenty miles of the metropolis. This omission may be ascribed to the oblivious veil thrown over the very existence of these heir-looms by the retiring habits, for nearly half a century, of the two last noble inmates; and rarely has shy and reserved scholar or world-weary statesman retreated to hermitage more peaceful and self-sufficing. Neither when the present distinguished Peer came into possession, and these authors were busy collecting materials, could acquaintance with this gallery well become more general. The portals of the Grove were closed alike on them and on the owner, occupied with high offices abroad and away—and gems rich and rare were yet a while longer doomed to blush unseen and undescribed. This is a casualty to which such collections are more exposed here than on the continent. There they are concentrated in city museums, open to the public, illustrated by professional directors, and fostered by *paternal* governments, who, treating their subjects as children, provide them with hornbooks and leading-strings. In England, which wealth and security of property have made emphatically the paradise of collectors, our *laissez-aller* governments either care for none of these things, or leaving their full-grown countrymen to shift for themselves, trust to the chapter of accidents and individual exertions—or, if they do interfere in such delicate departments, provide laughing-stocks to foreigners, who manage these matters better. Be that as it may—ever since sage Montesquieu attributed the psychological formation of national character to the terrestrial zones and skyey influences, our lively neighbours have connected these and sundry other Bœotianisms of Great Britain with its fogs. Of a truth, a catch-cold climate and coal-beds inexhaustible suggest the comforts of home, which, as there is no place like it, we pretty generally decorate to our best with private gatherings and garnish: these—good or bad according to personal taste—are the flowerets which lure from the dry high-roads of daily duty and drudgery—and are surely not ungracefully offered to the household gods. Again, a hatred of London blacks which efface the lines where beauty lingers, and a love for the country, the second nature of an Englishman, draft these domesticated hobbies to air more conservative, and to

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to habitations in which forefathers have lived and descendants may guard them. Hence the number of fine things that are withdrawn every year by a pardonable egotism from the beaten paths of men: left thus to private caprice and ignorance — for brain cannot be entailed like land—too many are forgotten and lost, until some indefatigable German doctor, or enthusiastic virtuosa, digs up the soul of Pedro Garcia.

All who have had the good fortune to visit the Grove, happily no longer hermetically sealed, will admit that Lady Theresa Lewis has peculiar claims to form a catalogue of the gallery and illustrate its worthies. Sister of the founder's representative, who also has well breasted storms of state, and bred up herself amid such home associations, the *religio loci* must have grown with her growth, until forms and faces of the dead, living in her mind's eye, would become familiar as those of existing kindred and friends. We must all have felt the mysterious influence which life-sized portraits exercise on the imagination when, conscious of presence, they are mused on at night-fall; nor can it be difficult to understand with what silent eloquence these shadowy figures, starting as it were from their frames, must have appealed to one so near and dear, to chronicle deeds done in the flesh, and fill up a record which an accident had too long left a blank. We may, however, compliment Lady Theresa Lewis not only on the filial piety which suggested and inspired her work, but on the diligence, accuracy, and ability of its execution. Her essay may not, perchance, tally with the preconceptions of those who have anticipated from fair hands some delicacy penned with crowquill on gilt-edged paper, and hovering between confectionary Books of Beauty and ladybird Queen-Biographies, which do the ephemeral business of the boudoir and die: but, dealing with a civil chaos, the crash of crowns and altars, her written exponent reflects the serious tone of the theme and time, and will be welcomed by all whose appetite, braced by intellectual exercise, demands and digests the substantial and nutritious.

It was no easy task to book something new on the general bearing of this eventful subject; the great landmarks and principal actors have been fixed by the founder of the gallery—enshrined and illustrated in his History; and Clarendon drew with his pen the minds of his contemporaries no less masterly than Vandyke sketched their features with his pencil. In our times, moreover, we have seen the court and camp of Charles and Cromwell invaded by plumy paladins and awe-inspiring amazons in hosts; the late *Mr. D'Israeli* with his gossiping but

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but always amusing Commentaries; *M. Guizot* with his over-rated Restoration, where the English past was warmed up for a present French purpose; *Carlyle*, quaintly coxcombical—but picturesque, dramatic, an honest zealot—a brave thinker—with more genius than a hundred *sham* poets and *stump-orators;*—*Foster*, philosophical, suggestive, and masculine;—*Warburton*, smart and sparkling, but ignorant and inconclusive. No end either of royal chamber-women: we have *Miss Benger*, who so watered the whisky of Chalmers, and disturbed his deathbed by plagiarisms; worthy prosy *Lucy Aikin;* the clever and painstaking but ultra-bigoted and ultra-sentimental *Agnes Strickland;* all busy alike—scrap-stitching, tidying and misplacing, book and bed making; and last, not least, *Mrs. Sutherland*, with her *Clarendon Catalogue*, printed in two colossal quartos of some 700 pages each, and sold at the moderate price of six guineas—*pereant male qui ante nos nostra dixerint.* In a field so well gleaned, Lady Theresa could only fall back on the over-looked or the inadequately treated—and hope, by separating the man from the mass, to enlist sympathy for *him*—and peradventure furnish new materials for future history, which distils and concentrates the essence. Biography paints in miniature, and occasionally too minutely—*L'auteur se tue à alonger ce que le lecteur se tue à abréger*—and details are run into which destroy breadth and interest; yet the compilation of a mere catalogue is a labour to which real talent has no right to be condemned, and may well be left to the auctioneer and Academy. A *catalogue raisonné* is of a higher order, and less easy to do well than is imagined; for, while short notices of pictures convey nothing definite, long disquisitions weary. Pithy and pregnant, indeed, must be the sentences that express in a few lines both the character of the art and the person, and give alike the gist of the painter and the portrayed; and this, we must say, Lady Theresa has gone far to accomplish in the descriptive catalogue with which her volumes are concluded, and which was all she had originally intended, in order to fill up the blank left by her predecessors. Her author appetite grew, however, on what it fed, until sketches expanded into full-lengths—for she has spared no labour in reconciling conflicting statements of a period when party spirit ran high, when events, actions, and characters were misrepresented. Dissatisfied with stereotyped sources of information, she has not disdained to search, amid museums and muniment-rooms, for all original matter that bore upon this Clarendon collection—which the period and circumstances—above all the definite, specific purpose

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purpose of its foundation—as also its subsequent strange chances, have invested with no common interest.

In a former number (cxxxviii.) we treated Lord Clarendon in his public character as chancellor, minister, and historian; and now propose to consider him in his private relations, and to deal with his solaces and relaxations rather than with his labours and duties. We profess no predilections for Chancery, and are agreeably surprised to connect anything pleasurable with a locality which all who enter bid hope farewell. The violets that grow under the shadow of the woolsack are too few and far between to be passed ungathered. Charles I., the master Lord Clarendon so truly loved and so faithfully served, and in many respects his model, was cast on troubled times. Accident thrust crowns upon one who, like good old René of Anjou, would have bartered care-lined ermine away for a dolce far niente existence, devoted to the pursuits of literature and art—or certainly have relished and adorned the quiet dignities and duties of Lambeth, had his elder brother Henry lived to make him what he playfully proposed. We cannot agree with certain mighty Whigs that all public interest in him is based in his mustachios and lace collar;—but when we gaze on that high-bred pensive expression—so prescient of calamity—as embalmed by Vandyke, the errors of the monarch may well be forgotten in pity for the man. It would seem that the blessings of liberty, civil and religious, can only be secured at prices commensurately costly; nor are either of these blessings essential to the full development of the imitative arts, which, ancient and modern, culminated, like poetry, where mind and body have been most enslaved, whether under tyranny democratic as at Athens, or the despot tiara of Rome.

To leave disputable points—one fact must be dwelt upon for a moment—his visit to Madrid; by which, in our opinion, the character as well as the taste of Charles I. was much influenced; which enhanced and instructed his love of art—but also deepened a hereditary jealousy of constitutional systems. He was only twenty-three when—having ridden post with Buckingham, masking his royalty under the incognito of *Smith*—an odd anticipation of a less picturesque personage—he threw himself at the feet of the Infanta. This act of chivalry and romance captivated the Castiles, Old and New, and certainly would have cut the Gordian knot of diplomacy, and tied that of Hymen, had either England or Spain been earnest in regard to the match. Who can pass without reluctance the goodly array of contemporary tracts from the 'True Relation and Journal of the Arrival,' down to the 'Joyfull Returne?' Suffice it that the 'high and mighty prince'

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prince' was welcomed with all the circumstance of Spanish pomp and punctilio. Madrid, where he resided from the 7th of March to the 9th of September, was then—what the Spaniards still boast it to be—the 'only court,' and as far in advance of London as it now is in arrear. The pleasure-loving Philip IV., who inherited the æsthetics of Philip II. without his ascetics, was the patron of the arts, and his capital a school and pattern to nations, of which Spain, fallen from her pride of place, is now a pale copy. Philip handed over the helm to Olivares, and, reckless of his country's decay, let youth glide gently on, while he listened to the plays of Lope de Vega, or watched the pencil of Velazquez. His princely guest chimed in readily with these pursuits, so congenial to his idiosyncracies, and the pupil was gratified to the top of his bent; Howell, Pacheco, and Carducho have detailed his pleasures and occupations—the pictures that were given him, and the painters he employed. If the progress he made in the affections of the Infanta was slow, his advance in other accomplishments had been rapid. Soon as, but two short years afterwards, he himself became a king, the seeds sown at Madrid revealed their blossom. Buckingham was made his Olivares; Inigo Jones raised, and Rubens decorated, a banqueting-house—his *Buen Retiro;* he hoarded in his bedroom *his* better Lope—a Shakespeare—and the identical folio still exists;—he collected art far and wide, and commissioned Rubens to secure the Cartoons of Raphael, as Philip had sent Velazquez to procure the landscapes of Claude Lorraine; he conferred his knighthood on Vandyke, as Philip IV. had drawn the cross of Santiago on the breast of Velazquez's own portrait; both employed their favoured artists as ambassadors; each, in a word, was a true and generous Augustus to his country. To dwell on less fortunate analogies would be out of place here, and little to our tastes anywhere; a common retribution awaited both; soon their unsubstantial pageants and crystal palaces passed away. Philip lived to witness, sorrowing with grey hairs to his grave, the dismemberment of Spain; Charles died on the scaffold at Whitehall itself—for Nemesis, in bitter irony, willed that his crown with every pearl should be rolled in the foulest swine-gutter in front of his 'grandeur's most magnificent saloon.' Thus the first and fairest chance of national taste-tendencies and art-development this country ever had, was nipped in the bud by the cold blast of popular ignorance and violence; his halls of state were beslimed with the 'mark of the beast,' and his cherished pictures sold for 'what they would fetch' by the Martens and the Mammon-worshipping reformers of that day. The

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The sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and our Niobes in calico, all tears, yet mourn over rococo designs and colours, and contemplate 'looming in the future'—as still more needful blessings are promised to their betters—such schools as Charles, if allowed to please himself, would undoubtedly have founded.

No faith, we know, is kept in love or politics—as little in collecting books or pictures. Philip IV. bought largely at this sale of our martyr-king. On hearing that eighteen mules, laden with his purchases, were approaching Madrid, *El Rey* directed that Lord Cottington and Clarendon, then Mr. Hyde, residing there as agents of Charles II., should leave the capital—alleging as a reason his unwillingness to give offence to Cromwell, who had just defeated Argyll; but Clarendon (Ch. xiii.) refers the real cause of this sudden dismissal to Philip's eagerness to see his new acquisitions, and to a feeling of shame at this profiting by the misfortunes of a brother monarch, once a friend. Clarendon, in spite of the penury, privations, and neglect endured in Madrid, and recorded by him, always recurred to the 'grandeur and dignity' of a city which suited well his grave and ostentatious disposition, and acknowledged how much he had 'learned during the time he was there,' when he devoted himself to the fine arts and letters, and the 'society and countenance of eminent men, which he ever prized and sought.' Studious by choice and habit, he counted as the 'happiest epochs of his life' his three 'retreats or vacations'—'his acquiescences to the decrees of fate:'—the flight to Jersey in 1646, where he began his History; his residence at Madrid in 1649, when his love for art arose; and his final banishment to France, during which he put the finish to his works. Like Horace, he trusted to his books as faithful companions, whether the sunshine or shadow passed over his career, and, bending to them with singlehearted earnestness, reaped his reward in occupation, happiness, and fame.

During his residence at Madrid, more as an exile than an envoy, how many thoughts must have crowded on him! How many castles in the air, *châteaux en Espagne*, must he have raised, as with hope deferred he paced the corridors of the Escurial and the ante-chambers of the Alcazar—which architecture and art had indeed made homes fit for the proudest of sovereigns! How must he have gazed upon the masterpieces of Titian and Velazquez in all their purity and freshness! Never were walls tapestried with nobler types of form and mind, with more perfect transcripts of senatorial dignity and intellectual splendour.

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splendour. Here, when he beheld Philip IV. surrounded by his contemporaries, the friends and former companions of his own murdered master, the first idea must have struck him of the interest to himself, and importance to posterity, of a collection of portraits founded on such principles;—and no sooner had the Restoration in 1660 raised him to the pinnacle of power, than he proceeded to realize these visions. In 1664 he laid the foundations of a palace, 'costly far beyond his means and expectation;' 'the great debt that broke him'—'the thorn of his life'—the, alas! wholly perished glory of Piccadilly. He revelled in the delights of brick and mortar—having trusted in an evil hour to the estimate of his architect, than which no mirage was, is, or will be more fallacious;

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us.

The sumptuous fabric rose at an ill-timed moment, when the nation was soured by thick-coming calamities—the great plague, the great fire of London, the Dutch fleet in the Thames. The people, when they beheld the merry monarch wallowing in his harem, commented on the 'brave things done by Cromwell.' Then the Chancellor's building became a standing scandal, a mark for the finger of scorn. 'Dunkirk House' was a theme for lampoons—the visible type of a prosperity contrasting with the public misery. Soon the indolent king, who mingled his royalty with carping fools, that laughed when his 'buffoons and *misses*' mimicked the austere magistrate by whose presence and prudence they were reproved—ever ready to forgive enemies and forget friends—not sorry to free himself from a master and a mentor—sacrificed the old and faithful servant of his father and himself; and Clarendon, made a scapegoat to popular prejudices, fell like Wolsey, never to rise again.

Evelyn and Pepys have told us the visits they paid to the Chancellor during the building of 'this glorious house,' and have noticed the 'very brave pictures of the ancient and present nobility, especially of his own time and acquaintance—as well as most poets, philosophers—famous and learned Englishmen;' for 'foreigners who do not concern the glory of our country' were excluded by the protectionist Chancellor. Thus he was the first among us to collect with a specific object; to preserve a particular period in its very form and garb—for costume is a document in the record. The idea has since been frequently repeated and varied—at Florence, the Walhalla, Windsor, Versailles, and Drayton.

The manner in which Clarendon formed this gallery has been imputed

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imputed to him as an offence by the late Lord Dover in his 'Historical Inquiries,' on the strength of a note written by a certain Lord Dartmouth in his copy of Burnet. This note is to the effect that the Chancellor undertook the protection of many who had suffered in the civil war, who acknowledged it in the way he expected, and thus his house was furnished 'chiefly with cavaliers' *goods*, brought thither for peace-offerings, which the right owners durst not claim when they were in his possession.' No accusation of this kind was made by any of his many libellers during the life of the Chancellor, whose public career was closed five years before this Lord Dartmouth was born. The calumny rests on the unsupported *ipse dixit* of a splenetic inaccurate man, whose loose and private impressions lay buried for a century in his desk, unquestioned by any contemporaries, as Lord Dover admits. Lord Dover's own many blunders, which the slightest research might have obviated, are neatly exposed by Lady Theresa. That agreeable and elegant member of society was neither a Hallam nor a Mahon—and it was not in his most fortunate hour that, ambitioning to rival his idol Walpole's 'Doubts,' he made the great Clarendon a peg for cuttings out of court-guides and genealogies gleaned from Collins.

The period of the Restoration was, however, most favourable for the formation of such a gallery, and Evelyn, who furnished the Chancellor with lists of persons whose portraits he ought to possess, remarks how 'soon, when the design was known, everybody who had pictures of his own, or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by these presents.' It was precisely thus that Charles I. and Philip IV. had swelled their collections. Never, when such objects are pleasing to the disposers of honour and place, will tribute-offerers be rare;—no more than ready sellers when a Beckford or a D'Angerstein is known to be on the outlook, purse in hand. Civil war shatters the fortunes and scatters the collections of the better classes. The armed spoiler hastens to dispose of his pillage; the impoverished and fined proprietor parts with his preserved remnant to live. It was by the piecemeal sale of their galleries that the Buckinghams and Arundels managed to exist. Where sellers are many and purchasers few the supply exceeds the demand, and pictures —portraits especially—become dog-cheap. This we have seen exemplified in our times, when war, civil and foreign, has denuded the fairest palaces of France, Spain, and Italy, and filled England with portraits of the best and noblest of *their* past. Those painted by great masters must always be dearly paid for as works of high art; but mere likenesses are deemed drugs, and sold for a song, as furniture.

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The very walls within which these portraits were housed were infected with the untoward fate that pursued the Chancellor and his generation until extinct in the male line.—In 1675, only six years after his death, and but ten from the completion of that 'Piccadilly Paradise,' his heirs sold the 'goodly pile' to the Duke of *Albemarle*, from whom it was soon purchased by Sir Thomas *Bond*. Thus the Aladdin palace rose and disappeared, like a fairy fabric, and the memory of the great founder survives only on the site in the name (and, it is *said*, some small actual fragments) of a *hotel* admired for its cookery—*magni nominis umbra*.

Lady Theresa traces, for the first time, the changes and chances of this gallery. The pictures, when the London palace was sold, were removed to Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, a seat of the Chancellor, whose son and grandson offer melancholy, though not very exceptional instances, of the utter degeneracy of the immediate descendants of great men—*inter alios* of great lawyers. Henry, the second Earl, parted for 1200*l.* with '58 pictures, 17 of which were full-length portraits.' By and bye 6350 books and 20 more pictures were seized in execution for a debt of 800*l.* Cornbury-house went next; but it was bought, with the remaining pictures, by Henry's brother, Lawrence Earl of Rochester. When Edward, third Earl of Clarendon and this Henry's son, died in 1723, in disgrace and obscurity, the Clarendon title passed to his cousin Henry, second Earl of Rochester, who thus united both coronets, but did no credit to either. He in 1749, after infinite waste, conveyed by a deed-poll his whole property, real and personal, to his son, Lord Hyde, who, still pursued by the evil family destiny, re-sold Cornbury, and contemplated parting with the remaining pictures. Eventually, however, having no children, he bequeathed his real estates to his eldest niece, Lady Charlotte Capell, daughter of Lord Essex and his eldest sister; directing that the pictures and MSS. of the Chancellor should accompany the estates, as heirlooms, and be carefully kept together in a house to be purchased on purpose in London. In 1752 Lady Charlotte married Thomas Villiers, second son of the Earl of Jersey. In 1753 her uncle, Lord Hyde, died; his father dying soon after, the male line of the Chancellor ended; and the title of Clarendon was revived in 1776, in favour of Mr. Villiers, who had married the eldest female representative. Meanwhile the second sister of Lord Hyde, the eccentric, self-willed Duchess of Queensberry (the famous Kitty), took offence at her uncle's will; and, lo! after ten years' litigation in the Court of Chancery, the deed-poll of 1749 was pronounced void as regarded the personalty—a partition of the pictures took place, in compliance with the

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killing letter of the law, and in defiance of the well-known wishes of the testator. The duchess died in 1778, making no sign of repentance; and her duke, as if to bar the possibility of an equitable restitution, tied her share up as heir-looms in different successive branches of *his own* family. In consequence, that portion of the pictures at last passed, in 1810, to Archibald Lord Douglas, the gainer of the 'Douglas cause,' and was removed to Bothwell Castle on the Clyde. In that beautiful but remote position they are not often inspected by æsthetical eyes—even Lady Theresa has never seen them. Nay, some, we learn from her (iii. 260), were sold in 1812, and among them the portraits of the Earl of Rochester and Lord Falkland! Such, says Lady Theresa, is the history of

'a collection which circumstances have invested with an interest to which as a private gallery or family portraits they never could pretend. Their original selection was illustrative of the characteristic tastes of their collector. In later times their possession has been made the subject of reflection upon his conduct. Their diminution, partition, and the final separation of one-half of the residue from all connexion with his descendants, afford a striking example of the vicissitudes of human possessions.'—i. 58.

Before noticing the moiety still preserved at the Grove, we may mention the chances to which the Chancellor's papers were exposed. Henry, the second and picture-selling earl, owed some debts to a Mr. Richards, which Edward the third earl cancelled by handing over 'a vast collection of these papers and some thousand letters;' next many more were parted with to 'Mr. Joseph Radcliffe of Lyon's Inn, gent.,' a denizen of the Alsatia of Mr. Thurtell's respectable and murdered chum Mr. Weare; soon another portion fell into the possession of 'a Lady,' of whose residence and respectability there is no record; others were burnt by an accidental fire; at last Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, purchased some of these dispersed papers for the trustees of Dr. Radcliffe at Oxford—to which University Lord Hyde left the residue, directing that the trustees should print and publish what was proper, and out of the proceeds of the sale support 'a manege or academy for riding and other useful exercise;' the neglect of which educational proviso has no doubt given much uneasiness to the recent Commission of Inquiry.

Lady Theresa has divided her work into three parts: she first details the history of the gallery and MSS. of the Chancellor—then proceeds to the hitherto neglected biographies of his dearest and nearest friends, Lords Falkland, Capell, and Hertford—concluding, when her readers have been thus introduced to the chief actors,

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actors, with a descriptive catalogue of their and other portraits now preserved at the Grove.

Precedence is given to Lord Falkland. As *the* Clarendon had said, 'If the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons, and transmitting their great virtues for the imitation of posterity, be one of the principal ends and duties of history—the loss of *one* must be recorded, which no time will suffer to be forgotten and no success or good fortune will repair, a loss sufficient to brand the civil war as infamous.' Lady Theresa, successful otherwise in filling up her ancestor's outline, explains, we may say, for the first time, the real causes of Lord Falkland's early imprisonment;—but for these and other details we must refer to her careful pages. Lucius Carey, born in 1610, and educated at Dublin and Oxford, was a ripe scholar, and resided in high happiness and hospitality at Great Tew, Oxfordshire, until summoned by Charles for the ill-judged Scotch expedition to suppress the Covenanters and enforce Liturgical conformity. He departed to the dismay of the Dons and Blues of Oxford, who, missing his dinners, said and sang that he was 'too good for war.' In 1640 he became a member of the Long Parliament, and was at first a conscientious reformer; but he soon separated from the Hampdens and Co. on perceiving the lengths to which pressure from without was inevitably driving the popular leaders; some of whom then, as in all times, thought, with the conceit of their craft, that they could ride the wild spirits they let loose, giving their Frankensteins credit for a philosophy equal to their own; while others of them with fixed and deliberate malice urged on their tools to the destruction of Church and Crown. Falkland, a loyal subject but indifferent courtier, embraced the cause of order and the constitution, and, pressed by the king, accepted office as a duty and a danger, throwing himself into the gap, in the hopes to be an organ of truth. The fatal attempt to arrest the five members, made without his privity, soon convinced him that Charles was not to be saved or served; yet neither this nor a scarcely less doubtful anticipation of his own ruin could affect his action. The scabbard was soon cast away, and the royal standard hoisted, which many fatal influences—among others nepotism, uxoriousness, but, above all (however to be palliated and pardoned), an adoption of Spanish and Jesuitical licence in the framing of declarations and documents—contributed to humble in the dust.

Falkland in vain strove to effect an amicable compromise with the Parliament, which the impetuous Rupert alone must have been sufficient to prevent. After the affair at Edgehill, where the day would have been won had the advice of Falkland been followed, he

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he joined the Court at Oxford, — where, contrasting his former felicities—ere the gown yielded to the sword—he grew sad and serious, neglected his person, and day and night 'ingeminated Peace, Peace!' When the Queen arrived, a Bellona rather than a bearer of the olive-branch, Charles, instead of marching on London, let the golden opportunity slip and laid siege to Gloucester. Falkland, brave to a fault, visited the most exposed trenches, and replied to the remonstrances of Clarendon that 'ministerial office could not take away the privilege of his age, and that a *secretary* in war must be present at the *secret* of danger.' Upon the relief of the town by Essex, the hostile forces met, September 20, 1643, at Naseby. Falkland in the morning was unusually cheerful, dressed himself with care, and, leading his troops to the charge, was killed at their head, 'dying as much of the times as of the bullet.' 'Thus fell,' writes Clarendon, many years after, 'that incomparable young man in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency; whoever lives such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short a warning it is taken from him.'

His character has been elaborately drawn by Lady Theresa. Not externally much favoured by Nature, his heart was large, and to the stature of David, Falkland joined his courage. Turenne was no beauty, and Nireus, referred to in the Iliad (B. 671) as the handsomest man in the Greek army, is mentioned but that once. Lord Falkland as a speaker was ungraceful and his voice unmusical, but matter prevailed over manner, and sense over sound, as bravery prevailed over beauty; he wrote as a gentleman and a scholar, and defended his King as well with his pen as with his sword. The son of this great man degenerated, and sold his sire's library for 'a horse and a mare,' as Clarendon's son parted with his father's books and papers to a Lyon's Inn gent. and a 'lady.' One of the Chancellor's portraits of his dearest friend was incomprehensibly sold, as we have said, from the Bothwell Castle moiety;—but fortunately another, ascribed to Vandyke, remains to be venerated at the Grove. In it he appears clad in sober black, with slashed sleeves; the face is boyish, the features are small, the complexion brown, the eye bright and intelligent.

Lady Theresa's next full-length is Arthur Lord Capell—whose daughter Theodosia married Lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the Chancellor, his friend and colleague. Thus the blood of both unites in her veins, and subsequent alliances have cemented the clanship of the Essex and Clarendon families, whose local habitations—Cashiobury and the Grove—also join together.

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together. Born in 1603, Capell, left an orphan, was brought up by his grandfather, a 'good owlde English gentleman of a good estate;' a firm Protestant and Protectionist — which characters usually go together still. His reasons against 'the travellinge of his grandchylde into the parts beyond the sea' are printed by Lady Theresa—we believe for the first time—and may perhaps be pondered with advantage by many of her readers in luminous 1852:—

'Imprimis, His callinge is to be a countery gentillman, wherein there is little or no use of foreane experience. 2. Item.—If God visitt him with sicknes he shall not have those helpes abroade that he shall have at home in his owen countery. And there lyethe a greate penalty upon his deathe; for his brother is so younge, as in all probabylyty he is like to be a warde, which will be a greate hindrance unto the family, boathe by the impoveryshinge the estate of the next heyer, and by the ill providing for the younger children, his sisters, both for their educatyons and hopes for their preferments in maryage. 3. Item.—His tyme maye be better spent at home than abroade, in regard that he maye study the lawes of the relme, maye be made acquaynted with his estate in his grandfather's lyfetime, whereby he shal be better able to governe it after. Allso, if he will applye himselfe, he maye be a good staye and helpe to his owlde and weak grandfather, whereby many of the name and family, as yet but in meane estate, maye be the better provided for. 4. Item.—It is to be feared that thoroughe the wycked prests and Jesuites in those forane partes he maye be *perverted* to the idolatrous Romane relygion; and if it be aunswered that he is so well grounded in relygyon allready that there is no fear thereof, it maye be replyed agayne that he is very younge, and they subtyle and industrious: and that it is a safer waye by abstayninge from travell to avoyde the meanes, then for a man to thrust himself into the peryll withowt any necessary occasyon.'—vol. i. p. 250.

The 'owlde gentillman' died in 1632, and his nephew, succeeding to his acres and hospitalities, was naturally chosen county member. He sat for a short time in the Long Parliament, voting as an abater of grievances and a reformer. He was soon created a peer by purchase, a process cheap and common in those days, when the price of a baronetcy was 'come down to 350*l.*' Lord Capell, like Falkland, soon saw the breakers a-head, and joined the King at York. He, says Clarendon, 'was one of those high-minded cavaliers who, if the crown had been on a hedge-stake, would have remained to defend it to the death.' Henceforward he served Charles with heart and soul, with purse and person; he was appointed of the council of the Prince of Wales, was one of the Royal Commissioners at Uxbridge, and distinguished himself in the disastrous campaign in the West of England. He accompanied the Prince and Clarendon to Jersey, and returned to England to swell the royal forces in the defence of

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of Colchester when besieged by Fairfax. The details have been woven into a continuous narrative by Lady Theresa, and we must content ourselves with few incidents. Some members of a parliamentary committee were prisoners in the town, whereupon the House of Commons seized the young son of Lord Capell; and one Gourdon, a liberal member, moving that 'Lady Capell, then great with childe, be set in front of the battle,' the father, rather than swerve from his loyalty, replied, 'Murder his son they might, whose blood he would leave it to Heaven to avenge.' History is a succession of parallels; thus at the siege of Tarifa, in 1292, when traitors brought the little child of the Governor Guzman and threatened to kill him if the father would not surrender, the *good man* threw his dagger from the ramparts, exclaiming, 'I prefer honour without a son to a son with disgrace.'

Colchester surrendered after a noble defence, and Fairfax, having made a terrorist example by the execution of two brave and honourable officers, granted quarter to the rest. Lord Capell was confined in the Tower previous to his banishment, which both Houses had intended; but the armed man now stood forth, and the great catastrophe was at hand. Yet no dungeons of the Tower could damp the loyalty of Capell, who concluded an urgent letter to Cromwell with the offer of his life to redeem that of his King; a vain attempt, which only accelerated his own fate. Ordered for immediate trial by the House of Commons, he escaped from the Tower, was betrayed, retaken, and condemned by a mock tribunal. Parliament, then swayed by the eloquence—adorned or unadorned—of a few demagogues, violated every principle of honour and morality, to say nothing of the mud-trampled constitution. Petitions in his favour were presented with no avail. Capell's very merits precluded him from mercy, and the wielder of the sword, Carlyle's magnanimous hero, urged the death, for the 'good of the Commonwealth, of a man whose great courage, industry, and generosity would ever make a thorn in their sides.' Thus was Capell 'struck down' by one who, of all others, 'as a soldier, should (says Lady Theresa) have protected when fair quarter had been granted on the field;' and another victim was added to those *judicial murders*, which, according to Voltaire, the genius of England loves to commit. And well for us has been this habit of legality, when, cruel as the letter of the law may have been, or abominable its perversion, still a symbol of justice dealt the blow, checked popular fury, and spared us the burning national infamy of massacres, dragonnades, noyades, fusillades, and other wholesale ferocities for which we have no name. Our most sinful judicial

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murders were at least committed in open day and before God and man.

We must beg the laziest of readers not to skim Lady Theresa's tenth chapter, where the last hours of this true nobleman are recounted. Bishop Morley, who attended him, has left a touching detail. The lion-hearted Capell bade farewell to his wife and family with tender manliness: 'God will be to thee a better husband, and a better father to our children.' He told his weeping friends to be of good cheer: 'there will be more to celebrate my memory with praise than sadness.' He met death with the fortitude of a soldier and a Christian. His head—better than a Golgotha of Roundheads—was severed at one blow. His heart was, by his express desire, enclosed in a silver box, to be buried at his Royal master's feet. At the Restoration it was placed in the hands of Charles II.—removed to the Capell evidence-room in the country—and forgotten! It was accidentally found in 1703 by the family chaplain, who, fearful that the sexton might covet the silver if the box were buried, had it sold, and an iron one substituted, in which all that remains of some of the noblest dust on earth now rests for ever.

We must pass once more to chivalrous, romantic Spain. The heart of the royal Bruce, which the 'good Lord James Douglas' was enjoined to carry to the Holy Land, was also inclosed by him in a silver box, which he wore round his neck, until at *Teba*, in 1328, on being deserted in the critical moment by his Spanish allies, the Scottish Knight threw the glorious relic into the fiercest fray, exclaiming—

> 'Pass first in fight, as thou wast wont to do—
> Douglas will follow thee or die!'

And he kept his word. This identical box was preserved within a few years at Jaen, having escaped chaplains, sextons, and melting-pots, Moorish and Christian. We understand that, since the recent reforms, it has gone the way of most Peninsular plate. Good Lord James's own heart, also in a silver box, is still preserved in the striking Cemetery of his grand race at Douglas.

It has been a sincere pleasure to us to agree so often with our fair Whig, who must pardon us if we can find no analogy between the cases of Lord Capell and Marshal Ney—beyond the simple fact that both were tried and executed—the one in defiance of granted quarter, the other in strict accordance with clearly reserved rights; a truth, and a whole truth, that stands clearly and also most gracefully explained in the Duke's memorandum of November 19, 1815. Lord Capell, bred and born an English gentleman, was quite as physically brave as *le brave des braves*, and infinitely more morally courageous than that weak-minded,

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minded, impulsive soldier. Ready to ransom his king's life at the cost of his own, Capell never would have betrayed his Charles with Judas kiss; never would have sworn to bring Cromwell in an iron cage, and forthwith joined him, adding gratuitous perjury to treason. It suited, indeed, the *anti-English* politics hatched and fostered in a suburban villa—and how virulent what Lord Dudley called 'the Esoteric Doctrine of ultra-Whiggism,' a recent parricidal publication has revealed—to elevate into hero-worship our bitterest enemies, and to hamper and depreciate our best defenders. 'The truth is,' wrote Dudley—(22nd June, 1816)—'the Whig Opposition had staked everything upon Napoleon's success, and are grieved at his failure.' 'The Whigs,' said Wilberforce, 'are glad to see just so much mischief befall their country as would bring themselves into office.' 'Lord Holland,' wrote the Duke in the very last page of his immortal Despatches, 'accuses me, in pretty plain terms, of allowing *that accomplished soldier* [Ney] *to be judicially murdered, because I could not beat him in the field.*—If the letter had not been shown to me confidentially, *I would have prosecuted his lordship for a libel.*'—The cannon that announced the Duke's victories over Ney at Busaco, Santarem, and Fuentes de Oñoro, found no echo in the dull ear of ex-official Brookes's or Kensington, where even the sham of loyalty was only called forth by the sunshine of place.

Unlike Lord Falkland, the soul of the 'lion-hearted' Capell was enshrined in a mortal coil worthy of its greatness. His frame was powerful and nobly formed—his features stamped with all the graces of one of nature's gentlemen: in body and mind he was every inch a man. His portrait at the Grove, attributed to Vandyke, scarcely does him justice; but better representations exist in the collections of Lord Essex and Mr. Ford.

Lady Theresa concludes the series of her interior *Tribune* with William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford. To him perhaps a space greater than strictly his due has been allotted; we cannot, however, press hardly on the fair author's partiality for what may almost be called a new subject. Born in 1588, he was grandson of that Earl of Hertford who, during nine years' imprisonment in the Tower, had tasted the proud Tudor-vengeance of Elizabeth, angered at his stolen marriage with her cousin, the Lady Katherine Grey. Undeterred by this example, William, in 1610, married that celebrated unfortunate, the Lady Arabella Stuart, cousin to James I., without his Majesty's privity and consent. We must refer our readers to Lady Theresa's full and true particulars of this tragic romance of real life. The poor lady died in the Tower in 1615—her reason having given way under a four

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years' captivity and the ill-usage of her cruel and cowardly king and kinsman. Her husband, who had escaped to Belgium, now returned, married the sister of Lord Essex, and in 1621 succeeded, in his thirty-third year, to the family estates. As neither his own nor his ancestors' antecedents inclined him to seek the Court, he lived apart in literary ease until 1640, when, in his fiftieth year, he was one of the first to petition Charles to summon a parliament. He was also one of the first, like Falkland and Capell, to cling to the Crown when the real views of the reformers began to be manifest. He had disapproved of the proceedings against Strafford, ere mistrust of the King's word—who in that death-warrant signed his own—and the disappointment of the Bedfords, Pyms, Hampdens, and other patriots, in getting place and office, turned possible friends into foes, and fanned reform into revolution.

Hertford, in 1641, was made a member of the Privy Council, which then, as Lady Theresa has well shown, formed a sort of legislative cabinet, and his appointment was one of the first conciliatory concessions made to the growing supremacy of parliament. He was soon named Governor to the Prince of Wales, to the satisfaction of every one except himself. He shrank from the duties: a long indulgence had engrafted a *poco-curante* laziness, not unusual, indeed, but prejudicial to premiers and preceptors. The heir-apparent was now a sort of hostage; and the Parliament, who feared his conversion to Popery and removal from England, by taking steps to separate him from his parents, offered an insult to the King and father, which was met by the unconstitutional *coup d'état*, the attempt to arrest the five members. Hertford joined Charles at York, and was among the first to face the rebels in the field in the West, until, overlooking the new slights put on himself by the fatal nepotism of the Crown, he exchanged the sword for the household wand, and never again quitted his master in life, until his master quitted him by flying from Oxford to be sold for 'thirty pieces' by the Scots. No sooner was Charles condemned to die than Lord Hertford, like Lord Capell, tendered his life in ransom; and next, the regicidal tragedy complete, prayed 'to perform the last duty to his master, and wait upon him to the grave.' And here let us remark that the very French theatrical incident told by Guizot, and painted by De la Roche, of Cromwell's lifting up the coffin-lid of his murdered sovereign, is a pure 'invention of the enemy.' The royal martyr, as republican Marvell allows,

> 'Nothing common did nor mean
> Upon that solemn scene'—

nor were any French meannesses thought of by even his murderers.

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murderers. He slept in one royal palace, and was brought to be beheaded at noonday, leisurely and solemnly, in front of another. He appeared on the scaffold in his usual dress, with the insignia, most splendid and costly, of the Garter.* Even the cap placed on his head before he laid it on the block had on it a laced border in the shape of a diadem. The Bishop of London received his last *Remember*. Even after he lay down (for he did not *kneel*) on the block, his lords of the chamber placed themselves, as in observance of courtly duty, one by each of his feet.† All this homage to the sense of national dignity and decency forms—even in the blackest scene of our history—a signal contrast to the subsequent mimicry of the *Tigre-singe*—and so Guizot has himself very eloquently acknowledged. In like manner the royal body was borne to a royal tomb on the shoulders of the Duke of Richmond, Lords Hertford, Southampton, and Lindsey, and was laid in the vault of Windsor, without any words or other ceremonies than the sighs and tears of the few faithful friends. The Puritans denied, indeed, all rites of religion; but Cromwell was an Englishman, and too great to take pleasure in the charnel-house curiosities of a Robespierre. He aimed at the life of his king, but warred not with the dead, nor ever denied that respect to his mortal remains which the Restoration, to its eternal shame, refused to his own.

Charles now slept well and undisturbed, until Sir Henry Halford clapped him into his tiny essay. Treason had done its worst, and Lord Hertford was permitted by Cromwell, who knew the value of fidelity, to live unmolested; nay, the Buonaparte of England even condescended to court him—but in vain. His undivided allegiance was buried with his hopes and joys in his own king's grave. Eleven years after the royal martyrdom—when the pith and marrow of England, who had tasted the reality of Roundheads and Republicans, and had fully understood the worth of these public-good-private-place-mongers, now fled from petty tyrants to the Crown, and crowded to welcome Charles II.;—first and foremost was Lord Hertford. The Garter was conferred on this faithful servant, and the title of Duke of Somerset restored, as amply as if the attainder of his grandfather had never been made. Thus a cloud, which for five successive reigns had hung over the house of Seymour, was cleared away. Five months later this true cavalier, full of years and honours, paid the last debt to nature.

The large portrait of Lord Hertford at the Grove is not one

* The *Garter* worn by the King, and bequeathed by Cardinal Yorke to George IV., was embroidered with alternate diamonds and rubies to the value of 28,000*l*.

† See the curious contemporary print of the king's execution, re-engraved in the volume entitled 'Historical Sketches of Charles I.' by W. D. Fellowes, Esq., 4to., 1828.

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of the best, and neither chronological nor artistical considerations permit us to attribute it to Vandyke; the full, placid features indicate the lover of ease—yet a searching look about the eye, and a determination in the mouth, mark knowledge of the world, and a character not to be trifled with.

The excursion or pilgrimage to the site where the images of so much loyalty and valour are enshrined is enhanced by Lady Theresa's faithful and descriptive cicerone catalogue. The Grove, appropriately embosomed in ancient trees, overlooks, from a sunny bank, a trout-stream that gambols through meadows such as afforded pleasure and profit to the honest ichthyophile Isaac Walton. The interior is enriched with above a hundred pictures —præclara supellex—the Villiers representatives of the Chancellor having considerably added to their nucleus moiety. The sweet still country is no less delectable to reviewers, long in populous city pent, than the dignified tranquillity, the serene security of position of these relics of 'auld lang syne,' is refreshing to the eye, after certain modern chalky conventionalities exhibited elsewhere.

How full of vitality and humanity are these memorials of the past—these transcripts of master-beings of a history we all have read, and with whom a personal acquaintance is now made! Here, fixed by Vandyke's life-conferring power, they come amongst us again, and are realised—rescued as it were from the mythical and the romance in which time and their strange careers had almost included them. As we pace these silent but speaking saloons, the loyal, national, and single interest of the court and camp of Charles, into which neither republican nor foreigner intrude, is unmistakeable. The pictures are well arranged—treated as principals, and not, as too often, degraded into furniture, or sacrificed to Mr. Banting and the evil genius of blue silk and white and gold upholstery:—*suaves res* indeed—and sufficient for the herds of bleating Cockneys who are goaded through apartments of State by inexorable drovers; but sad it is for some to listen to the rote twaddle of show-housekeepers, public or private, and sadder still to think how little even the educated classes really know of past history and art, and how much less they care about such things. Meantime, at the Grove, portrait-painting is in many instances elevated to the historical, so truly is the delicate spirit of expression seized, the mind and intellect as well as the form and habit perpetuated on canvas. Fortunate age, when a Vandyke lived to depict such subjects, such costume, such real ladies and gentlemen—not made by Nature's journeymen, like the big mayors and Manchester men manufactured and hung up in Trafalgar Square. Still—let us be candid—charming as were

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were the garbs and bearings of the age of Charles, the Puritan Prynne had some reason when he inveighed against the 'unloveliness of love-locks,' and we cannot admire the bringing down the hair so much on the brow, by which that temple of intelligence is masked and narrowed.

We shall attempt no descriptive details of these pictures. They must be seen—or, if writing can do, the task is accomplished by Lady Theresa. One word only on the leading personages with whom we have been dealing. Here the founder and illustrator of the gallery may well pass first as he was wont; and a sitting portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, brings him vividly before us in his robes of office; but there is no legal speculation in his eye, nor do his mustachios or chin-tuft tally with abstract notions of a Lord High Chancellor; neither is much intellectual power stamped on his full, rotund face—not to say jowl—or much careworn study suggested in his golden locks. From the collector to the partitioner the transition is easy—*videlicet* to the vivacious Duchess of Queensberry—'Kitty, ever young and gay'—who, profiting by the Solomon Court, divided this cherished creation of Clarendon; the oval portrait of her Grace by Hudson is not prepossessing—the expression of this friend of Prior's and patroness of Gay's—a striking figure, too, in Horace Walpole's Reminiscences—is forbidding and disinheriting. Of Charles I. there only remains a sketch, said to be by Vandyke, for the superb equestrian portrait at Blenheim. The fine full-length, once the pride of the Chancellor, is at Bothwell; thus the uxorious husband is separated from his wife in death—where they might have been united with more safety than in life. This queen of beauty, the cynosure of all observers, rules alone at the Grove, in all the unmatched elegance of Vandyke's greatest power. Near her are the three Royal children, Charles, James, and Mary; and, close at hand, a faithful guard, Lords Falkland, Capell, and Hertford. Not far off appear James I. by Vansomer, and Buckingham by Jansen. The minion of this mean, detestable pedant, a lanky Steenie, 'with the face of an angel, like St. Stephen,' presents the impersonation of a fop—a giant in dress, a pigmy in politics; near him, and by Vandyke, is Lord Grandison, another Villiers—a family in which beauty is hereditary—who fell prematurely on the battle-field. Then are grouped around the princely Pembroke, the dilettante Arundel, Newcastle, the virtuoso of the manége, the faithful Richmond, the highbred Derby, so brutally murdered by the Puritans, and his magnanimous Countess. These and many other most effective pictures cause us to turn from the curlyheaded Cornburys, and the plum-coloured silk dressing-gowns of Earl Henry

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Henry the second, who first began to sell. Nor can we bestow more than a glance on the other perriwigged degenerate descendants of the Chancellor. Time indeed is a leveller; the accidents of birth and fashion end at latest with 'the allotted span.' As the minnow-fry recede, the good and great—the tritons—expand. Howsoever inexorable, so soon and surely does posterity winnow predecessors. Weighed in the balance, how few really stand forth! Charles, Cromwell, and Clarendon; soon after Louis XIV., Turenne, and Marlborough. Nay, the very present judges of the present. Already the minor shooting-stars—the Soults and Massenas—*fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cleanthus*—pale their ineffectual fires; while Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington shine with the splendour of fixed planets in the galaxy of glory.

Not less remarkable than the presence in this collection of some is the absence of others. Neither early recollections nor friendships in Spain induced Clarendon to give a place to Gondomar, the envoy who managed James, nor to Philip IV., the host of Charles, nor to his minister Olivares, the foe of Buckingham. Charles himself, be it remembered, possessed no pictures by Spanish artists; nay, he left behind him at Madrid his own portrait, which Velazquez had begun, and which now is lost for ever. The libel daub so recently puffed in English papers and Scotch courts is a *Snare* and a delusion. We especially wonder that Clarendon should have allotted no little nook to Sully, the beloved friend of the father of Henrietta—the minister and faithful friend, like himself, of a beloved and murdered master. We can understand why Clarendon, a good hater, allotted no panel in his gallery to the fiery, headlong Rupert, whose influence occasioned such damage to the royal cause. The real desideratum was Cromwell—whose absence, like the wanting bust of Brutus at the imperial funeral of Rome, or of Luther in the temple of the Danube, is the more suggestive of importance. The void has been recently supplied by the present Earl—(who claims kindred with the Protector through Mrs. Rich)—and we could have wished with a better picture. It could not well be expected that the Chancellor, in whose loyalty and politics there was no tolerance—so often the mask of indifference—should find room under his roof for republicans or regicides, or permit a Pym, a Marten, or a Bradshaw to come between the Derbys, Richmonds, and their nobility. Unlike Charles, to forgive enemies and forget friends formed no article in his code. He had embarked body and soul in the one side of God and king, and the single-heartedness of his faith and allegiance was reflected in his gallery. Those therefore who are freer from party or prejudice, and desire to have all the scenes and all the actors in this civil tragedy brought

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brought again before them as at a diorama, must wend their way not to the Grove, but to Oxford—and perhaps they had as well visit old *Alma Mater* soon, before, among other blessed chances and changes, she is turned into a cross between Aberdeen and Heidelberg.

It was about 1795 that Mr. Sutherland, a Russian merchant, took to illustrating the histories of Clarendon and Burnet—to which he devoted his life and fortune, infinitely to his better half's dissatisfaction, before whom printsellers recoiled; but the fair sex, jealous sometimes even of things, brook few rivals in the affections of their liege lords, and none in their purses. A rebuff and some official rudeness at the British Museum, in the days when contributors were chilled and repelled, and an accidental visit to the better-behaved Bodleian, led Mr. Sutherland to exclaim, 'Here my books shall repose!' Yet he bequeathed his collection to his wife, warning her with his last breath, that if she broke it up he would haunt her. The widow accordingly pursued the completion of this 'national work' with the ardour of the departed founder. Finally, this solace of her weeds swelled, after a growth of twenty-three years and an expense of 20,000*l.*, into sixty-three folio volumes, bursting with 18,742 prints and drawings; then, having herself prepared the ponderous catalogue to which we have alluded before, she consigned the russia-bound regiment to, as we presume, nearly uninterrupted repose in some picturesque closet of the limitless, silent, monumental Bodleian: nor shall we disturb their rest beyond the remark that there lie entombed 713 portraits of Charles and 352 of Cromwell. Copperplates are subject, it would seem, to no less chances and changes than crowns. The head of Cromwell after his death was rubbed out of an engraving by Lombard, and that of Louis XIV. put in its place. The Grand Monarque's turn came next, and his was effaced in favour of Gustavus Adolphus. In due time the Swedish hero disappeared to make way for Cromwell once more—whose head having been again obliterated—that of Charles I. anew graces the copper in a happy, we hope a final, restoration.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Vol. i. Post 8vo. 1852.

WHEN in the spring of last year we expressed our strong concurrence in the universal indignation excited by Lord Holland's 'Foreign Reminiscences,' and justified that indignation by extracts from a work which it was irksome and even disgusting to copy, we stated that we were chiefly induced to do so by its

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its announcement of the existence and probable publication of his Memoirs of our domestic policy.

The volume before us—which is marked, we are sorry to see, as the first of a series—fully ratifies those anticipations. The period which it comprises, from his own youth to the death of Mr. Fox in 1806, affords but few occasions in which he could speak with much authority on public affairs: but he repeats all the angry traditions of his uncle's faction, additionally infected by a personal rancour which has disordered all his natural good qualities—nay, even his gentlemanly feelings—to an almost incredible degree.

It has also the minor defects of being stupid and trivial: it deals with many illustrious names and many memorable events, but it is really wonderful what an unlucky knack his Lordship has of reducing both to the smallest dimensions. His narrative, indeed, would be mere gossip and twaddle, but that it is leavened—soured, not sharpened—by a kind of petty malice, that looks at his topics with no other object than that of finding something disparaging or offensive to say of his political adversaries—or, which is the same thing—of the adversaries of the Jacobin and Buonapartist portions of the French Revolution. The book intrinsically would deserve no more notice from us than a general reference to what we have already said about the *Reminiscences*, and the explanation there suggested of the *peculiar causes* which gave this unhappy turn to the writer's mind and temper: but a consideration of the rank which he held in his party and the weight that might be attached (when his personal motives were forgotten) to the circumstance of his having been for a few years a Cabinet Minister, have determined us to throw away some pages more in exposing, for the benefit of historical students, the worth of Lord Holland as a narrator and critic of contemporary events.

The very title of the book is a deception. It is nothing like 'Memoirs of the Whig Party.' It might rather be called '*A Selection of Lies and Libels against all Tories and certain Whigs:* to which is added a *Panegyric on the Right Honourable Charles James Fox and his Nephew, Henry Richard Lord Holland.*' With the latter portion we shall not meddle. We have formed in our own mind, and so we think has the world in general, an estimate of the public character and services of Mr. Fox and his nephew so entirely opposite to that of Lord Holland—and after such opportunities and attention—that it is not likely to be altered by a new discussion on such loose and narrow ground as Lord Holland's scrambling and partial sketch affords. His Lordship is convinced that he and his uncle were decidedly

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decidedly the most sagacious and almost the only honest statesmen of their day. The voice of Europe and the course of events, both abroad and at home, have rejected and reversed that claim. Mr. Fox's whole life was a failure. In his earlier days he failed, losing office as a Tory, and not being able to recover it as a Whig. He failed when at the head of a numerous and powerful —if it had not been an infamous—*coalition:* he failed when he and a few followers endeavoured to conceal their weakness under a *secession.* He failed when, for a dozen years, he endeavoured to persuade England to make peace with France: he failed when he endeavoured to induce France to make peace with England. He failed when as leader of a great aristocratical party he attempted to crush the stripling Pitt: he failed when, shifting his ground, he continued his rivalry at the head of the democracy. Even those who admired his talents and loved his society could say little for his principles, and nothing of his success:—

'Mr. Boothby, so well known in the first walks of fashion, and an intimate friend of Fox, appreciated him with much severity, though with equal truth. "*Charles,*" observed he, '*is unquestionably a man of first-rate talents, but so deficient in judgment* [he might rather have said, "so carried away by passion"] *as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life. He loved only three things*—women, play, and politics. *Yet at no period did he ever form a creditable connexion with a woman—He lost his whole fortune at the gaming-table—and, with the exception of about eleven months, he has always remained in opposition.*" It is difficult to dispute the justice of this portrait.'—*Wraxall, Historical Memoirs,* ii. 11.

He failed, in short, *ab ovo usque ad mala;* and it was not till the death of his illustrious conqueror had left the way clear for him that he completed the failures of his whole life by the composition of that pretentious, short-lived, feeble, and unsuccessful cabinet, best known in history by a derisive nickname. There, for the present at least, we leave Lord Holland's panegyric on the political services and triumphs of his uncle—and shall confine our examination to the larger portion of the work which affects to be more peculiarly historical.

We shall not attempt to look for any order or system in Lord Holland's irregular string of random assertions and apocryphal anecdotes; nor would it be worth while, even if it were possible, to trace all the obscure motives of vanity or rancour which may have prompted this or that particular censure or calumny. We must content ourselves with producing such *prominent* instances of the *malus animus* and the *mala fides* that pervade the whole mass as we happen to have the means of at once encountering by direct and, as we think, incontestable evidence.

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As the chief design is the glorification of the French Revolution, it is not surprising that the first object of antipathy and attack should be Mr. Burke; and it is rather amusing to observe the vespertilian flittering of Lord Holland about that great luminary, whose light he can neither escape from nor bear. After an enumeration, such as one might expect from Lord Holland, of Mr. Burke's offences against the revolutionary cause and its English partizans, Lord Holland does him such justice as Lord Holland was capable of:—

'*Mischievous* as his conduct was, I acquit him of dishonesty.'—p. 10.

Hear that, posterity! Lord Holland *acquits* Mr. Burke of *dishonesty*. He subjoins, to be sure, several little scruples as to the culprit's being entitled to so full an acquittal. Mr. Burke received, at the close of a long and ill-requited public life, a pension from the Crown, considerably less in amount than the great sinecure office which Charles Fox had received, squandered, and sold almost before he was a man. The acceptance of this pension, Lord Holland good-naturedly admits, was not absolute *dishonesty;* but as a *granum salis* to season this praise, he adds that—

'He [Mr. Burke] had indeed little of that noble pride which disdains private advantage'—

and that—

'he would, perhaps, have judged better for his fame had he accepted no pension; but though that pension was the reward of his conduct [the *mischievous* conduct before mentioned], his conduct, *I am convinced,* was not actuated by the *hope* of obtaining it.'—p. 12.

We should be sorry to deprive Lord Holland of the merit of being open to any *conviction* favourable to Mr. Burke; but in this case, neither the conviction nor the form in which it is expressed appear to us as clear as might be expected. Mr. Burke's 'conduct'—that is to say, his hostility to the French Revolution—commenced in 1789, when, and for more than a year later, he was still a member of the Opposition, and with quite as little hope of any *favour from the Crown* as *Mr. Fox* himself—and probably less (see *Prior's Life,* ii. p. 144). His rupture with the Opposition on the Canada Bill was consummated in May, 1791; he left Parliament on the 20th of June, 1794. All his political friends had then joined Mr. Pitt,—and his own political life was closed. It was towards the end of the year 1795 that the pension was granted: it came only time enough to relieve from pecuniary anxiety the last few melancholy, and indeed heart-broken, months of his illustrious life! Well might Lord Holland be *convinced* that

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that the spirit of 1789 was not kindled by any hope of the pension of 1796.

His lordship's summary of Mr. Burke's character is an exemplary specimen of the awkward shifts by which a writer hobbles through a truth which he is unwilling to tell and unable to conceal.

'On the whole, *if* greatness consists in comprehension of mind and fertility of genius, rather than in wisdom in design and judgment in action—and *if* by goodness we mean rectitude of intention and disinterestedness of conduct, rather than justice, affection, or moderation—Burke *may pass* for a great and good man.'—p. 12.

That is, Mr. Burke *may pass* muster with those indulgent persons who may *not* think *wisdom*, *judgment*, *justice*, *affection*, or *moderation*, to be necessary ingredients in the character of *a great and good man.* And even the small balance which might be struck in Mr. Burke's favour after these deductions, must be further diminished by some important items with which Lord Holland proceeds to swell the opposite side of the account. After adorning him, here and there, with such attributes as 'ill-humour,' 'coarseness,' 'virulence,' 'almost bigotry,' he concludes—

'His chief defect was an imperious, uncontrollable temper, which disfigured his manners, clouded his judgment, and sometimes *corrupted his heart.*'—p. 12.

In short, Lord Holland's candour extends little further than considering Mr. Burke as a kind of maniac, who, under the cloak or the delusion of meaning well, was really guilty of the extremes of folly and of crime.—If we proceed to inquire on what grounds his Lordship thus assumes to pass judgment on the character—moral, intellectual, and political—of Mr. Burke, we find —

'I had only a schoolboy's acquaintance with Mr. Burke. *It is not for me* to correct or reconcile the contradictory opinions entertained by his partisans and his enemies of his views and conduct at that period.'—p. 5.

We have seen how ill the author has kept this modest promise as to Mr. Burke's *character;* we shall now proceed to show that he is equally bold in dealing with his *conduct.* Lord Holland affects to be very nice on the point of historical accuracy. He prefixes to his work the following *Nota Bene:*—

'N. B. The first book was written before the year 1802; the second book between May, 1805, and the 1st of January, 1812. I alter the style, and here and there add illustrations of the characters in transcribing it, but the main *facts are related as I originally wrote them;* and I mention the date of my writing them, because *the knowledge of the*

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the time at which a MS. was written is not unfrequently as necessary to ascertain historical truth as the preservation of it.—V. HOLLAND. 1824.'

This (bating some obscurity in the concluding words, which we do not understand) seems very proper; but is it true? Has Lord Holland practised his precept? One of the chief topics of his malignity against Mr. Burke, and on which he charges him with 'coarseness and virulence,' and with conduct 'unfeeling' and 'disgusting,' is his celebrated rupture with Mr. Fox on the Canada Bill; and in support of his own view of the transaction, he adds—

'Nothing can be more false than the account of that memorable debate in Prior's Life of Burke.'—p. 11.

When this extract is compared with the foregoing *Nota Bene*, our readers will be surprised to be reminded that the first appearance of Prior's Life of Burke was in May or June, 1824, twenty-two years later than the date Lord Holland assigns to his original composition; and if in explanation of this manifest discrepancy we should be told that the 'N. B.' might, possibly, have been written in the latter part of that same year, we appeal to our readers' judgment, whether such a serious interpolation can be considered as a mere 'alteration in the style,' or such an 'illustration of character' as the guarded expression of the 'N. B.' implies. The point itself is a mere trifle—for really the exact date at which Lord Holland committed his scandal or his gossip to paper would be of no intrinsic importance whatsoever—but how do we know how far such a latitude of interpolation has extended over the work? We see many other passages which seem to have been written at subsequent dates, and to contradict Lord Holland's chronological test of his credibility. As to the imputation against Mr. Prior's report of that remarkable debate, we have examined several contemporary reports, and especially that in the great Foxite organ of the day the *Morning Chronicle*, and we find Mr. Prior's report to be perfectly in accordance with all of them; nor, indeed, have we found any account that offers any substantial difference from the rest. When Lord Holland took the liberty of making such a charge against Mr. Prior's statement he ought at least to have told us where we were to find one more accurate. We ourselves have heard more than once a lively relation of the scene from the then Speaker (Addington), which fully agreed with the common report.

Lord Holland indulges largely in that cheap and convenient substitute for both fact and reasoning commonly called *begging the question*. He takes whatever he chooses to assert for proved, boldly assumes his own view as an indisputable fact, and then proceeds

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proceeds with dogmatic confidence to draw consequences from his mistake in favour of his prejudices. For instance:—

'Mr. Burke's *intemperate* view of the French Revolution is well known.'—p. 4.

A gross prejudgment of the whole question—we may venture to say an audacious one, considering that the universal sense of mankind, except some few ultra-zealots of the revolutionary school, has pronounced, and the experience of sixty years has confirmed, the views of Mr. Burke to have been not merely sagacious but prophetic. They were delivered, it is true, with a fire, a force, an enthusiasm of eloquence and illustration, not usual in political disquisitions—but the sweep and flash of the weapon, while it dazzled the spectators, did not impair the vigour of the blow. Mr. Burke's views were not *intemperate*, but *pretemperate;* he foresaw—he anticipated—the conflagration, and rang the fire-bell before the city-watch was awake to the danger.

Lord Holland, in the next page, produces a very opposite imputation against Mr. Burke—we know not whether with a view of sneering at religion in general, or of reminding his readers of the vulgar calumnies as to Mr. Burke's having been a papist. The noble author there says:—

'Till the *ecclesiastical revenues* were suppressed, Burke was *far from disapproving* the French Revolution....An *extravagant* veneration for all *established rites and ceremonies* appears to have been *long and deeply* rooted in his mind.'—p. 5.

This observation, however intended by Lord Holland, is honourable to Mr. Burke; but the *fact* which it is produced to explain is notoriously untrue. The confiscation of the revenues of the Church would have been undoubtedly an indication of both the godless and predatory spirit of the Revolution, sufficient to have alarmed any friend of religion, property, and order. But Mr. Burke's feelings of alarm, which had been gradually developing themselves, were matured and fixed before that confiscation was thought of. *He* had been shocked by the barbarous massacres that accompanied and followed the taking of the Bastille (14th July, 1789) to a degree that made him hesitate to approve that event, at which all the rest of the world *then* rejoiced. He next saw—with equal wonder and anxiety—on that celebrated *Night of Sacrifices* (4th of August), all feudal rights and privileges abolished, on an *after-dinner* motion of two distinguished possessors of those very rights and privileges—the Vicomte de Noailles and the Duc d'Aiguillon. He foresaw that giddy people, who set about their repairs with such thoughtless hurry, were sure to bring down the old house on their devoted heads. Only

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Only two months after the *Night of Sacrifices* all his fears were finally confirmed, and his opinions irrevocably fixed, by the terrible catastrophe of the 5th and 6th of October, when the palace of Versailles was stormed by the mob of Paris, and the King and royal family were dragged, with every aggravating circumstance of ignominy and terror, to the prison of the Tuileries. This atrocious and irretrievable outrage was in fact the consummation of the Revolution. The bloodier scenes that ensued were only its consequences and corollaries. And here ended the slight hopes that Mr. Burke had been willing to entertain of rational liberty in France. It was not till the 2nd of November following that the first proposition was made for seizing the property of the Church; and the following summary of facts and dates will abundantly disprove Lord Holland's statement as to Mr. Burke's having formed his *first* unfavourable opinion of the Revolution from that spoliation.

The legal though obsolete Constitution of the old French Monarchy had so many substantial points of resemblance to our own that the prospect of its restoration and reform by the revival of the long-disused Assemblies of the States-General, was looked to with sympathy and approbation by almost every man in England and with enthusiastic hope by the majority of even the best regulated minds in France.

'In England,' says Mr. Prior, 'the first movements of the Revolution were hailed as the regeneration of a large portion of the human race. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt tendered it their tribute of admiration; *Mr. Burke alone* was more cautious or more penetrating: he professed to admire the principle as much as any one, but either from that uncommon sagacity he had ever displayed on great national questions—from his greater age, and consequent experience in life—from a greater knowledge of mankind, or from a clearer insight into the French character, he entertained from the first some extraordinary misgivings as to its mode of operation and its result.'—*Life of Burke*, i. 41.

On the 9th of August, 1789—three weeks only from the taking of the Bastille—he expressed in a private letter to Lord Charlemont his anxiety and alarm at the aspect which the movement had already assumed.

'Our thoughts of everything at home are suspended by our astonishment at the wonderful spectacle which is exhibited in a neighbouring and rival country. What spectators! what actors! England gazing with astonishment at the French struggle for liberty, and not knowing whether to blame or to applaud. The thing indeed, though I saw something like it in progress for several years, has still somewhat in it *paradoxical and mysterious*. The spirit it is impossible not to admire; but the *old Parisian ferocity* has broken out in a shocking manner. It is true that this may be no more than a sudden explosion; if so, no indication

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indication can be taken from it; but if it should be character rather than accident, then *that people are not fit for liberty*, and must have a *strong hand like that of their former masters to coerce them.*'—*ib.* ii. 42.

What sagacity! What foresight! In this short extract we see foreshadowed the three main phases of the Revolution—the '*paradoxical and mysterious*' intrigues and influence of the Orleanist faction in exciting the disorder; the subsequent series of '*ferocities*' by which it was maintained; and '*the strong hand*' of military usurpation which could alone coerce it! These views Mr. Burke developed and corroborated in all his subsequent writings with the solidity of wisdom and the splendour of eloquence. In other letters, written shortly after, and in one especially to M. de Menonville, a member of the National Assembly,* towards the end of September, 1789, he repeated the same doubts and hesitations; he even sees in the destruction of the Bastille nothing but the symptoms of a new despotism.

'The Bastille we know was a thing in itself of no consequence whatever; even as a prison it was of little importance. Give *despotism*, and the prisons of despotism will not be wanting, any more than lamp-irons will be wanting to democratic fury. . . . . I cannot think with you that your National Assembly have done much. They have indeed *undone* a great deal, and so completely broken up their country as a State, that I assure you that there are few here such anti-Gallicans as not to feel some pity on the deplorable view of the wreck of France.'

Of a still more comprehensive letter about the same time† to M. Dupont, we need quote but one emphatic sentence:—

'I must delay my congratulations on your acquisition of liberty. You may have made a revolution, but not a reformation. You may have subverted monarchy, but not recovered freedom.'—*Burke's Correspondence*, iii. 113.

It would be easy to adduce evidence to the same effect from other quarters—but we content ourselves with these, one at least of which (the letter published by Mr. Prior) Lord Holland confesses that he had access to while he was bequeathing to posterity the sneering calumny which it so absolutely contradicts.

* The editors of the Burke Correspondence seem to consider this letter as the same as that addressed to *M. Dupont*, published in their collection; but there seems no reason to doubt that there were *two* letters, which, though of nearly the same date, and expressing the same opinions, are surely not duplicates, and were addressed to different gentlemen. The question is of little importance, as the sentiments are the same.

† The correspondence with those gentlemen is undated; but it seems to have begun with both in September, and Mr. Burke's letters were written late in that month or early in October—indeed, as neither mentions the fatal outrage of the 5th and 6th, we may be pretty certain that even the last of those letters must have been composed before the account of that event had reached London. All, however, that is necessary for our object is to show Mr. Burke's sentiments long before there was any question as to the Church property.

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Another of Lord Holland's ingenuities is imputing Mr. Burke's anti-revolutionary zeal to private pique—and he pleases himself with the idea that he can insult the memory of the father through the memory of his son.

'His son was sincerely attached to his father. *It was his only virtue.* He had *every quality that could render him disagreeable* to other persons, and no great talents to counterbalance them. Hence he was *disliked* and neglected by the members of Opposition. . . . . Burke was hurt at the little value set upon his son—his son was offended at what appeared to him a relaxation of the homage due to his father. Good feeling sometimes begets bad conduct. *Burke's ill-humour broke out on the first mention of the French Revolution* in the House of Commons by Sheridan.'—p. 10.

We can hardly fancy it possible to condense more misrepresentation into so small a compass. Of the personal character of the younger Burke we need only say that, though he may have been disliked *after the breach with his father* by Lord Holland's section of the Opposition, we find no traces of any such thing before the breach; and we do find that even after that breach, several respectable members of the Opposition—friends of Lord Holland—have borne an unsuspicious testimony, which we confidently oppose to that of his Lordship.

'I loved,' says Dr. Lawrence, 'the strong virtues of his heart as much as I respected the soundness of his head; and many days and years of pleasure and profit did I vainly promise myself in his society.' —*Lawrence Corr.* p. 32.

Mr. Grattan writes on hearing of Richard Burke's death, 24th of August, 1794:—

'The misfortunes of your family are a public care, the late one is to me a *personal loss.* I have a double right to affliction, and to join my grief, and to express my deep and cordial concern at that hideous stroke which has deprived me of a friend, you of a son, and your country of a promise that you would communicate to posterity the living blessings of your genius and your virtues.'—*Fitzwilliam Corr.* iv. 229.

The testimony of Dr. Walker King, Bishop of Rochester, is more comprehensive, and still more favourable; and Lord Fitzwilliam, one of the most amiable and influential of the Whigs, had, just before Richard Burke's death, brought him into Parliament, and, on being named Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, appointed him his secretary. We could produce more to the same effect; the evidence of those three or four distinguished members of the party of which Lord Holland professes to be the mouthpiece will, however, suffice. But the personal character of Richard Burke is no part of our present concern—if he had been (as he clearly was not) disliked and neglected by the *whole* Whig party,

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party, it is certain that his father's 'ill-humour' against the French Revolution could not have arisen from that cause—first because Richard Burke was two-and-thirty years old when the Revolution broke out—an age long before which the defects of his character must have produced their effect, favourable or otherwise; and secondly, because, as we have just seen, Mr. Burke's 'ill-humour' with the Revolution was coeval with its birth, and *by years* antecedent to the scenes in the House of Commons to which Lord Holland so absurdly imputes it.

In the same morbid spirit he endeavours to depreciate all those who adopted Mr. Burke's feelings. Mr. Windham, for instance, is charged with gross tergiversation in approving Mr. Pitt's anti-revolutionary proclamation of 1792—and upon what grounds?—

'Among the most strenuous supporters of the Ministerial measure was Mr. Windham of Norfolk. *On the first publication* of Mr. Burke's pamphlet, he *condemned the principles and ridiculed the performance* with full as much freedom as the laws of long friendship could admit.' —p. 16.

It is to be observed that Lord Holland places this statement in the middle of various anecdotes of his familiar intercourse with Mr. Windham—thus appearing to pledge his own personal authority to a point on which it was extremely unlikely that there could be any contradiction; for who, indeed, but Mr. Windham himself—who predeceased Lord Holland by twenty years—could prove the negative of such facts? But calumny is never safe from detection: and lo! it happens, by singular good luck, that we ourselves had been some years since permitted to read and to make extracts from a detached volume of Mr. Windham's private Diary—a curious depository of his opinions and even most secret thoughts—and we there found the following remarkable passage:—

'*November*, 1790.—On Thursday the 4th a material incident happened—the arrival—[at Felbrigg—Windham's seat in Norfolk]—of Mr. Burke's pamphlet. Never was there, I suppose, a work *so valuable in its kind, or that displayed powers of so extraordinary a nature.* It is a work that may be conceived capable of overthrowing the National Assembly and of turning the stream of opinions throughout Europe. One would think that *the author of such a work would be called to the government of his country by the combined voice of every man in it.*'—*Windham's Diary.**

* The volume from which we made our extracts is, or lately was, in the hands of Lord Colborne. Some of the entries, and among the most curious, are in Latin. Mr. Windham's papers were, soon after his death, entrusted to his and our friend George Ellis, who made some little progress in a Life of him. Upon Mr. Ellis's death they were transferred to Mr. Amyot, who was to complete the work—but he too died *re infectâ*, a year or two ago—and what has now become of the mass of papers we cannot tell.

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And he proceeds to express his indignation at the disfavour which Mr. Burke experienced from the Whig party, to which both Burke and Windham still nominally belonged—thus affording the most complete contradiction to *every point* of Lord Holland's assertion. If such a contradiction were to be exhibited in the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell would forthwith transfer the prosecuting witness to the dock.

With the same object of depreciating Mr. Windham—as a deserter from the revolutionary principles, which we doubt that he *ever* entertained, but which we have seen that he had abjured at least as early as the appearance of Mr. Burke's book, in November 1790—Lord Holland proceeds to mix up his name with that of Talleyrand, as if at Paris in 1791, and even in London after the horrors of the 10th of August, 1792, he had kept up a friendly and familiar intercourse with that circle of intriguers who were prominent, as authors and actors, in all the follies and crimes of the Revolution, till the victory of that day enabled the coalition of Girondins and Jacobins to visit upon them (the *Feuillants* as they were called) the persecution which they had hitherto exercised against the Royalists :—

'In the autumn of 1791, when I saw much of Mr. Windham at Paris, this ardour [for the Revolution] had much abated.'—p. 17.

'Much abated!' We have just seen that a year before, on the 4th of November, 1790, he had recorded his adhesion to the principles of Mr. Burke's '*intemperate*' pamphlet, and his indignation against those who differed from him! Lord Holland proceeds :—

'We supped every night together, in company with Talleyrand, at a French lady's apartments in the Louvre. Mr. Windham was perpetually stating the various and opposite conclusions which a contemplation of the Bishop of Autun's character, conduct, and history might suggest to a person anxious to make up his mind on the French Revolution. "He is" (he would observe) "a two-edged knife, he cuts both ways. So dissolute, so profligate an instrument, augured ill of the morality by which this regeneration of a government was to be effected; but what then was that system in which this same profligate man was a Bishop?" This remark elucidates *the wavering state of Mr. Windham's mind at the time.*'—*ib.*

How so? Why should Mr. Windham's indignation at Talleyrand's scandalous elevation under the old *régime* have made him at all more favourable to the new system to which that profligate had so largely contributed, and by which he obtained not merely a scandalous but a mischievous and guilty influence and power? Lord Holland might just as well have seen in Buonaparte's success,

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success, evidence in favour of the old *régime*, which had given him his military education and earliest military rank—in the uniform of which he first figures in the national gallery of Versailles. Mr. Windham was not wavering in his judgment of the Revolution, but merely stating the *pros* and *cons* of an individual case, as was the wont of his ingenious mind, even when he had no bias to either. This disposition to indulge in conjectural speculation while he held fast to approved truth, was exemplified on an occasion of which we were witnesses. It happened one evening in a thin House of Commons that some local Irish bill of no note or interest—turnpike or waterworks—was in discussion, when Windham got up and made a most discursive, clever, and humorous speech upon a matter about which he had never heard before, but had listened with some entertainment to the conflicting statements of the Irish members. He argued most ingeniously both sides of the question, and concluded by being of neither. After it was over a friend asked him how in the world he came to speak at all upon the subject, and to make, moreover, so amusing a speech out of nothing and for nothing. 'Why,' he replied, 'to say the truth, my speech amused you because I knew nothing of the matter; when I understand a subject I have a scruple of taste, not to say *conscience*, to argue it logically and fairly—than which, ordinarily, nothing can be duller—but when I know nothing more of the affair than the debate offers, I think myself at liberty to deal with it according to my impression, or, if you will, my fancy; and that makes what you are so good as to call an amusing speech.' This, which was delivered with an off-hand gaiety, quite dramatic, was a few days before the accident that caused his death. But to return to Lord Holland. It seems, if we are to follow his Lordship, that Mr. Windham's friendship, or at least familiarity, with the ex-bishop and his circle was not interrupted, either by this apostate's morals or by the terrible results of his politics.

'Talleyrand had returned to Paris [from a mission to London] in the summer of 1792, from whence he escaped after the 10th of August, with great difficulty by *favour of a passport from Danton*. . . . On my return to England in December I found *him and Mr. Windham* as constant as *they* had been in Paris in their evening visits to *Madame de F.* [Flahault], who received every evening at her little lodgings in Half-Moon Street nearly *the same society as she had been accustomed to entertain in Paris* the year before.'—*ib.* 19.

All this—even down to Windham's natural and gentlemanlike attentions to an exiled lady who had been kind to him in her happier days—is introduced with no other possible object than to carry on Lord Holland's original fable of Windham's long hankering

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hankering after the Revolution, and to render more striking the additional calumny with which he winds up:—

'Mr. Windham *now* condemned not only the French Revolution, but everything which sounded like liberty or reform. He ridiculed the humanity of abolishing the Slave Trade, though he had been one of the most *passionate declaimers* against that barbarous practice. He sighed for the restoration of the priesthood, the nobility, and *absolute monarchy* in France, and was amongst the foremost to plunge the country in war for that most unwarrantable object.'—p. 21.

Mr. Windham's convictions were deep, but the turn of his mind was illustrative, his eloquence unstudied and fervent, and sometimes thought—as fervency and sincerity are apt to be—indiscreet; but we are convinced, by all we knew of the man, and all we can now find in his parliamentary speeches, that nothing can be produced to justify those representations of Lord Holland's. Such a general charge of condemning *everything* that sounded like liberty or reform, can only be answered by a general denial; and we challenge the editor of Lord Holland to justify it even by a single instance. On the more special points we have disculpatory proofs. His conduct on the Slave Trade was both moderate and consistent. On the first great debate on the bill, 18th of April, 1792, Mr. Windham, so far from being a passionate declaimer, gave a silent vote. On the next, which soon followed, after admitting that there were several strong reasons of commercial policy against the Abolition, yet its abstract justice and humanity turned, he said, the balance, and induced him to repeat his vote for it; and some years later, 15th of March, 1796, Mr. Windham, though not exactly pleased with the details of the plan then proposed, and preferring one which had been suggested by Mr. Burke, concluded by saying that—

'When one only doubted about detail, it was unpleasant to act against *principles* to the truth of which his mind assented, as he was certain of the principles but could not be so of the force of the objections; he would therefore now follow the tenour of conduct which he had uniformly observed on this subject.'—*Parl. Chron.* vol. xv. 1288.

So much for his passionate declamation against the Slave Trade, and his subsequent ridicule of the humanity of abolishing it!

As to the imputation of sighing for the restoration of the priesthood and the *ancient régime* in France—he probably may have sighed for the restoration of religion, and he certainly did wish for the restoration of order, in that great country; but like Burke, whose steps he so closely followed, he abjured in the fullest manner all prospect or desire of re-establishing the *ancient régime*—desiring only to see a Government of such probable stability as might be reasonably treated with. And, finally, as to the allegation that

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that the war was promoted for any such 'unwarrantable object,' Lord Holland chooses to forget that the war was *declared by France against England*—on the most insulting as well as the falsest pretences. On this point, which makes a great figure through the whole of Lord Holland's book, as indeed it did throughout his political life, we need say no more than that it was the cant of the Opposition in the teeth of facts at home and facts abroad—of the decrees of the Convention and of the votes of Parliament. If there be any point of Mr. Pitt's policy that requires explanation, it is the obstinacy with which he stuck to the hopes of preserving and subsequently of restoring *peace*—in opposition, as we now know, to the opinions and advice of all his most intimate friends and colleagues; and even at this day we cannot help wondering that the naval and military estimates for 1792 should have been the very lowest ever proposed. We conjecture that Mr. Pitt's policy was founded on two considerations—first, he probably thought that France was likely to be too busy at home to give trouble to her neighbours; secondly, he may have fully seen the future danger, but thought that a too early armament might only tend to accelerate it. At all events, it is now notorious that Mr. Pitt's wishes were, at first and all along, pacific—to a degree which the best informed of his friends, colleagues, and supporters thought over-sanguine and hazardous. But be that as it might, the Republic soon took the affair into her own bloody hands. She declared war against us; and repeated failures at negociation, and the grand failure of the truce of Amiens, proved even to the tardy conviction of Mr. Fox himself that peace with either the republic or its suppressor was a dream.

We must now follow Lord Holland into an episode of 1792, which, we know not why, he has mixed up with his attack on Mr. Windham, who could have had no concern in it. The affair, though it had no political consequences, is still of some historical interest, and as Lord Holland's information was very imperfect, or his memory, as usual, very inaccurate, we take this opportunity of correcting, as we are enabled to do from the most authentic sources, his—in this case, perhaps—involuntary misapprehension. Lord Holland's statement is this:—

'It was reported that *Talleyrand* urged Chauvelin [then Louis XVI.'s ambassador in London] to espouse the King's cause, and that he had refused to do so. Yet when *General Lafayette* first declared against the Jacobins, and it was expected that he would march to Paris and rescue the King, Chauvelin, with great emotion and strutting across the room with strong gestures [how did Lord Holland know that?], declared that *he*, as his ambassador, should be the chief instrument in restoring the King, and that he would immediately draw up and present a memorial

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a memorial to the English Government declaratory of the termination of his mission and the illegality of the Government at Paris. . . . Chauvelin presented the paper—news soon arrived of *General Lafayette's* flight and the triumph of the more violent parties. Chauvelin was in despair: in an interview with *Lord Grenville* he condescended to solicit the restoration of his paper, and Lord Grenville not only returned it, but had the generosity and temper to suppress the anecdote.' —p. 19.

Neither Talleyrand, Lafayette, nor Lord Grenville appear to have had anything to say to the mysterious transaction of which this is a shadow. The real case was this.

It was not the revolt of *Lafayette*, but the anterior insurrection of the *10th of August* that prompted Chauvelin's proceedings —which began on the 16th of August and ended next day—while Talleyrand was still in France endeavouring to effect a clandestine escape to England—and Lafayette, who was at Sedan, had not yet made any movement. It was on the morning of the 17th that Chauvelin delivered to the British Government a note dated the 16th, announcing and *strongly censuring* the popular violences of the 10th, which had, he said, suspended the King, and violated even the independence and authority of the National Assembly. But—very far from expressing any of the high royalist sentiments which Lord Holland attributes to him or resigning his mission—the note arrived at the lame and impotent conclusion of soliciting the King of England to use his influence with the allied armies then on the frontiers not to enter France, as that would only make matters worse. It further appears that on the same day, within a few hours after the delivery of this note, Chauvelin returned to Downing Street, and, *in the absence of Lord Grenville, then out of town*, made the most earnest entreaties to Mr. Dundas, the other Secretary of State, to obtain his note back again. The reasons alleged do not appear in the official documents, but we were many years ago verbally informed by one of the official persons cognizant of the whole transaction that Chauvelin's allegation was that he had written at first from his own private feelings and without any authority from his Government—which we can hardly believe—but that—which was, no doubt, true—having in the interval received positive instructions in an opposite direction—he had no prospect but of an immediate recall and of almost *certain death* from the usurping authorities if it should ever transpire that he had presumed to censure the *glorious 10th of August*. Whatever may have been the motive of the note, '*Mr. Dundas*, after consulting with *Mr. Pitt*, thought it impossible to resist Chauvelin's reasons,' and he directed the note to be immediately returned.

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returned to him, as, no doubt if he had been on the spot, Lord Grenville would equally have done. Lord Holland had, it seems, heard something of this story—perhaps from Talleyrand, who might wish to make a merit of the anti-revolutionary proceeding attributed to Chauvelin—and the extreme bad memory which his Lordship confesses—and yet still trusts—may have led him into the inaccurate statement which he has (we cannot guess why) connected with his observations on Mr. Windham.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Lord Holland should be disposed to censure so severely those who had separated themselves from Mr. Fox on the French question, when we find that he himself, after reconsideration and at an interval of thirty years, left behind him the following palliation—or, indeed, approval—of the worst crimes of the Revolution.

After the massacres of August and September, 1792, Lord Holland is quite entranced at the *glorious* position in which he finds the French Republic:—

'The King's *guards defeated* by the people, *himself imprisoned and deposed*, the *Convention* called, the *Republic declared*, the Austrians routed, Flanders overrun, Holland threatened, and all these GLORIES *tarnished* by the excesses of the populace, the connivance or weakness of the Government, and the increasing strength of the faction of Jacobins.'—p. 22.

All these *glories!* and only *tarnished!* and tarnished by what? Why, by the *glories* themselves!—for what were the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the 10th of August, the imprisonment and deposition of the King, the assembling the illegal and revolutionary Convention, the unprovoked invasion of Belgium, the threats against Holland?—what were they, we ask, but the practical expression of the '*excesses* of the people, the weakness or connivance of the Government, and the strength of the Jacobins?' Lord Holland does not directly allude to another of the *glories* of that remarkable period—the massacres of September; perhaps he may have even meant to convey a tacit disapprobation of them under the term *excesses*—a gentle phrase, implying no more than that a proceeding, right in itself, may be carried *too far*. There was, however, another incident, which a few staunch Revolutionists still consider a *glory*, but which all the rest of mankind have agreed to call by another name—namely, the execution of the King—which Lord Holland does not even mark with the mitigated censure of *excess*. He, at least, *doubts* whether, though unlucky in some of its consequences, it was not in itself *just* and *necessary*:—

'The execution of the French King, whether justifiable or not on the

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the grounds of *law* and *necessity*, was an unfortunate event to the tranquillity and happiness of Europe and the world.'—p. 26.

That is, as Lord Holland goes on for two or three pages to explain, it *unfortunately* excited the horror of Europe and the world against the Revolution. Even Mr. Fox himself was not yet (indeed we doubt whether he ever was) so far gone in Jacobinism as to take any such palliative view of that atrocious and wanton murder; for on the 21st of December, while the King's fate was still in the scales, he distinctly stated that the proceedings against the unhappy King were 'not only *unnecessary but highly unjust*,' and this, he added, 'was the unanimous feeling of that House and of the whole country' (*Parl. Deb.*).

Lord Holland having thus exhibited his own—as we hope solitary—view of that stupendous crime, writes thus:—

'I mean not to be uncharitable, but I must own, from *the best of my observations* at the time, that the advocates for war seemed to *feel more pleased* at the hold this event gave them on the passions of the public *than grieved at the catastrophe itself*.'—p. 27.

What shall we say of one who, from *his own observation*, vouches that such a diabolical feeling seemed to exist in the minds of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, and nineteen-twentieths of the gentlemen and people of England? 'Thy wish was father, *Harry*, to that thought.' To this general calumny he adds an inadvertent slur upon Mr. Fox:—

'Mr. Fox, from a *faint hope* of saving the King, and from a *natural desire of refuting the imputation cast on his own character*, gave notice of a motion expressive of the disapprobation felt by the House of the trial then pending in France.'—p. 27.

We should not have been surprised that a motion made, as his adoring nephew records, by Mr. Fox with some *faint* regard for the poor King, but more, it seems, with the selfish hope of retrieving his own popularity, should have been received by the House with disgust and contempt. But it was not so. The poor selfish motive which Lord Holland reveals was not detected—or at least not noticed—in the British House of Commons; Mr. Pitt, Mr. Windham, and Mr. Burke expressed the deepest sympathy with the professed object: Burke, in particular, observed that 'the manly declaration of Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan,' who had spoken to the same effect, 'deserves the highest approbation.' Of Burke's feeling Lord Holland's version is:—

'Burke, *in private*, ridiculed this motion of Mr. Fox—he *feared it might be successful; he was overheard to say* that there was little use in preserving the *carcase of a monarch* when the breath of the monarchy was no more.'—p. 28.

We think that, to whoever might pretend to have *overheard* this brutal

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brutal expression, Mr. Burke's whole life would entitle us to say, *Mentiris impudentissime!*

A visit of Lord Holland's to the south of Europe interrupts his series of domestic calumnies. The prime fruits of his foreign travels the world has already had in the *Reminiscences*—but he adds here some supplementary doses of the same scandalous gossip, which, however, have neither the piquancy of scandal nor the amusement of gossip, nor indeed any other object than to endeavour to depreciate his own country, its diplomatic servants, its foreign allies, and everything that seemed to offer any opposition to Jacobin principles and any resistance to French aggression. We shall select one or two passages, not as of any value in themselves, but as characteristic of Lord Holland's indefatigable zeal in perverting circumstances apparently the most indifferent or extraneous to the service of the Jacobin cause.

'The Queen of Naples was at that time (1794) very actively employed in screening D'Armfeldt, a Swede, from the justice or vengeance, *I know not which*, of his court. The means to which his protectress resorted did not certainly prepossess one in favour of his cause. She employed some money, and more intrigue, but, above all, *perjury*—which was to be purchased wholesale at Naples—in his defence.'—p. 55.

One wonders why the Queen of *Naples* should need to employ money, intrigue, and perjury to screen a native Swede from the '*justice* or *vengeance*'—Lord Holland does not know, nor seem to care, *which*—of the court of Stockholm. It would, however, be essential to a just appreciation of the conduct of the Neapolitan Government to know how it happened to have anything to do with the Swede, and whether it screened a *criminal* from *justice* or protected an *innocent* stranger from *vengeance*. The facts, as we remember the story, were these:—Baron D'Armfeldt, a Swedish nobleman of high military and diplomatic rank and services, was, after the assassination of Gustavus III., appointed by the Regency *ambassador to Naples*—probably as an honourable mode of removing him from Sweden. There he had not long been when the Regent, the Duke of Sudermania (who afterwards usurped the Crown), despatched a confidential agent to Naples to have D'Armfeldt arrested and conveyed to Stockholm, to be tried for high treason. We know not on what ground the Swedish Government could have required the interposition of the Government of Naples in this case, for it is clear, as a general principle, that the *arrest and extradition* of any foreigner—individual or ambassador—cannot, according to the laws of nations, be required, unless under special treaty; and the Court of Naples was under no obligation whatsoever

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ever (indeed the only colour of obligation was the other way) to prevent the baron's removing himself out of its territory—which he did by making the best of his way to Poland. It is very likely that the Court of Naples, beside the legal and public difficulty of such an arrest and extradition, might have the further motive of thinking that D'Armfeldt had been guilty of no crime; for the supposed charge was that, in some anterior negotiations with Russia, he had, contrary to his instructions, engaged Sweden *to join the Coalition against the French Republic.* Whatever may have been the details of the charge, there can be no doubt that it was made under the vindictive influence of France; and hence arose Lord Holland's vexation at D'Armfeldt's escape, and his angry imputation against the Queen for having protected it. The sequel left no doubt that D'Armfeldt was saved from *vengeance*—not from *justice.* The prosecution was carried on in his absence—he was outlawed and sentence of death was passed on him; but his person was safe in Poland—and he lived to be recalled by the young King at the close of the Regency, to his hereditary rank, higher offices, and more important commands. The last we remember of his history would not have lessened Lord Holland's vexation at his having escaped the scaffold. He commanded the Swedish army in Pomerania in 1807, and distinguished himself in the defence of Stralsund against the French. In the course of that campaign he was severely wounded; and on this occasion we find in Mr. Alison's History a confirmation of our view of Lord Holland's spite against him.

'Among the wounded was General Armfeldt, *the most uncompromising enemy of France* in the Swedish Councils.'—*Alis. Hist.* vi. 208.

On the subsequent ascendancy of French influence in Sweden, D'Armfeldt, we believe, again sought an asylum in Russia.

From Naples, Lord Holland returned to Florence, where he passed two years. He calls it a *maldicente* city, and if it be so, he had certainly an extraordinary congeniality with the *genius loci*—for all he tells us of his residence there is comprised in a supercilious, impertinent, and in one case at least scandalous, review of the characters and conduct of all the British ministers employed there and in the neighbouring courts—their offence being the zeal with which they served their Sovereign and their country against the artifices and aggressions of France. Of the spirit in which he treats such subjects we select a prominent specimen:—

'I remained two years in Florence. Lord Wycombe was living with me the greatest part of that time, and his activity procured for me much information on the state of Italy and Europe, which enabled me to communicate some intelligence to Mr. Fox. He often assured me

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me it was useful, and he above once made use of facts I conveyed to him in his speeches in Parliament. Lord Hervey [our minister there] had personally insulted the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and it was generally supposed in that *maldicente* city *that resentment at the French minister* [La Flotte] for having *supplanted him in the good graces of a lady* quickened his hatred of the French Republic, or *at least* gave it the turn of insisting on the *dismissal of his rival.* The *note* circulated at Florence as Lord Hervey's was indeed called *a forgery* by Mr. Canning in the House of Commons. *I have not investigated the fact since*, but my memory is strangely defective if I had not the best possible testimony to the authenticity of that paper. At any rate, Lord Hervey's conduct was intemperate, indecorous, and violent in the extreme; for, either by these offensive notes, or in a personal audience with the Grand Duke on which he insisted in violation of etiquette, *he* intimidated that prince into the dismissal of La Flotte.' —p. 56.

Into this paragraph Lord Holland has condensed more than his usual complication of anachronism and misrepresentation.

In the first place we have to observe that, from the mode in which the story is introduced and followed up by other anecdotes of his residence at Florence, any reader would infer that this affair was of the same period. But it turns out, on closer examination, that the affair of which Lord Holland seems to speak as if he had been an eye-witness was over at the least four months, and probably six, before he could have heard the *hearsay* of it in the *maldicente* city; and we need hardly remind our readers of what we have before said as to the class of *hearsay* for which only Lord Holland had a willing ear.

Now to the main point. We need not trouble our readers further about the *forged* note—for forged we have proof that it was—because we have the real one. There had been, ever since the spring of 1793, discussions between Lord Hervey and the Tuscan government concerning the intrigues and aggressions of the revolutionary propagandists in Italy. When Lord Hood took possession of Toulon in the autumn of that year, these discussions, both at Genoa and Florence, became more important. M. Tilly, the French minister at Genoa, and M. de la Flotte, his colleague at Florence, made themselves very busy in stopping the supplies of corn necessary for provisioning the garrison and inhabitants of Toulon which was closely blockaded on the land side; and La Flotte especially, by landing the crew of a French frigate, and collecting a band of revolutionary agents at Leghorn, had in the most violent and unjustifiable manner seized several cargoes of corn destined for Toulon. This outrage obliged Lord Hood to take decisive measures against such an abuse of the pretended neutrality of those two States.

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States. He therefore desired our ministers to make strong remonstrances, and to acquaint the Genoese and Florentine Governments that—if they did not comply with his requisition to get rid of these French agents—he should detach a squadron to enforce compliance. In consequence of these instructions Lord Hervey, on the 8th of October, 1793, presented a note to the Tuscan Government conveying Lord Hood's requisition for the dismissal of M. de la Flotte—and the Admiral's terms were so peremptory that the Tuscan Government acquiesced immediately. This was the Note of which Lord Holland may have seen the spurious version. The Note itself was so far from being a secret that it was immediately made public—at first probably by the Tuscan Government, as an excuse to France for the expulsion of La Flotte—and it was printed in England in all the diplomatic collections of the time;* in any of which Lord Holland, if he had chosen *to investigate the fact*, would have found, in the Note itself, ample evidence that it was not prompted by *any personal feeling* on the part of Lord Hervey; that it was part of a general system directed to other points as well as Florence, and entrusted by the Government at home to the immediate care of Lord Hood, of whom *Lord Hervey was only the organ.* Hervey states, for the information of the Grand Duke,

'That *Lord Hood* had ordered an English squadron, in conjunction with a detachment of the Spanish fleet, to set sail for Leghorn, there to act according to the part his Royal Highness may take.'—*Ann. Reg.*, p. 356.

Again—

'*Lord Hood declares* in the name of the King his master, that if the Grand Duke does not within twelve hours resolve to send away M. la Flotte *and his adherents*, the squadron will act offensively against Leghorn.'—*Ib.*

And again—

'The undersigned (Lord Hervey), earnestly desiring to avert such a calamity, invites his Royal Highness to give without delay a clear explanation of his intentions relative to *the demand made by Admiral Lord Hood* for the departure of M. de la Flotte *and his adherents*,' &c.—*Ib.*

Finally, he intimates to H.R.H. that a detachment of the English and Spanish fleets having accomplished a similar mission *at Genoa*, was on its way to enforce Lord Hood's demands at Leghorn. These measures, therefore—whatever other criticisms

* 'Political State of Europe for 1793,' vol. v. p. 372; Debrett's 'State Papers,' vol. i. p. 383, published in London in February, 1794 (the very month in which Lord Holland *first* visited Florence); and finally in the 'Annual Register' for 1793, p. 355.

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may be made upon them—were not *Lord Hervey's*, and had been successfully enforced at Genoa (where Mr. Drake was our minister) a month before the date of Lord Hervey's Note; and Lord Holland would not, we presume, venture to contend that Lord Hervey had also *a mistress and a rival at* GENOA. It will be observed that M. de la Flotte's '*adherents*' were included in Lord Hood's proscription. This alludes to a not unimportant feature of the case. La Flotte had not only collected a considerable body of Frenchmen to assist him in his violences, but he had an active auxiliary in citizen *Chauvelin*, whom, after his dismissal from England on the murder of Louis XVI., the Convention had sent, with the rank of minister-plenipotentiary, to Florence, where—though the Grand Duke refused to receive him—he had remained—intriguing and waiting the result of these discussions. If Lord Hervey had only wanted to get rid of a rival, it would seem that he had a much earlier opportunity by promoting the reception of M. Chauvelin *vice* La Flotte. At last, however, La Flotte and Chauvelin were dismissed together; and we cannot but suspect that the total suppression on this occasion of the name of Chauvelin (of whom he had before told us some remarkable anecdotes) was resorted to by Lord Holland in order to obtain more credit for the *personal scandal* against Lord Hervey.

We have taken more pains with the exposure of this fable than it may seem intrinsically worth. It would be no discredit to Lord Hervey to have used the strongest language and means in his power to execute the instructions of his Court, but it is intolerable that Lord Holland should, upon no authority whatsoever, contrary to all probability, and, in fact, to all evidence, befoul a public transaction by the imputation of not merely personal but low and guilty motives. We dare say Lord Holland had no individual enmity against Lord Hervey—and there were very strong private reasons which ought to have made him peculiarly reluctant to revive Florentine scandals—but he seems to have been utterly unable to master his sympathy with every Revolutionist, and his antipathy for all who in any way happened to be opposed to them.

The following is in the same spirit, but on a more important subject, and of a wider scope.

To countenance the calumnies which the Jacobins at the time, and their partisans ever since, have spread against the sincerity and good faith of the Allies at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he tells us that the Count de 'Morcy'—(an error of the press no doubt for the Count de *Mercy-Argenteau*)—

'who, though not the ostensible, was the real director of their [the Austrian]

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Austrian] affairs in the Netherlands, disclosed to Sir Gilbert Elliott * the plan they wished to pursue, and at that time thought very practicable. They were to secure the *whole of the French territory north of the Somme*, and they had settled (and even marked out on the map) the portion of it which, if ceded, would prevail on them to make peace with the Republic. Austria had harboured some such selfish designs from the *commencement of the war*. I have been assured by M. de Calonne and others present at the Duke of Brunswick's campaign, that the King of Prussia did not desert the Confederacy till he had detected the separate designs of Austria, and felt himself *in some degree* sacrificed to their *perfidious policy*.†'—p. 70.

Lord Holland places on his margin, as is indicated, two *confirmatory* Notes. The first runs thus:—

'* Sir Gilbert himself, when Lord Minto, told me this circumstance in 1805.'—p. 70.

Lord Holland must have misheard or mistaken Lord Minto. In the first place let us observe that the only indication of the *time* of this 'selfish design' and 'perfidious policy' is, the commencement of the Austrian war—viz., in the summer of 1792—and we invite our readers to look at the map of France, and see what this project of the *line of the Somme, by Abbeville, Amiens, and Péronne*, would include—and then say whether they can *ex facie* believe that at the commencement—or at any period—of the war the most insane ambition or blindness could have ever contemplated any such dismemberment of France. But we can go further. The recently published papers of the Prince Auguste d'Aremberg, Count La Marck, contain his correspondence with the Count de Mercy-Argenteau. They were both Germans, with properties and connexions in France—both were deep in the private confidence of the Emperor of Austria, of the unfortunate Louis, and above all of Marie Antoinette. This correspondence, the most intimate and confidential that can be imagined, which relates to the safety of the royal family in France, to all the views and contingencies of the war on the frontier, and especially to the most secret purposes of the Austrian cabinet, negatives the most remote idea of any such dismemberment. But the public acts of the Allies were unequivocal upon that point. The celebrated proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick begins with a declaration—

'that the Allied Courts have no other object in view than the welfare of France, *without any pretence to enrich themselves by making conquests*.'—(*Man.*, July 25, 1792.)

The Manifesto of the Courts, some days later, says:—

'Their Majesties declare to Europe that they entertain *no view of personal aggrandisement, which they expressly renounce;* and to France, that

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that they mean not to interfere with its internal administration.'—(*Man.*, Aug. 4, 1792.)

And these were indisputably the principles both professed and acted upon at that period.

The second Note, by which Lord Holland corroborates his Text, runs thus:—

'† This passage, written many years before the appearance of *his* Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat, is strongly confirmed by that very curious and *authentic* publication.'—p. 70.

There is here an obscurity, arising, it would seem, from some departure from the original MS.—which we suspect the Editor has occasionally made or permitted. By '*his*,' Lord Holland cannot mean *M. de Calonne*, as the grammatical construction would require, but *M. de Hardenberg*, the Prussian Chancellor and supposed author of the *Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat*—a work which we do not deny to be *curious*, but of the *authenticity* of which Lord Holland himself, in a Note to the Reminiscences (p. 46), seemed to doubt—and we believe with more reason than he now asserts it. The work may have been compiled from papers found in Hardenberg's closet, but assuredly was not put together by himself. At that period, says Lord Malmesbury (Nov. 1793), 'the utmost jealousy prevailed between the two Courts of Vienna and Berlin'—and therefore nothing is more likely than that papers unfavourable to Austria should reach the Prussian ministers, and that the compilers of the work might have *bonâ fide* made use of them in a way that Hardenberg himself—anxious as he undoubtedly must have been to find any excuse for the disgraceful conduct of Prussia at that crisis—would not have done;—but, however that may be, we find in those *Mémoires* two circumstances which Lord Holland has suppressed, and which totally discredit the story which he quotes the *Mémoires* as supporting. The *Mémoires* say that this project of Austria for partitioning France was *concerted with England*—that England was to have the French West India islands for her share, and Austria French Flanders for hers:—the *line of the Somme* seems an addition of Lord Holland's own. Now, we know that England never entered into any such absurd talk, much less treaty with Austria; and moreover, the date assigned in the *Mémoires* for this supposed treaty—namely, about April, 1793—was a year later than *the commencement of the Austrian* war—the only date Lord Holland gives us. In short, the general import of his lordship's story is a complete misrepresentation, and his deductions from *L'Homme d'Etat* a gross anachronism. To make out a case of perfidy against the Allies, he confounds two very different

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periods—and misrepresents both. The explanation of the candid Peer's embroglio is this. The first objects of the war were the personal safety of the King and Queen, and the establishment of anything like a regular government in France; and Austria and Prussia appeared, not as enemies but, as the allies of the French Monarch, avowedly acting for his restoration, and disclaiming all thoughts of profiting by his misfortunes. These friendly and generous hopes and views were not abandoned even after the death of Louis XVI. They existed till April, 1793, when Dumouriez resolved to make, at the head of his army, a last effort for the life of the Queen and the establishment of the young King, Louis XVII., and the Constitution of 1791. On this occasion, to help Dumouriez and under his advice, the Prince of Coburgh issued a proclamation, dated Mons, April 5, 1793, in which he declared that, while this effort was making, he would suspend all hostilities and act only as Dumouriez should require; and he further engaged that, if so called upon to enter the French territory, it should be as an ally only, and with no object of conquest. He concluded by pledging himself that if, in consequence of these measures, any towns or fortresses should be taken or surrendered to his troops, he would consider them '*as sacred deposits*, to be delivered back whenever Dumouriez or a regular government should demand them' (*Ann. Reg.*, 1793, p. 308). The Dumouriez bubble burst, and with it vanished all the original objects of the war. A new era arose, and the allied Sovereigns were no longer to make war in a mitigated form and for conciliatory objects, but War in its ordinary character, for the defence—not merely of their own frontiers actually menaced by France, but of all Monarchical Governments, against which the Convention had declared general, irreconcilable, and internecinal hostility. In this new state of things it became obviously necessary that the Prince of Coburgh should recall the pledges given before Dumouriez's failure, of not acting hostilely towards France; and that the Allies should stand in their proper position of unrestricted belligerents. Did it enter any one's head that the French should be allowed to make an aggressive war on the Allies while these were to be restricted from retaliation?—that the French were to be allowed to take Maestricht or Brussels, and the Allies not to attack Dunkirk or Valenciennes? The Prince of Coburgh therefore published a second proclamation, dated Mons, April 9th, reciting the change of circumstances that now rendered his friendly declaration inapplicable, and apprising the French Army and People that, the state of *War* being actually renewed, he had given orders to recommence it 'with all the *energy and*

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and vigour of which victorious armies were capable' (*ib.*): and thus both parties were placed in the unreserved exercise of their belligerent rights. About the same time, France having declared war against England and Holland, it was resolved to send a British force to act with the Allies in Flanders, and as they were about to invade the French territory together, it became necessary that measures should be taken for regulating the command of the combined forces, insuring their effective co-operation, and providing for the government and civil administration of the towns and territory they might occupy in France. These points, indispensable at the moment to effective operations, but having no character nor even semblance of a treaty of partition, were settled at a kind of congress held at Antwerp; and it is from the purely *belligerent* and absolutely indispensable arrangements there made that the calumny against the good faith of Austria and England has been most groundlessly raised. The Allies might, with perfect *good faith* and the strictest principles of the *jus belli*, have adopted, if they had pleased, the *bad* or the *bold policy* of partitioning France. It might have been rashness or folly, but not perfidy; and accordingly nothing of the kind was any more thought of than when, twenty years later, the same Allies conquered the same territory. It was of this Antwerp convention that Lord Minto might have spoken to Lord Holland; but neither he nor any one else could ever have inferred from these premises that Austria had any 'perfidious designs at the commencement of the war.' We have dwelt more largely on this point than Lord Holland's nonsense about *the line of the Somme* could have justified, out of respect to Lord Minto's and Baron Hardenberg's names, which Lord Holland thus perverts to his own transparent purposes.

From these and similar imputations against the allies of England, Lord Holland passes by an easy transition to the defence of the allies of France—the Irish rebels. He makes, of course, a long and laboured apology for the Irish rebellion of 1798—and more especially for Lord Edward Fitzgerald. We are sincerely reluctant to revive those painful subjects—political or personal—and shall go no farther into them than may be necessary to exhibit Lord Holland's worse than indulgence for the treasonable principles and practices of the unhappy authors and victims of that senseless and hopeless outbreak. Lord Holland says:—

'More than twenty years have now passed away (this was transcribed in 1824), but my *approbation* of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's *actions* remains *unaltered and unshaken*.'—p. 103.

And he proceeds to justify not merely rebellion and separation

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from England in the abstract, but the policy—the necessity indeed—of accomplishing it by the assistance of revolutionary France. (*ib.*)—Of Lord Holland's personal affection for his cousin Lord Edward no one can complain—particularly as he fairly warns us that a natural partiality may in the opinions of many disqualify him from the office of recording his actions and character. (*ib.*) We on our parts are ready to acknowledge that no one was more amiable in all the relations of private life than Lord Edward Fitzgerald; his natural disposition was remarkably mild, and it is to be peculiarly deplored that a *personal pique* at some disappointment he had suffered as to military promotion, and a consequent political fanaticism (which we fear Lord Holland and Mr. Fox largely contributed to inflame), should have driven him into enterprises totally alien from his gentler qualities, and much beyond his very moderate abilities. When Lord Holland has the rare modesty of disqualifying himself as a witness on the score of partiality, *we* need not waste our time in refuting—which would be a long though easy task—the details which he produces in eulogy of Lord Edward's treasonable practices, and in apology and even defence of the treacherous, dastardly, and cruel rebellion which followed them—not to be exceeded nor, in its worst features, to be equalled, by the French massacres. But there is one historical passage which Lord Holland perverts in so sly and artful a way that we think it worth while to expose both its partiality and its inaccuracy. Of Lord Edward's arrest Lord Holland says:—

'He was for some time concealed in Dublin, and at last discovered in his bed reading Gil Blas. After a *forcible attack* and a spirited and bloody resistance, he was arrested on the 19th of May, 1798. * * * His kindness of heart led him on his deathbed to acquit the officer who inflicted his wounds of all malice, and even to commend him for an honest discharge of his duty.'—pp. 110, 111.

The first part of this statement would lead any reader not informed of the facts to suppose that Lord Edward had been *attacked* while quietly reading in bed by an officer, who wounded him—and did so quite unnecessarily. The true case was very different. Of the alleged testimony in *acquittal* of the officer who wounded him we find no trace—not even in Mr. Moore's elaborate and very sympathetic account of the events—nor do we think it would have been altogether deserved: Lord Edward had assuredly no cause to complain, as he was the assailant; but the public opinion was that the officers employed had not shown as much prudence as might have been expected. Less deference and more *sang froid* would have prevented any bloodshed. The facts were these.

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these.* The Government, having information where Lord Edward was concealed, sent thither three experienced officers, Mr. Swan a magistrate, Major Sirr, and Captain Ryan, with eight serjeants of the army in plain clothes, a force sufficient, as they hoped, to effect a quiet capture. While Sirr and Ryan were posting their men round the house, Mr. Swan, observing a woman running hastily up stairs for the purpose, as he supposed, of apprising Lord Edward, followed her, and, on entering an upper room, found Lord Edward lying on a bed in his dressing-jacket. The magistrate seems to have been without arms; he at least employed none. He approached the bed, and informed his Lordship that he had a warrant against him—that resistance would be vain—and he assured him at the same time that he would treat him with the utmost respect. On that Lord Edward sprang from the bed upon the magistrate, and with a two-edged dagger wounded him in several parts of his body. In attempting to parry the first blow of the dagger, Mr. Swan seized it; but Lord Edward, drawing it through his hand, inflicted deep cuts, which at once disabled him—then the other wounds followed. At that moment Captain Ryan entered, and seeing Swan bleeding on the floor, and Lord Edward with a bloody dagger in his hand, endeavoured, for the purpose of rescuing Mr. Swan, to discharge a pocket pistol at him, which missed fire. Lord Edward then fired at Ryan, but missed him; and Ryan made a lunge at Lord Edward with a sword-cane, which did not penetrate, but threw Lord Edward back on the bed, where Ryan having thrown himself on him with the object of taking him alive, Lord Edward plunged his dagger in Ryan's side, and gave him *thirteen* other wounds, of which he died a few days after. In this state of affairs Major Sirr entered the room; he saw Swan and Ryan bleeding on the floor, while Lord Edward, with the dagger still in his hand, was endeavouring to reach the door, Ryan clinging to him by one leg and Swan by the other. Sirr then discharged a pistol at the dagger arm of Lord Edward, and wounded him in the right shoulder, on which he cried out that he surrendered himself. He died ten days after, not so

* In reference to such a confused and sanguinary scene, when, of the four persons concerned, three were wounded—two fatally, and the fourth only arrived at the last moment—it is not surprising that details given by different parties should vary; but the variances are not important. The chief difference is in Mr. Moore's account, which states that Mr. Swan, the magistrate, *fired* at Lord Edward: *that*, according to all the contemporaneous reports, was not so. Mr. Swan, if he had pistols, certainly did not produce them. He had no motive for doing so,—for his object was to arrest and not to kill Lord Edward; and he was disabled before he expected resistance. Our account is, we believe, a fair summary of the different relations.

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much, as the surgeons said, of the effect of the wound as of a fever, aggravated if not caused by the state of his mind.

We will not discuss how far Lord Edward's assault on the magistrate, and the use of the instrument he employed, were morally justifiable. We are willing to make allowance for the surprise of the moment, the impulse of self-defence, and the intoxication of enthusiasm, which he thought patriotism; but notwithstanding the feelings, more of sorrow than of anger, with which we look back at the fate of that misguided, or, as his own family called him, '*seduced*' young man, we could not permit Lord Holland's misrepresentation of the main fact to pass uncorrected.

In this, as in everything else concerning Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the Irish Rebellion, Lord Holland hazards even, if possible, more inexplicable misstatements. What will our readers think of his *explanation*—we have seen that he does not think it requires any *excuse*—of Lord Edward's treason to his Sovereign, and (*pacè* Lord Holland), we must add, to *his Country*? He alleges that—

'At the beginning of 1793 Lord Edward was, in common with *Lord Temple* [Sempill] * and Major Gawler, dismissed the service for *no other* crime than'—

What does the reader suppose?—

'than that of maintaining opinions in *private conversation—and at mess*—which Ministers considered improper and dangerous.'—p. 107.

Only seditious language at the mess of one of his Majesty's regiments! *That* we should think quite enough; but here again we find Lord Holland suppressing the most important facts of the case. It was on the 1st of December, 1792, that the Gazette announced that the services of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Sempill were dispensed with. Lord Holland conceals that about a fortnight before, viz. on the 19th of November, a number of English residents in Paris assembled at a public banquet to celebrate the victories of the French Republic. This meeting was held at Lord Edward Fitzgerald's hotel, and he himself was the most distinguished English name, while the most notorious of the French guests was *General Santerre!* An address was there voted to the Convention, invoking the extension of the arms and principles of the French Republic to the three British nations, and to the 'overthrow of all pre-

* *Temple* is an absurd error, no doubt, of the press, for *Sempill*, a Scotch peer who was dismissed the service at the same time. We notice this misprint as well as that of 'Count *Morcy*' (*ante*, p. 239) and *two* subsequent ones of 'Judge *Baker*' for 'Judge *Buller*,' as indications that the avowed Editor has not read the printed sheets. We wish for his sake we could believe that *he* had not even read the manuscript.

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tended governments, the offspring of the *frauds of priests and tyrants.*' After voting this address a series of *Jacobin* toasts were drunk, in the course of which *Lord Edward Fitzgerald renounced his title*, and this was followed by the toast, '*The abolition of hereditary titles in England.*' It was on the report of these extravagant proceedings that Lord Edward was removed from the army, but with the unmerited indulgence of being allowed to sell his commission. The address was presented on the 28th of November, and responded to by the Convention in congenial language, in which England is already denominated the Sister Republic of France.—'*Royalty in Europe is destroyed, or on the point of perishing in the ruins of Feudality.*' —(*Ann. Reg* 1792, p. 348; *Moniteur*, November 29, 1792.) Lord Sempill, whose dismissal Lord Holland couples with that of Lord Edward, as the result of ministerial spite against *private opinions*, was the Chairman of the 'London Constitutional Society,'* and the official signer of another address, dated the 9th of Nov., presented by delegation to the Convention also on the 28th, and professing the same principles as the former. This address was accompanied by the presentation of 1000 pair of shoes for the armies of the Republic, and an announcement that 1000 more pairs would be transmitted weekly for *at least* six weeks to come.

These, the real facts and motives, notorious at the time to all Europe, Lord Holland totally conceals.

Amidst Lord Holland's many arts to excuse the Irish rebels and to inculpate the loyalists, the most frequent, because he thinks it the most plausible, is the *preposterous* logic of the Wolf to the Lamb. He would ascribe the atrocities of the Rebellion to the alleged violence of the measures taken for its defeat and suppression—as if an attempt to plunder and burn a house could be justified by the defensive resistance made by the inhabitants, or the subsequent punishment of the incendiaries. Prevention, or even retaliation, is not provocation; and Lord Holland, when he proceeds to his results, is forced to admit, though inadvertently and obscurely, the fact that oversets all his sophistry and nullifies his conclusions :—

'The fact is incontrovertible that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance, *which probably they meditated before*, by free quarters and the excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not *permitted in civilised warfare* even in an enemy's country.'—p. 113.

What is this but an admission that the Rebellion was 'meditated,' that is, in preparation, and that the counter-preparations of the Government only accelerated the outbreak?

* This Lord Sempill was the last peer of that family. We believe he was nearly a pauper—if not wholly so.

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It is probable that Lord Edward's well-founded suspicion that the Government were aware of the proceedings of the rebel Directory, and the pressing fear of further treachery in his own councils, induced him to hasten an explosion which he seems to have originally intended to defer till he had ensured the co-operation of France. But as a material and indisputable proof of the rebellion being more than 'probably meditated,' and of the vigilance and exertions required to meet the crisis, we need only state that within the week preceding Lord Edward's arrest no less than 10 *pieces of cannon* were found concealed in different parts of Dublin. It was proved, before the Secret Committee of both Houses of Parliament, that the conspiracy commenced as early as 1791; that it smouldered, with occasional outbreaks, till 1796, when it assumed a military organization in direct connexion with France and *nommément* with Buonaparte and Hoche; and none even of the rebel evidences—or indeed of the rebel writers—pretend that any one of the acts of violence alleged against the troops and the loyalists took place till just on the eve of the actual breaking out of the rebellion in April and May, 1798, when the imminent aspect of the insurrection forced the Government to endeavour to disarm it. In short, of all the historical, or rather pseudo-historical impostures, that we ever read or heard of, the most audacious is the assertion that the measures of the Government in any way produced, or even conduced to, the Irish Rebellion. Ireland may be said to have been in a state of intermittent rebellion from the earliest times; but that this special accession of the fever was caught from the French Jacobins, and subsequently inflamed even to madness by Popish Fanaticism, is just as certain as that there was a rebellion at all. The rebels were from the first to the last, and in every case, the aggressors—and, deplorable as any particular instance of retaliation may have been, we will venture to assert that it was never wholly unprovoked, and was, in a great majority of cases, either justified by the urgent necessity of self-defence, or to be too unhappily accounted for by the example of the aggressors.

> 'Who can be wise, amaz'd—temperate, and furious—
> Loyal, and neutral, in a moment?—No man!'

Those that were really the most deeply guilty, and altogether unpardonable, are such persons as Lord Holland himself, who spent their lives, degraded their rank, and abused whatever portion of talents nature had given them, in stirring up and exasperating all the worst political passions of mankind.

Lord Holland adds—'such measures would not be permitted in *civilized* war.' We might reply that *civil* war is seldom *civilized* war; and ask who were in this case the firebrands of the civil

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civil war? But we take even narrower ground, and assert that, when such measures were resorted to, it was only because the Government, the Troops, and the Loyalists had not to contend with anything like *civilized war*—but with a stealthy and sanguinary conspiracy, of which the chief strategy was surprise and treachery—whose victories were the massacres of *Prosperous*, *Wexford-Bridge*, and *Scullabouge!*—each more terrible than those of *La Force*, *Les Carmes*, and *L'Abbaye!*

If the Editor of Lord Holland's vague and indiscriminate calumnies should be piqued—as we hope he may be—to attempt the justification of what he has published by any definite and tangible instances of the truth of his father's assertions, we shall be ready to enter into a full and detailed examination of any such allegation; in the meanwhile we may be permitted to rest our case on what we have already established as to the value of Lord Holland's evidence.

Lord Holland's constant approbation and active countenance of the rebellion and the rebels is not concealed, though we are satisfied that it is very imperfectly stated. We may be sure that he went even farther than Mr. Fox, whose opinions on that subject were—as he himself told Lord Holland, and as Lord Holland ventures to record—'*neither fit to be spoken in public, nor even to be written in private*' (p. 128). Indeed, the whole Opposition made themselves remarkable and, to the good sense of the people of England, odious, by their evident congeniality with all the treason of the time; and in this line Lord Holland seems to have been one of the most busy. We confess that, notorious as all this was, we have been a little surprised at the candour with which Lord Holland has explained the appearance of Mr. Fox and the other leaders of Opposition at the trials at Maidstone of Arthur O'Connor and Priest Quigley * for high treason; the latter of whom was convicted, and the former soon after confessed that he deserved to have been so:—

'What passed at Maidstone exposed the Opposition to much calumny. Arthur O'Connor had, without scruple, summoned all his acquaintances in that party to speak to his character. From *pardonable* motives of humanity and friendship, they endeavoured [*though on their oaths*] to give the most favourable *colour* [!] they could, to his views and opinions about England, and they thereby exposed themselves to the *imputation* of being implicated in the plot, or, at least, accessory to the designs which he soon afterwards confessed.'—p. 122.

On the first branch of this extraordinary statement we need

* The man's original name was *Quigley*, which he chose to spell *Coigley*, and which was somehow transformed to *O'Coigley*: this latter, after his conviction, Quigley alleged was a misnomer in the indictment. We use the name as it is usually spelled.

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make no other observation than that this is the first time we ever heard a grave and gratuitous avowal that false swearing could be '*pardonable*,' and that oaths in a court of justice might be innocently '*coloured*' to serve friendly purposes. But is it not strange that Lord Holland does not add one word of denial or even of doubt as to the justice of the '*imputation*' that the Opposition were '*at least accessory*' to O'Connor's designs? He tells us, indeed, what efforts *he* made to save Quigley, and he is throughout very angry with Arthur O'Connor:—

'Few pitied Mr. Arthur O'Connor. He had betrayed at Maidstone an anxiety for his own personal safety hardly honourable to any man, and quite unpardonable in one who had involved others as well as himself in many dangerous transactions.'—p. 121.

These and several other sneers and imputations against O'Connor are all prompted by the only useful act, whatever may have been its motive, of his political life—his *Confession*, which not merely contradicted the evidence of his Opposition friends and rendered them liable to the unpleasant 'imputation' which Lord Holland does not venture to deny, but established the fact of the revolutionary conspiracy, and entirely refuted all the fables which the rebel orators and writers had propagated, and to which Lord Holland so pertinaciously adhered—that the people had been goaded into the rebellion by the oppression of their Government.

No wonder that this should be a very sore place with Mr. Fox and his friends, when it was at the time made the subject of such public strictures as the following:—

'You, and others of Mr. O'Connor's friends, declared upon oath that his principles were the principles of the Constitution; that they perfectly coincided with your own; and that he was utterly averse to the introduction of French principles or French arms; you added, that he was a man of so peculiarly open and communicative a disposition that he could not possibly conceal his sentiments from his confidential friends. Now, Sir, from Mr. O'Connor's subsequent *confession*, it appears, that for the greater part of the time during which he had the honour of your acquaintance and friendship, he was holding a correspondence with the enemy, laying a plan for a revolution in Ireland on French principles, and plotting the means of introducing a French army into that kingdom.'—*Letter to Mr. Fox, October*, 1798.

These were the general and the just impressions of the public at large—and we cannot wonder at the indignation excited against those who abetted or countenanced a conspiracy, of which the charter song—the Irish *Marseillaise*, we may say—was in the following style. Our specimen, extracted from the Report of the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Commons, 1798, is, we think,

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think, not out of place in a notice of Lord Holland's apologies for that rebellion :—

'They come, they come, see myriads come,
Of *Frenchmen* to relieve us;
Seize, seize the pike—beat, beat the drum;
They come, my friends, to save us!

While trembling despots fly this land,
To shun impendent danger,
We stretch out our fraternal hand
To *hail the welcome stranger.*

Those *nicknames*—Marquis, Lord, and Earl,
That set the crowd a-gazing,
We prize, as hogs esteem a pearl,
Their patents set a-blazing.

No more they'll vote away our wealth,
To please a King or Queen, sirs,
But gladly pack away by stealth,
Or taste——the *Guillotine*, sirs.

Plant, plant the Tree, fair Freedom's Tree,
'Midst danger, wounds, and *slaughter*,
Erin's green fields its soil shall be,
Her tyrants' blood its water!'

Perhaps among all Lord Holland's statements distinctly opposed to other apparently indisputable evidence his account of his own share in the sequel of the trial at Maidstone is the most remarkable. The main point of accusation against Quigley was the possession of a paper purporting to be credentials of the bearer in a mission to the French Directory, and which was found in the pocket of a great coat belonging to Priest Quigley. On this Lord Holland states :—

'The Bow Street officer, who swore to finding the fatal paper in his pocket-book, and remarked in court the folding of the paper as fitting that pocket-book, had sworn, before the Privy Council, that the same paper was found *loose* in Quigley's great-coat; and, I think, had added, that *he himself had put it into the pocket-book.* An attorney of the name of Foulkes gave me this information, and *I went with it to Mr. Wickham*, then, I think, Under Secretary, who assured me that the circumstance should be carefully and anxiously investigated before the execution; but the order *had gone down*, and *while we were conversing the sentence was probably executed.* Mr. Wickham's general good character, and the good opinion which subsequent acquaintance has given me of his humanity, make it just to add, that I acquit him of the hypocrisy of expressing interest about the fate of a man *who was no more;* and I suppose that he thought there was yet time for a respite and investigation.'—p. 123.

Now we are able to show that all the circumstances upon which Lord

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Lord Holland questions the evidence against Quigley and rests his imputation against Mr. Wickham are entirely unfounded; nay, we think we can show more than this. We begin by stating that '*an* attorney of the name of Mr. Foulkes,' whom Lord Holland's account would lead us to suppose an accidental informant, was in truth *the* Attorney entrusted with Quigley's defence, who had distinguished himself at the trial by an ultra-professional zeal, and who subsequently published, in conjunction with Quigley's personal friends, a narrative of the transaction, differing from that of Lord Holland in all its vital points:—*First*, Mr. Foulkes claims to have done *all* that Lord Holland says that *he himself* did. *Secondly*, He never mentions Lord Holland's name as having interfered at all in the matter. *Thirdly*, He admits—what Lord Holland conceals—that inquiry *was* made at the Home Office into the facts by the *Under Secretary of State*, Mr. Wickham—*the Attorney and Solicitor-General*, afterwards Lords Eldon and Redesdale—Mr. White, *the Solicitor of the Treasury*—and Mr. Ford, *the magistrate* who took the depositions; and that Mr. Ford stated to Mr. Foulkes that there was no such variance in the evidence of the officer, and that the *idea* of the papers being found *loose* was Mr. Foulkes's own. *Fourthly*, Mr. Foulkes, with all his zeal for his client, does not attempt to state—what Lord Holland alleges—that the officer had owned that he himself had put the *letter found loose in the pocket into the pocket-book*. *Fifthly*, Mr. Foulkes states that his interference—instead of being made on the last day when the death-warrant '*was already gone down* and *probably* in process of *execution*'—was made several days earlier—namely, on the 1st of June; that the matter was in discussion from that day till late in the evening of the 6th, when Mr. Foulkes received *personally* from Mr. Wickham his final and unfavourable answer; and that Quigley was executed at eleven o'clock next day, the 7th.

We should like to know *how* the Editor thinks it possible to reconcile Mr. Foulkes's 'Narrative'—printed at the time while the matter was fresh in the minds of all the parties, substantiated by the series of contemporaneous documents, and reprinted in the State Trials—with the main statements in the present volume—and, above all, with Lord Holland's account of *his own share* in the transaction.—The most charitable conjecture that we can make—and that only as to a single point—is, that he might have *accompanied* Mr. Foulkes to the Home Office on the evening of the 6th, and that Mr. Foulkes may, for some reason, have omitted to mention his name. But then, what becomes of all the rest of the story?—of Mr. Foulkes's assertions that he had been for a week previous in communication with the Home Office, that

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that all the Law officers were consulted, and that the final interview with Mr. Wickham on the evening of the 6th was *with him* ALONE? How can it be explained that Lord Holland should state *Mr. Foulkes's* conversation with Mr. Wickham as a conversation with *himself*—and that '*the man was then no more*,' who was not executed till eleven next day? Is it possible that Lord Holland should have not seen Mr. Foulkes's Narrative published at the time, and since re-published in the State Trials? —and, if he had seen it, what possible explanation can be given of his not having alluded to that statement, so obviously at variance with his own? Inaccurate as Lord Holland allows his memory to have been, we confess any satisfactory solution here is quite beyond our conjecture.

As a diversion from these melancholy topics, we may here notice the little arts by which Lord Holland takes, or rather makes occasions, to libel the Tory Government. They are sometimes amusing for their elaborate absurdity. For instance, Dr. Stock, Bishop of Killalla, published a '*Narrative of what passed at Killalla during the French invasion of* 1798.' The Bishop and his family had remained prisoners in the palace (which was made the head-quarters of the invaders) for about a month, and his pamphlet was, says Lord Holland, 'lively and simple.' We know not that it can well be called *lively*—but it is clear, unaffected, sometimes graphic, and bears ample evidence of impartiality and truth. It leads Lord Holland, however, to the following strange deductions:—

'This pamphlet was little noticed *at the time*, and some *pains were taken* to deprive it of the celebrity to which it was entitled.'—p. 136.

We pause for a moment to observe that it is not very surprising that it was not much noticed at *the time*, since it was *not* published at *the time*, but nearly two years later, in the summer of 1800, and anonymously. As to the absurd assertion that *pains were taken* to check its 'celebrity,' Lord Holland, if he had taken the smallest pains to inquire into the truth of what he was writing about, must have found that the imputation was as false as absurd. The pamphlet bears on its original title-page the names of *two* of the most respectable publishing firms in Dublin, and it attracted a great deal more notice than pamphlets usually do. We know not how many editions may have appeared in Ireland—but two, by *separate* publishers (one with the author's corrections), were immediately brought out *in London;* and it was reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1800, and still more fully, and very much in Lord Holland's own *Gallomaniac* style, in Phillips's *Monthly Magazine* for July; and—

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and—which is still stronger as an answer to the insinuation that the Tories *took pains* to suppress it—it was reviewed and praised in the *Anti-jacobin* for August. We shall see presently that these stories of attempted suppression were introduced to give a *political* colour to the rest of the romance:—

'Many were offended that *republican Frenchmen* should be described—*and that by a bishop too*—as they really were, and not as it had suited the purposes of the Ministerialists to represent them—monsters of impiety, treachery, and inhumanity. *Dr. Stock was never promoted*, and this publication was, as it is said, urged as an objection. Mr. Fox, however, in 1806, considered it as an additional recommendation to his acknowledged learning, for translating him into a better bishopric. Other reasons were found to counteract his liberal intentions.'—p. 137.

We Pittites are not at all disposed to question Dr. Stock's amiability and 'acknowledged learning,' seeing that they were the only inducements which recommended him to Mr. Pitt's Irish Cabinet, Lord Camden, Lord Clare, and Lord Castlereagh, for his bishopric—conferred upon him a few months prior to the invasion; but we cannot but smile at the alleged illustrious example of Mr. Fox's *liberal* views of Church patronage—viz., that his *special* desire to promote Dr. Stock was prompted by his having written what Lord Holland describes as an obscure and unnoticed *pamphlet*, of which the marking merit was that it had given a favourable representation of French republicans—which, after all, any one who reads the pamphlet will see that it *did not do;* for, though the good Bishop speaks of their vulgarity and violence with becoming charity and extenuation, and of their military qualities with due praise, there is but one of them (a Lieut.-Col. Charost) of whose manners and conduct he gives such a picture as would induce any English family ever to wish to see him again, and the stray gleams of approbation which seem thrown upon the French appear such, only by contrast with the more brutal and bloody excesses of their Irish allies. In truth, Dr. Stock's pamphlet has neither any special literary merit nor any discoverable bias in politics which Mr. Pitt could resent or Mr. Fox should reward. But why, after all, did not Mr. Fox promote Dr. Stock? What were those 'other reasons' that defeated Mr. Fox's 'liberal intentions?' We confidently believe that there were none, and that this portion of the story is another dream. There was one vacancy on the Irish bench in Mr. Fox's administration—namely, of Limerick—and that was filled by the Duke of Bedford's appointment of Dean Warburton, a divine supposed to be recommended by Lord Moira, a *Helluo* of patronage, and, at all events, the Dean was of a Whig complexion in

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in politics; but his advancement to the bench need not have at all interfered with the *translation* of Dr. Stock to Limerick and Dr. Warburton's *succession* to him at Killalla. If therefore Dr. Stock was *never promoted*, the fault was Mr. Fox's. But was Dr. Stock *never promoted?* Alas for Lord Holland's accuracy! Dr. Stock *was*, in 1810, promoted, by the Tories—who are represented as having insulted and proscribed him—to the see of Waterford, in which he died in 1813!

Lord Holland's next subject is the Irish Union, and, after stating the objects which Lord Cornwallis might have had in forwarding that measure, he introduces the following sneer at Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant:—

'To all these views, or, indeed, to *any other* which the Government might entertain, the *supple* genius of Lord Castlereagh lent itself with as much readiness as it had to the *dissemination of Paine's pamphlet* in the North, or to the *praises of Lord Fitzwilliam* in 1795.'—p. 138.

This is meant for sarcasm, but is mere stupid blunder. When Lord Holland sneers at Lord Castlereagh's concurrence in these *or* '*any other*' measures of the Government, he forgets that Lord Castlereagh was himself an integral part and the official organ of the Government. He had been Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant who preceded Lord Cornwallis, and it was Lord Cornwallis who adhered to the principles which Lord Castlereagh represented, and not Lord Castlereagh who had complaisantly shifted over to those of Lord Cornwallis. To support this general imputation of Lord Castlereagh's discreditable pliancy, the above extract specifies two instances, the first of which is, we believe, the mere product of Lord Holland's spleen, and the latter another egregious blunder of his memory.

Lord Castlereagh, no doubt—like Mr. Pitt—began life as a Whig of the old school, and in Opposition—yet so early as the 8th of February, 1792, he dissented from a motion of the Opposition leader, Mr. Ponsonby, on the commercial relations between England and Ireland, and professed principles precisely the same as those which he afterwards maintained in advocating the Union. (See Quar. Rev., vol. 84, p. 278.) We know not on what rumour Lord Holland ventures to state Lord Castlereagh to have disseminated Paine's pamphlet. We can trace no evidence nor the least probability of it. It is wholly inconsistent with the political tenets of all his nearest connexions; it is, chronologically, hardly possible. Paine's *Rights of Man* was published—the first part in the *summer* of 1791, the second in 1792; and we have before us private letters of Lord Castlereagh's, dated in the *spring* of 1791,

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1791, as well as his speeches of the 17th of March, 1791 (æt. 22), and of the 8th of February, 1792 (æt. 23), which are as unlike as possible to any participation in the doctrines of Paine; and we know that in 1793 he altogether seceded from the Opposition. We can no more believe that Lord Castlereagh was, even in his boyhood, a revolutionist, than that Lord Holland was at any time of his life a loyal subject and friend of the British monarchy.

As to the second charge of inconsistency, in having '*praised* Lord Fitzwilliam,' when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795, we do not find any speech of Lord Castlereagh's during that short period—but it is very likely that he may have spoken, and if he did, it was no doubt in support of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration; but Lord Holland's always 'inaccurate memory' has here failed him altogether. He now finds it convenient to forget one of the chief grievances of the earlier pages of his own volume—that *at this time* Lord Fitzwilliam himself had come over to Mr. Pitt; and when Lord Castlereagh supported him in the Irish House of Commons, he was supporting the King's representative—the friend of Mr. Burke—the patron of Richard Burke—the colleague of Pitt, Grenville, Windham, &c., and a most decided separatist from Fox and the revolutionists; and this is the more strongly marked by the following fact:—On Lord Fitzwilliam's retirement a sharp debate took place, and Castlereagh declared that in supporting Lord Fitzwilliam he had meant to support the King's Government, and would, on the same principle, support his successor. (*Irish Parl. Deb.*)

Indeed Lord Holland's distortion of facts is peculiarly visible in all that relates to the disruption of the Opposition in 1793, which we have just alluded to as producing Lord Fitzwilliam's unlucky mission to Ireland. Lord Holland is peculiarly angry with the Duke of Portland. The Duke separated himself from Fox with a degree of delicacy and reluctance which deserved rather the gratitude of Lord Holland—instead of which he takes frequent opportunities of depreciating, most unjustly, his Grace's public and even his private life. After misrepresenting some of the details of the arrangement, he adds:—

'The Duke of Portland submitted to humiliation infinitely more disgraceful.'—p. 24.

Fortunately we have, of the whole of this negotiation, the fullest and most authentic record in the Diaries of Lord Malmesbury, who was himself one of the most active, influential, and confidential of the parties. His statements prove that the only 'humiliation'

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'humiliation' that the Duke of Portland submitted to was from his extreme tenderness and, as he was at last forced to confess, '*weakness for Fox*,' whose conduct was '*more harsh, impracticable, and opiniative* than could have been supposed' (*Malmes.* ii. 468). Lord Holland slurs over all this ticklish portion of his uncle's history into a short note:—

'Mr. Fox, about this time, had a very secret interview with Mr. Pitt, in which the latter proposed a coalition of parties, with many conditions somewhat unpalatable, though not utterly inadmissible or in the least dishonourable, except the exclusion of men, and particularly of Sheridan, to which Mr. Fox would not listen.'—p. 30.

Lord Malmesbury's unquestionable evidence, recorded from day to day, shows that nothing can be so imperfect, and even, to the small extent to which it goes, so fallacious, as the view which this note gives of that very remarkable portion of Mr. Fox's life. It is not within our limits nor indeed our scope to enter into details, already so accurately and so authoritatively given by Lord Malmesbury; we shall content ourselves with one other specimen of the spirit in which Lord Holland endeavours to make a case for his uncle at the expense of those who up to this crisis had been his most intimate friends and most zealous followers.

'Sir Gilbert Elliott did worse [than the Duke of Portland]: though he knew that Lord Titchfield was in the House of Commons with a speech in his hat or in his pocket, written by his father, *he chose to anticipate it*, and to deliver *what he termed* the sentiments of that Duke on the unavoidable dissolution of the party.'—p. 24.

Now we have *per contra* an exact account of this particular affair in Lord Malmesbury's Diary:—

'*Sunday, Dec. 30th, and Monday, 31st.*—Various conversations concerning what Sir Gilbert Elliott should say in the House. Absolutely necessary he should say more, as at present, *by a trick of Fox*, he stood charged with the imputation of quoting the Duke of Portland without his authority. Windham and he went from my house to the Duke of Portland's. Sir Gilbert told the Duke that he intended to speak next day: *the Duke approved of it.* Windham had prepared, *at the Duke of Portland's request, some words which Lord Titchfield was to say.* They were to acquiesce in what *Sir Gilbert had said, or had to say.* These Windham carried to the Duke of Portland, and *they were approved.* Sir Gilbert spoke. Lord Titchfield said nearly what Windham had put down, but ended his speech by so violent an abuse of the ministry that it did away the whole effect. It was evident that Fox had come to the Duke of Portland's after Windham, and added these last sentences. Sir Gilbert hurt exceedingly.'—*Malmes. Diar.*, ii. 494.

Thus then it appears that Sir Gilbert Elliott, so far from in-

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truding his speech *before* Lord Titchfield's, had done no more than had been previously arranged with his lordship's father; and that the only intrusion and juggle in the affair was Fox's interference — at which certainly Sir Gilbert Elliott had good reason to be hurt.

As to the *particular* ground assigned in Lord Holland's foregoing note for Mr. Fox's not listening to Mr. Pitt's proposal—namely, the *exclusion of Sheridan*—that is, we presume, exclusion from the Cabinet—Lord Malmesbury's narrative seems to negative that Mr. Pitt either had or could have entered into any such details; and the only mention of any objection to Sheridan was from Lord Fitzwilliam, then and after one of Fox's nearest friends (*Malmes.* ii. 465); and we cannot forget that when at the next turn of the wheel Fox was himself master of the game, he degraded poor Sheridan, or at least suffered him to be degraded, to a subordinate office—a slight of which he ever after most grievously complained. We give no opinion as to Sheridan's exclusion from a Cabinet that professed to include '*All the Talents*' of the country; we only note it as an additional indication of the futility of Lord Holland's explanation. There is now no doubt that Fox's preliminary '*sine quâ non*' (*Malmes.*, ii. 472) was no question about Sheridan or any other subordinate postulant, but one so unreasonable and absurd that Lord Holland does not venture to produce it—namely, that *Mr. Pitt should quit the Treasury!*

Lord Holland's deep and constant malevolence to Mr. Pitt drives him, for want of better topics, to cavils on his temper and even his talents—petty if they had been ever so true—but alas! his Lordship's 'inaccurate memory' and violent prejudices must be here again allowed to have involved him in assertions which in a court of justice would subject him to very disagreeable consequences:—

'In the autumn of 1792, Lord Lansdowne's son, Lord Wycombe, opened the opposition in Parliament by deprecating the alarm, &c., . . . and by censuring in strong and eloquent language, &c. . . . *Mr. Pitt treated him with much insolence and scorn*, and that circumstance, and the approach of war, confirmed Lord Lansdowne in opposition. I cannot decide whether Mr. Fox's warm approbation of Lord Wycombe's sensible speech, and his defence of him, *when attacked by Mr. Pitt with a fury little creditable to his head or his heart*, had the effect of inclining Lord Lansdowne,' &c. &c.—p. 43.

'We are totally at a loss to guess under what delusion Lord Holland could have penned such a statement. It is true that in the session that began on the 13th of December, 1792, 'Lord Wycombe opened the Opposition' with the speech to which Lord

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Lord Holland alludes, and which made some noise at the time, but to the uncourteous share in the debate attributed to Mr. Pitt we can give the most decided contradiction—for Mr. Pitt happened, just then—*not to be in Parliament!* The following is the note affixed to this very debate in the 'Annual Register:'—

'Mr. Pitt *not being yet returned to Parliament*, in consequence of his having vacated his seat by the acceptance of the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Dundas took the lead on the ministerial side.'—*Ann. Reg.*, 1792, p. 349.

Lord Wycombe was so near a connexion and so intimate a friend of Lord Holland's, that we cannot discover any excusable explanation of such an error.

The following seems to us a specimen of equal taste and truth. In 1799 the Union was proposed:—

'Mr. Pitt was extremely irritable throughout that session; and he shone less as an orator on the discussions on the Union than on those of any measures that could be called his own. Lord Lansdowne, who scarcely ever attended a debate in the House of Commons, was present at his speech on this occasion, and was *disappointed with his eloquence*—which, strange to say, *he never had the curiosity of hearing before.* His remark on it was singular: "*There is a great deal of gout in his speech.*" It was certainly not well calculated to reconcile the Irish to the Union; so little so, that it was reprinted and circulated by a committee who managed the opposition to that measure.'—p. 139.

This statement is, on its face, very apocryphal. Who will believe that Lord Lansdowne—better, or indeed only, known in history as *Lord Shelburne—had never had the curiosity to hear Mr. Pitt speak in Parliament* until the 31st of January, 1799? What? Lord Shelburne—the most active and ambitious politician of the day, and the most considerable of old Lord Chatham's personal friends and followers—had never had the curiosity to hear his son, whose brilliant dawn in 1780 startled all the rest of mankind as a resurrection of his father—Lord Shelburne, who, when named First Minister in 1782, had selected Mr. Pitt (ætatis 23) as his Chancellor of the Exchequer and *Leader of the House of Commons*—did *he* confide this vast charge to one whom he had never before, nor during, nor after, their ministerial connexion, had the curiosity to hear speak in Parliament? We certainly cannot disprove Lord Holland's assertion on this point; but we disbelieve it almost as confidently as any of his disproved fables. But at last, in the *twentieth year* of Mr. Pitt's parliamentary life, Lord Shelburne has the curiosity to hear him, and is 'disappointed'—very likely—the busy intriguer, whom Mr. Pitt had put on the shelf for twenty years, would, we guess, have been rather hard to please. And then the phrase, 'There is *gout* in the speech,'

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which Lord Holland quotes, and perhaps Lord Lansdowne might have meant as disparaging, would certainly, *in that sense*, be very 'singular' from an old worshipper of Lord Chatham, whose very finest speeches were made under actual fits, and with an ostentatious parade of *gout*. The highest compliment that Lord Lansdowne was likely to have paid one of Mr. Pitt's speeches would be to find in it traces of the *paternal gout*. When, after one of Mr. Pitt's earliest displays, some one called him '*a chip of the old block*,' 'Nay,' exclaimed Burke, ''tis the *old block* itself.'

But the speech, it seems, was a bad one. The world, then, has been very much mistaken; for that same speech (31st January, 1799) is generally considered as one of Mr. Pitt's finest efforts. It certainly carried the House with it; for the division was 234 to 30. We can easily believe that the whole of that high-minded and high-toned oration, and particularly its conclusion, was wormwood to both Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne:—

'The friends of the measure,' says Mr. Pitt, 'have had to stand against the threats of popular violence—against the enemies of the Government, under the lead of Protestants—against the violent and inflamed spirit and fierce attacks of the Irish Catholics—and against the aggregate of all evils—the spirit of all mischief—the implacable opposition and determined hostility of furious Jacobinism! We have had to meet the inflamed passions of *disappointed ambition*, which, under the name and pretext of *superior patriotism*—under the colour of jealousy for other's feelings—under affected tenderness for the landed interest—under affected care for commercial welfare, *would reduce the State to ruin, because they were not its ruler*. But they have proved nothing but that their own fury was ungovernable, their predictions chimerical, and their hopes delusive! We, the friends of the measure, have had to stand against the principles which fomented and inflamed the late Irish rebellion; we have had to contend with the active and mischievous efforts of the *friends and champions of Jacobinism*, to whom it is enough to make them hate the Union, that it has a tendency to preserve order, because any thing like order was an extinction of their hopes.'—*Pitt's Speeches*, 31*st Jan.*, 1799.

We can very well conceive Lord Holland's peculiar soreness at this speech, for his volume proves that no man in England could be more deeply imbued with the worst spirit of Jacobinism; but we take the liberty to doubt that he or his party thought the speech so injurious to Mr. Pitt's interest as to cause it to be *reprinted*. This expression, '*reprinted*,' implies what is quite true, that Mr. Pitt's friends thought it so powerful and convincing, that it was printed, though from a report very inferior to what was actually spoken; and if it was, as Lord Holland asserts, *reprinted* by his opponents, we will venture to say, that any copy of such a reprint which can be found, will turn out to be a garbling

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garbling of the original speech, or some other device adopted to impair the effect it had made on the public mind; indeed, why else should his adversaries have *reprinted* it, when Mr. Pitt's own friends had, by printing and circulating it, already accomplished the hostile object? Again we have to say that we doubt this portion of Lord Holland's story as we do all the rest. *Mr. Fox's nephew* shows as little tact as taste in the perpetual recurrence of such petty and splenetic cavils at Mr. Pitt. His spite is incapable of reaching to the nobler enmity of the Moor, '*Great let me call him—for he conquered me.*' We are reluctant to waste more time in picking out and exposing instances of this kind of small warfare, which occur wherever Mr. Pitt, or any of his colleagues, is mentioned; but there are two or three which we cannot refrain from noticing.

A sneer at the sincerity of Mr. Pitt's good will and good offices towards the success of Mr. Addington's ministry becomes the occasion of a calumny equally unjustifiable against Mr. Canning, which it would be ungrateful to the most distinguished of our FOUNDERS to pass without the full contradiction that we are able to give it.

'Mr. Pitt *affected* or felt great concern when any of his adherents in subordinate offices quitted them in consequence of his retirement. Some of them, however, *better informed of his private wishes*, or disapproving those which he professed, resigned their employments; and Mr. Canning *indulged his talent for satire and ridicule* at the expense of Mr. Addington *till* Mr. Pitt *silenced his muse* by timely admonition, and even prevailed on him to write a letter of apology or explanation to the new minister. *I have seen it.* It is fulsome in expression, but manifestly written under constraint and at the suggestion of a third person.'—p. 175.

To which we answer at once, that he never had seen any letter of which sense and candour could dictate such a description. We have in Dean Pellew's Life of Lord Sidmouth and Lord Malmesbury's Diaries copies of the original correspondence and accurate notes of all that passed between Pitt, Canning, and Addington on the only occasion to which Lord Holland can have referred. On Pitt's resignation, Canning, then Paymaster, announced his intention to resign also; and on the evening of the day, 14th March, 1801, on which Mr. Pitt's resignation had been *formally* completed, Canning asked Mr. Pitt—

'*appealing to his sincerity in the most solemn way*, whether he [Pitt] was more satisfied with him for resigning office than with others who retained their places? Pitt answered—"That he certainly could not but be pleased with Canning's having resigned, taking him in the light of an individual and private friend; but *as a public man*, he *very truly and*

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and sincerely said he was *more pleased and more obliged* to such of his friends who had kept their places." '—*Malmes.*, iv. 46.

This was accompanied by Mr. Pitt's explicit declaration of the 'fairness and candour' of Addington during the whole affair, 'which,' said Pitt, 'confirmed the long friendship he had for him and raised him higher than ever in his good opinion.' After this explanation Canning told Lord Malmesbury that

'in sending Addington his resignation that day he had written to him with the highest respect, with assurances of such support as he could give him.'—*Ib.*

Canning's formal letter of resignation, to be laid before the King, was accompanied by two private ones to Addington, containing friendly assurances of good will and support; and the last of them states that he had had a conversation with Mr. Pitt which had done away some erroneous impressions which he (Canning) had received as to Addington's feelings towards him. This must have been the letter alluded to by Lord Holland—who, if he saw it at all, must have read it very superficially, for he has totally mistaken its date, its tone, and its purport. The object of the letter was *not* to apologise for any disrespect or ill will *from Canning towards Addington*—but just the reverse—to regret Canning's erroneous impressions of *Addington's feeling towards him.* The sneering allusion to Canning's '*satire and ridicule*' on Addington '*till Pitt silenced his muse*' by forcing him to write this *fulsome apology*, is another gross anachronism. This letter was written on the day of, or the day after the resignation, when there neither was nor could be any *party* hostility between them, and long *before* Canning had given way to any of those sarcastic sallies in prose or verse which Lord Holland's inventive malice has thus antedated, for the purpose of throwing imputations of double-dealing on Mr. Pitt and of shabby inconsistency and *fulsome* meanness on Mr. Canning.

Another sneer at Lord Grenville will amuse our readers by —we know not which—its pedantry, its ignorance, or its craft. When the *First Consul's* overture for peace at the end of 1799 was rejected, Lord Holland attributes to Lord Grenville the greatest share in the policy and all the blame of the (as he thinks it) offensive style of the answer, which—Lord Grenville, he says, told him—was framed to propitiate 'the Emperor Paul;' this, he says,—

'seems but a sorry excuse for rejecting all means of negotiation, and insulting an *able general** placed at the head of the most powerful country of the continent.'

On the words '*able general*,' he subjoins this foot-note,—

'* Σχετλιε, τιπτ' εθελεις, ἐρεθιζεμεν ἀγριον ανδρα was the line quoted by

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by Phocion to Demosthenes; and the same question might be put to Lord Grenville in 1800.'—p. 156.

Perhaps it was in the original text of Plutarch that Lord Holland's scholarship had learned that Phocion applied this line to Demosthenes' railing at Alexander the Great; but it really rather seems as if his Lordship had before his eyes old North's *Sternhold and Hopkins* version of it,—

'How great a folly is it for to stand
Against a cruel king,
Which, being armed, and having sword in hand,
Seeks fame of every thing!'

North's Plutarch, 758.

If this had really been the meaning, it would have suited Lord Holland's grave admiration of Napoleon better than Phocion's gibe at Demosthenes; but in truth the line, which is in Homer (Odyssey ix. 494), is the remonstrance of the companions of Ulysses against provoking the Cyclops,—literally—

'*O wretch, why thus the savage man provoke?*'

We almost doubt that Lord Holland knew where the line was to be found, or its real meaning, for we hardly think he would have called Lord Grenville the wise Ulysses, or likened his idol Napoleon to the drunken and disabled cannibal. To be sure it would have been only a kind of *second sight* of the condition, worse than that of the poor Cyclops, to which the great Napoleon was reduced on several critical occasions of his life—the 30th of March, 1814, in the low adventures of Ville Juif; the 12th April, at Fontainebleau, where he attempted a suicide which he had not courage to accomplish; on the 18th June, 1815, when he fled, *pale, trembling, and crying*, from the fate he had provoked. But above all, it was on his escape from the vengeance of the son of 'the Emperor Paul' that Lord Holland might have found the most appropriate application for his scrap of pedantry:—

'Σχετλιε, τιπτ' ἐθελεις ἐρεθιζεμεν αγριον ανδρα.'

We need extend no further our examples of Lord Holland's habitual misrepresentation of all public men and public measures adverse to the revolutionary politics of Mr. Fox, but there is one malevolent passage about which we shall be forgiven for feeling no ordinary concern, because it affects an illustrious memory still, and ever to be, dear to the mind and to the heart of the whole country, and especially to us who pride ourselves on having been his friends, and, in this publication, his followers and associates. On the subject of a favour shown to Sir Walter Scott by *All the Talents*,

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Talents, in consenting to the completing an engagement made in his favour by the former Government, of which all the details had been prepared and settled, but of which, from a mere accidental and clerical error, the *last official form* had not been perfected, Lord Holland chooses to bestow the merit of a high-minded generosity on Mr. Fox, and to convey a severe reproach against Sir Walter—both, we believe, undeservedly. Lord Moira and Lord Lauderdale being, says Lord Holland, at the accession of the New Ministry, rivals for what was called the management of Scotland—

'it was determined to leave the patronage of Scotland to [Lord Spencer] the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to whom, in some sense, it officially belonged. . . . Among the claimants from that country was Walter Scott. He had been promised by Mr. Pitt's Administration the Clerkship of Session, an office worth some hundreds per annum. Some arrangements, in themselves not altogether advisable, were necessary towards carrying that object into execution. Those with whom politics were a stronger passion than poetry deprecated the completion of a plan in itself objectionable, of which a political enemy was to reap the benefit. *Mr. Fox thought that pretty poetry atoned for adherence to Lord Melville, and Lord Spencer listened* to the generous maxim inculcated in the old quotation, *Non obtusa adeo, &c.* . . . . He [Scott] was left to enjoy the place. He owed this forbearance to persons whom he shortly afterwards *lampooned in a manner not only indecent but unfeeling.*' —p. 230.

Now we readily believe that Mr. Fox would, if the case had been presented to him, have acted as Lord Holland describes, for he was essentially not only good natured, but placable even to those who might have personally offended him, which we believe Scott never had. But there is reason to doubt that Mr. Fox had any part in the affair. We cannot assert that Lord Spencer might not have mentioned the matter to Mr. Fox, but it is unlikely; for though Mr. Fox had read and praised the Lay of the Last Minstrel, it was then Scott's only distinction; he had taken no prominent part in politics, though an Edinburgh Reviewer; and on the whole was at that time hardly of sufficient eminence to have rendered his little routine affair of any interest beyond the department to which it belonged: but at all events—and that is our chief, or, we may say, only point—Scott had no reason even to suspect that Mr. Fox had had any concern in the matter. We find in Scott's letters to his confidential friends George Ellis and Lord Dalkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleugh), that, on coming to London to obtain the completion of his commission, he found that Lord Moira and Lord Lauderdale were contending who should have

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have the patronage of Scotland; but that he went *at once* to Lord Spencer, Secretary of State for the Home Department, to which the business officially belonged—and succeeded, *proprio Marte*—on the merits of the case. He writes to Lord Dalkeith:—

'London, February 11th, 1806.

'Notwithstanding some little rubs, I have been able to carry through the transaction which your Lordship sanctioned by your influence and approbation, and that in a way *very pleasing to my own* feelings. Lord Spencer, upon the nature of the transaction being explained in *an audience with which he favoured me, was pleased to direct* the commission to be issued *as an act of justice, regretting*, he said, *that it had not been from the beginning his own deed.* . . . . Lord Minto was infinitely kind and active, and his influence with Lord Spencer *would*, I am convinced, *have been* stretched to the utmost in my favour, had not *Lord Spencer's own view* of the subject been perfectly sufficient.'—*Life of Scott*, ii. 93.

The allegation of ingratitude towards Mr. Fox is at once cut away by the fact that Scott had no reason to suppose (but indeed the contrary) that he had any obligation to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He knew of no obligation in the matter but to Lord Spencer—who, in the *same audience*, heard and granted the request; and it appears from his other letters that it was on him, Lord Grenville, Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Windham—the old Pittite section of the new Cabinet—that he had built his hopes of justice, if, which he did not believe, he should meet any difficulty.

About four months after this matter had been settled, the impeachment (moved by Mr. Whitbread and supported by Mr. Fox) of Scott's friend and patron, Lord Melville—to whom and to whose family he had the earliest and deepest obligations—terminated in an acquittal; and this was celebrated in Edinburgh by a public dinner on the 27th of June, at which was sung a very partial and not very poetical song, composed by Scott, of which one verse is the ground of Lord Holland's complaint:—

'In *Grenville and Spencer*,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honour—slight difference forgive!
But the *Brewer* we'll hoax,
Tally ho! to the *Fox*,
And drink *Melville for ever!* as long as we live.'

To our ears this doggrel seems poor enough, even for such an occasion; but it cannot be called ungrateful, indecent, and cruel lampooning; it was meant to be affectionate to his earliest friend, grateful and respectful to Lords *Grenville and Spencer*—whose conduct on the Melville trial greatly displeased the Whig enemies of

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of that friend *—and no more than an after-dinner joke on the two persons most prominent in the prosecution of Lord Melville, and to neither of whom Scott had any reason to suppose that he had the slightest personal obligation. Mr. W. Savage Landor has, in one of his dull and malignant essays (*Works*, i. 339), given, by a double and most gross anachronism, even a worse colour to this anecdote than Lord Holland himself ventured to do. He states that Scott had 'sung a triumphal song of "*running the Fox to* earth" *over the coffin* of a minister whom he had *flattered* in his lifetime.' Now the song was sung, as we have said, on the 27th June, before any one could have foreseen Mr. Fox's death three months later; and the supposed *flattery* of the *living* minister was that graceful, generous, and glowing tribute which, within a few months *after Mr. Fox's death*, Scott—in the introduction to the first canto of Marmion—paid to his genius, his amiability, and all that could with truth be said of his public services. Lord Holland, when he chose to remember and misrepresent the tavern-song, ought not to have forgotten this warm yet judicious eulogy, which places all that was admirable in the fullest light, and spreads the most delicate veil over all that might have provoked dissent. It leaves and will leave to posterity an impression infinitely more favourable to Mr. Fox's memory than all the injudicious and inconsistent panegyrics of his narrow-minded nephew—

'Whose praise is censure, and whose censure praise.'

In fine—The whole and sole object of this work is—as we originally said, and we think have now shown—to applaud the French Revolution and to decry and misrepresent all that opposed it. We agree with some judicious writers and all intelligent politicians, that if Fox had been in office and Pitt in opposition when that Revolution broke out, Fox would have been a zealous anti-revolutionist, as he became afterwards, for the short time he was in office. It would be idle to conjecture what Mr. Pitt might have been if in opposition at that crisis—but we are confident that his mind was too well disciplined, too grave, too elevated, to have been perverted into a revolutionary opposition, for which an idle and loose private and political life, strong passions, a long course of self-indulgence, and no fixed principles had prepared Mr. Fox. Be that as it may, Mr. Fox took up the French Revolution as he

* Lord Holland bitterly reproaches '*Lords Grenville and Spencer* for having absented themselves the third day of the trial from an unwillingness to convict equivalent to a disposition to *screen* an old Colleague.'—*Mem.*, p. 385. It is proper to notice this as showing additionally that Scott's compliment was not the expression of his own mere personal gratitude.

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had just before taken up the Russian cause at Oczsacoff and the Spanish case about Nootka, *both against England*, for no other reason than that Mr. Pitt was minister, and that *an Opposition must oppose.*

Moreover, Mr. Fox was in 1790 in his forty-first year of life and the twenty-second of his varied but generally disappointed parliamentary career. The American war, on *both* sides of which he had been, had ended in the triumph of the democratic republic and given his mind a strong tendency to receive those principles. At last, his course of opposition, which had been at first personal *pique* against Lord North, became *party* against Mr. Pitt, and ended in being an extravagant *passion* for Revolution. In pursuit of this latter object, the only line which had even a colour of plausibility or popularity was an opposition to war —*war* in the abstract, and, as Mr. Canning said in, we think, his maiden speech, 10th April, 1794, 'general declamations upon the calamities of war, which applied equally to all other instances of war as in the present.'—(*Hansard, loco.*) War—however just, or necessary, or involuntary, or inevitable—cannot be maintained without taxes, waged without blood, or prosecuted without risk; it is therefore *in naturâ rerum* an inexhaustible reservoir of popular grievance and excitement; and so Mr. Fox made it and employed it—zealously—factiously, till, by the death of Mr. Pitt, he himself was called into office, and then we find him as unable to make peace and as committed to a prosecution of the war as Mr. Pitt had been.

Mr. Fox had blamed either the insincerity or inability of all Mr. Pitt's attempts at peace, which had been crossed and impeded—in addition to the hostile spirit of France—by his own factious conduct: while his subsequent attempt at peace, without any impediment at home, was taxed by the French with equal insincerity, and was marked by a degree of inability and ill success at least as great as he ever imputed to Mr. Pitt. Mr. Fox and his party had censured Mr. Pitt's conduct of the war, and had blazoned and almost triumphed in our failures at Dunkirk, Toulon, and the Texel. Their own conduct of the war was still more calamitous, and Buenos Ayres, the Dardanelles, and Egypt rivalled the worst mishaps of their predecessors. But Lord Holland, though all this passed before his eyes, sees nothing of it; he had learned and stuck by his first parrot note of 'no war'— 'peace at any price'—which meant, in fact, 'acknowledge the French Republic—acknowledge Robespierre —Barras—Buonaparte, any body whom Mr. Pitt will *not*—and let Mr. Fox and me into power even at the cost of revolutionising England.'

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England.' Of this spirit, we repeat, the *Reminiscences* and these *Memoirs* are the natural product—or rather indeed the echoes of the long series of misrepresentations, mis-statements, and libels, with which the revolutionary press—whether Republican or Buonapartist, at home or abroad—pursued all those who resisted either of these despotisms. To contradict and refute them was the first political incentive of the Quarterly Review, and it was not, we hope, to be expected that we should abandon to Lord Holland's posthumous slander the persons and the principles to which we have been so long and so zealously associated.

POSTSCRIPT.

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POSTSCRIPT.

We fear that we might be reproached with the desertion of a duty we have inculcated upon others if we did not, weak as our voice may be, say a few words on the impending crisis—the most momentous, we believe, which has occurred since Lord John Russell's *Reform-Revolution*—of the worst consequences of which the ensuing elections promise to be either a salutary check or a fatal aggravation.

Our last Number entered pretty fully both into the original claims of Lord Derby's ministry to public confidence and support, and into the main—we might say the sole—principle which in our view ought to guide the constituencies in the exercise of their electoral power. Those claims and that duty may be recapitulated in one short phrase—Resistance to the revolutionary tendencies of all the various parties in the State—save only that which, thank God, is still, if it will put forth its strength, the strongest of all—the Constitutional Conservatives.

Nothing we think need be added to our former statement of the danger, but it may not be useless, in the midst of so much activity and artifice as has been employed to distract the attention and divide the opinions of the Conservative party, to press upon them the imperious necessity of *union*—of merging all minor differences in one *unhesitating* and *energetic* effort for the Church and the Monarchy! These with the most considerable classes of the Opposition are the *avowed* objects of attack, and the small remainder who may not be zealously hostile will tacitly sacrifice them to their private piques or personal ambition. Motley and discordant as the separate groups may be, we shall find them sufficiently combined and disciplined for this short but vital struggle. Old Whigs, young Whigs, and ultra-Whigs—Radicals, Balloteers, and Chartists — Tenant-Leaguers and Catholic Associators — Jews and Papists—anti-Churchmen, ultra and no-Churchmen — apostate Tories—

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Tories—Puseyites, Peelites, Cobdenites, Humites, and all the other *ites* and *mites* of dissent and disaffection—all the constituents of that anti-constitutional conglomeration which was imperfectly and indeed ridiculously represented in the synod of Chesham Place—*all* will be seen arrayed in formidable force and activity at the impending conflict.

If, however, to that formidable force the Conservatives will only oppose an equal unity of purpose and energy of action, there can be no doubt of their numerical majority, nor of course of their success. Let not Protectionists hang back because Lord Derby cannot do all they might desire. Let not Protestants become lukewarm because Lord Derby has neither the power nor the wish to reverse sixty years of legislation. He has given to both those great divisions of the Conservative party indubitable proofs of his sympathy—the Constituencies themselves must do the rest! We ourselves have *always* considered Free Trade as an experiment, and we are so satisfied that *experience* must be the *ultimate arbiter*, that we have, we confess, a very moderate anxiety as to the result of the elections on that point. A Free-trade majority in the next House of Commons as there is in this, would not affect the final result of the grand problem which time only can bring to a solution, and which will *then*, and not till then, be settled by the force of facts—commanding and compelling an universal conviction and consent.

The question of *Popish Aggression* is more pressing. The concession of all, and more than all, the reasonable claims of the Roman Catholics during the last sixty years—so far from producing the results which they themselves promised and swore, and promised and swore again as each boon was successively sought and granted—has been of late so abused by the most illegal audacities, that although no one desires to return (as such abuses would justify) to the old restrictive laws, it is not too much to require that the law of indulgence should be impartially administered according to the original compact, as well in its protection to our Church as in its tolerance of theirs. We ourselves were favourable to the experiment of trying whether Popery in Ireland might not be rendered less noxious by a more elevated system of education: but

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but the endowment of Maynooth seems, like every other boon, to produce the very opposite effects from what the Imperial Government anticipated; and the ultramontane insolence of bigotry of late promulgated by the Popish hierarchy in Ireland on the whole question of schools, colleges, and education in general, and the impudent—and, we think, treasonable—aggression lately made and still *making* on the Church and Crown of England, not only justify, but absolutely require, the revision of measures which have so lamentably failed.

But our chief hope and most anxious wish for Lord Derby's success rest on the expectation that he will oppose a prudent, but firm and systematic, resistance to the inroads of democracy on our religious and civil institutions. *That* is the danger that absorbs all others. It has appeared and will recur in such a variety of forms that it cannot be guarded against by any specific pledges to be obtained from individual candidates, but only by a general profession of confidence in *Lord Derby*. Strengthen his hands, but leave them free. With whatever power the elections may arm him, we may be well assured that he will do all that *he* can, and more than any one else can, for—what we again pronounce as the war-cry of our party—the Church and the Monarchy.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Poèmes des Bardes Bretons du VIe Siècle, traduits pour la première fois, avec le texte en regard, revu sur les plus anciens manuscrits.* Par Th. Hersart de la Villemarqué. Paris. 1850.

2. *Cyclops Christianus.* By Algernon Herbert, late of Merton College, and of the Inner Temple. 1849.

3. *Supplement for* 1850 *to the Archæologia Cambrensis.* London and Tenby. 1851.

OF these three books the first is the most charming of its kind, the second the most curiously learned, and the third the most creditable to Cimbric archæologists that we have seen for some time. A study of the three, preceded by Sharon Turner's 'Vindication of the Bards' as an introduction, and followed, if the sacred hunger were not yet appeased, by Mr. Stephens's 'Literature of the Cymry,' with some inspection of the British laws and triads already translated, would furnish our readers in general with a far clearer idea of the most venerable antiquities of their country than they probably now possess. Mr. Parry's recent volume on Royal Progresses in Wales also deserves a prominent place among the general histories of the Principality. The industry of the author has brought fresh facts to light from authentic documents; and being written in a readable, though not highly impartial or critical style, his book is more instructive, though certainly it is less dignified, than Warrington.

The literature of the Cymry (that is, of the people who may be identified with the Belgic Britons of Cæsar, and whom we now vaguely term Welsh) may be described with sufficient accuracy, for the purpose of broad classification, as falling roughly into four great periods. The first is that unmapped region of cloud, which we venture for the present to term aboriginal, as being marked by no clear traces either of Christianity or of Roman occupation. It is represented only by some very obscure fragments of ritual; by a few triads which bear signs both of high antiquity

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and of having been tampered with, if not re-cast, at a more recent date; by various proverbs; and possibly by some portions of the laws ascribed to Duvnwal Moelmud. The name, indeed, of the legislator denotes rather a social state, which may be inferred from broken vestiges, than either a distinct person or a precise era. Yet we are inclined to select it from among its suspicious companions in the chronicle of British Kings, as having possibly some claim to reality. To forbid that either the blow of a father, or that of a chieftain marshalling his clan in battle, should be returned, appears to us the sort of rudiment of order which we might expect to find. Nor is it less natural, while it is thoroughly in harmony with Cæsar's account of the respect paid to the Druids, that no naked weapon should be levelled against a bard or priest; and the respect paid to handicrafts, as shown by the sentiment which ranked the worker in metal among bards and scholars, is significant of an age when iron was both imported and precious from its scarcity. It is rather more embarrassing to find *mines* apparently alluded to as something disagreeable; and it does not appear whether this might possibly have been the effect of taskwork under Phœnician or Roman visitors, or whether the reason was merely that minerals, like the chase, sanctioned on the part of lords or chieftains an undesirable encroachment. At all events, mines belonged to a different category of things from a bridal procession or a festival, whether bardic or religious. Perhaps the most frequently cited of the whole number of the alleged laws is the one which forbade either the horse, or the harp, or the book of any free Cambrian to be seized for debt. We should be glad to see sufficient proof that so chivalric a provision is of very high antiquity.

Our second stage was begotten in that time of trouble when the Cymry, themselves perhaps as much intruders in the west* as they had been victims in the east of the island, were giving way reluctantly before successive tribes of Angles and Jutes; and when the masculine vigour of the race proved itself, if not quite, as Mr. Herbert thinks, in engendering new forms of faith, at least in many stubborn conflicts of battle, and some of

* It will be seen that we adopt, though with some qualification, the conclusions respecting the Gael in Gwynedh, arrived at formerly by Lhwyd, and now confirmed by Mr. Basil Jones. It is a blemish upon the generally sound and critical method of the essay referred to, that it quotes as authority so *palpable* a forgery as the Pseudo Richard of Cirencester. Nor perhaps ought much stress to be laid upon the term *Scotus*, which was used with sufficient laxity to be applied to the schoolman Duns though he was born in Northumberland. Moreover the three dialects referred to in the Triad quoted by Mr. Jones, ought, for the benefit of his argument, to have differed as much as the Erse differs from the Cumraic; whereas it is more probable that the difference was slight, and merely one of dialect.

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thought. Obscure as this period is in places, persons, and creeds, it cannot be said to have wanted the sacred poet; for then those bards, whose names have resounded throughout the world, solaced, in rugged but nervous strains, that 'kingdom kingdomless' (*edeyrn diedeyrn*) whose fall they had previously arrested with the sword.

The third period is not so much British as Welsh, yet it far surpasses in pretension, perhaps also in richness, alike the ages which precede and those which follow. For in the tenth century Howel the Good flourished as a legislator; the eleventh saw the introduction of some Norman refinements, with a fresh tinge of romance from Brittany; during the twelfth the far-off echo of the Crusades, and the brilliant reigns of Owen Gwynedh and Rhys of Dynevor,* though not unsoiled by disaster, helped to kindle the national spirit. So grew up, under the shelter of numerous chieftains' dwellings which affected a mimicry of palaces, a genuine and peculiar school of literature, with such features as naturally sprang from the character of the times. The whole region has recently enjoyed in Mr. Stephens a thorough and candid explorer; we can scarcely quite say, for English readers, a popular expounder. We mercifully refrain from accepting the challenge with which his book unadvisedly closes; yet the period was certainly one of considerable mental activity, and was pregnant with influences, some of them very widely extended, the effect of which has not yet passed away. Then Caradoc of Llancarvan wrote his Chronicle. Then romantic stories of King Arthur flowed in strange forms, freshly molten by the imagination either of Bishop Geoffry, or of the Armorican author whom he more probably followed to some extent; though we fully admit that the same stories may have received an earlier shaping, and possibly even on the threshold of the eighth century, from Tysilio. Then—we are now reverting to our later date—the Cymry discovered themselves to be the first men, and invented or were deluded by etymologies which seemed to prove it. With their ancient limits narrowed and threatened, even in the Cambria which was to remain Cambrian, by the encroaching strongholds of Norman barons, their views of the propriety of invasion differed considerably from those of their race when the long-handed Caswalhon † smote Serigi the Celt, and

* More properly *Rhys ab Gruffydh*—upon whom the chronicler indulges in some high-flown eulogy, which evidently is made up of bardic fragments.

† We get a precise, and hitherto unobserved date, for at least one important migration of the Northern Cymry from the borders of the Tweed and the Tyne to those of the Conwy and the Dee, by comparing Ammianus with Nævius. The first tells us of a turbulent and migratory movement among the Picts under the year 367; and the second makes the coming of Cunedha from the region of the Ottadini 146 years before

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and drove his subjects from their Anglesey homes into the sea. They now conceived themselves to be the only persons who had ever come to the country peaceably, and consequently its only rightful possessors. The ancient triads, therefore (though such a form of recording events or maxims is as old as our earliest classical notices of Britain), were then re-cast or interpolated; while the *Mabinogion* (of which Lady Charlotte Guest's translation deserves warm gratitude from all pure lovers of literature) underwent even a more liberal measure of the same process. Rather, indeed, they were then written; but even in them are vestiges of a hoar antiquity, and it is a sad mistake to test the far more ancient germs, as Mr. Stephens has in some cases done, by the full-blown form which they assume in the Mabinogion. The bards of this period (which may be termed the twelfth century, with a broad margin in each direction) are numerous, and of various degrees of merit. Excelling, generally, their more renowned predecessors of the sixth century in elaborate art, they sin by a perverse ingenuity, which degenerates into formal quaintness, and, without extinguishing their fire, compels it to smoulder, like that of the Scandinavian Scalds, with a dull and uncertain heat. But, whether for specimens or for a fuller character of them, we must refer our readers either to Evan Evans,* or to Mr. Stephens. This school may be said to reach its climax, and almost its close, in the fine elegy of Gruffydh upon the last Llywelyn.

The later bards dwell chiefly on softer subjects. *Rhys the Red* excelled in pastorals—and *Davydh ab Gwilym*, whose song was declared by his contemporaries to have the sweetness of wine, may either close the properly mediæval period, or stand almost at the head of that modern school under which all subsequent bards must here suffer themselves to be classed. It will perhaps be objected that at least the York and Lancaster period, with a certain outburst of the bardic furor which heralded the accession of Henry VII., deserved to stand alone—or we may be invited to listen to the loyal poet Huw Morus, and his three hundred songs during the Civil Wars; but our more learned Welsh readers must excuse us if, in a mere introduction to a sketch, we pass lightly over the minuter subdivisions which would befit a literary history. Judging, indeed, from the specimen of Lewis Glyn Cothi

before Maelgwyn's reign, to the beginning of which the year 513 is a probable approximation. Caswallon is termed grandson of Cunedha, and father of Maelgwyn.

* We should be glad to see these specimens revised, and edited, without the dissertations, by some competent person, who might also select a few additional poems for the benefit of the many readers who would like some idea of the Welsh bards without wading through tomes of antiquarian controversy. The Notes to Madoc, and to Samor, give some aid.

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who has been carefully edited, we are not inclined to anticipate any highly marked excellence between Davydh ab Gwilym and comparatively recent, or almost contemporary, authors. Not that the Muse slept; but, as English education advanced, mere Welsh literature represented less the cultivated intellect of the Principality. Henry Vaughan of Brecon, for example, forsook the Galatea of his native tongue to become an imitator of George Herbert; and, equalling his master in piety, surpassed him easily in poetical tenderness.* Only in the last century the patronage and example of Lewis Morris, an Anglesey gentleman, gave fashion in the Principality a more archaic turn; the genius of Goronwy Owen, as a poet, made remarkable, rather than palliated, his misconduct as a clergyman; and in some lines by Evan Evans there is a charm of melancholy beauty almost unsurpassed. The want of grasp and compass of subject, which is the defect usual in the mass of Welsh poets, may be said to be in some degree redeemed by the long and earnest-minded piece of *Davydh ab Ionawr* on the Trinity; and an Ode upon a Thunder-storm is often quoted as exemplifying the great energy of his language. Of the merit of the Welsh hymns we have before spoken; *they* naturally freed themselves from the metrical fetters of the Bards and Scalds of the middle ages; and we would suggest to the impugners of the decision pronounced by recent Eistedhvods in favour of the freedom of the Muse, that it could never be wise for their professed tribunals to impose on their literature a technical code, which it spurned of itself the moment it drew fresh life from the heart of the people.

But it is chiefly to the second of the periods above rapidly sketched that we now propose, with the aid of no incompetent guide, to introduce our readers. M. Villemarqué is already favourably known in this country by his publication of the Breton Songs. He now ventures upon a kindred soil, though one less immediately his own; and, though versed, perhaps, less profoundly in the lore of our insular Britons than a chosen few—such

* Our readers will, we believe, thank us for transcribing these lines on Primitive Piety:—

'Fair solitary path! whose blessed shades
The old, white Prophets planted first and drest;
Leaving for us, whose goodness quickly fades,
A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest:
Who is the man that walks in thee? Who love
Heaven's secret solitude, those fair abodes,
Where turtles build, and careless sparrows move,
Without to-morrow's ills and future loads?'

From Vaughan, too, Campbell borrowed his fine idea of *the world's gray fathers* gazing on the rainbow, and, to the credit of his frankness, quoted the passage, though with niggardly praise, in his selections from the British Poets.

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as Mr. Stephens or the Rector of Llanymowdhwy*—he is at least as well qualified as the mass, even of literary Welshmen, to form a critical opinion on these very ancient poems, and far more highly gifted in that general accomplishment which enables the critic to act also as the interpreter. He betrays, perhaps, traces of a somewhat French love of prettiness, occasionally outweighing the study of naked accuracy; but in general his statements, so far as we are able to test them, appear substantially correct. He has done wisely in restricting the field of his present operations to those portions of the bards of the sixth century, the genuineness of which, in respect of time, can no longer be disputed. We say of *time*, for it is very possible that the authors of some of the pieces may be misnamed; but that the poems published by M. Villemarqué (and probably some others) are the production of no later age than they profess, will never again be denied by any person who tries this question by the same critical tests as he would apply to others of the kind. In our own opinion M. Villemarqué and Mr. Stephens both err rather on the side of caution than of credulity.

It must be considered a good beginning that these poems were not disinterred the other day at Rhudhlan, but exist in manuscripts which can be traced to the possession of the noblest families of Wales, and were themselves written as far back as the age of Giraldus. We get the possibility of a second step in the language of that writer, who was no bad painter of his own time, and who speaks of the 'ancient and authentic books of the Britons.' But this is not all:—we know distinctly enough what the twelfth century was; and the savour of what Giraldus then called its 'modern composition' may be detected in the literature which is its acknowledged offspring; whereas the poems before us have neither its metre, its language, its cast of belief and sentiment, nor its manners. They differ both from the Mabinogion (or child's tales) and from the poems of the twelfth century, as much as the fragments of Nævius differ from Claudian, or the ballad of Chevy Chace from 'Edwin and Angelina.' Though a fondness for alliteration betrays itself, it is rather as a barbaric jingle which rung naturally upon the harpstring, than as a requirement according to the technical rules of the later school. The diction also of these earlier bards is at once more archaic and more simple. They know nothing of Geraint's jealousy, or of Sir Owen's lion, and the lady of the fountain; but they paint only such a faint and distant dawn

* We are tantalized, while this sheet is leaving our hands, by an announcement that the long-promised version of the *Godódin* by this gentleman (the Rev. John Williams) has actually been published. Not having seen it, we can only refer to it as the work of a scholar eminently entitled to respect, and as one which would probably have saved us many a dubitative groan.—Aug. 30.

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of chivalry as would be presented by the *relliquiæ* of Roman manners subsiding amidst the native growth of the soil. But we venture one step further, and observe internal evidence that many of them could not have been written later than the very century to which they are ascribed. Whether some fragments are not far older still is not at present the question.

The contest between Briton and Saxon had evidently in the days of Llywarch and Aneirin not been decided. The ruin of long-established dwellings by an invasive power is described as going on. Nor is that power as yet a Christian one;—the enemies are men unblest by baptism—whereas it was an aggravation of the lot of the Briton if he fell before his penitence had been openly expressed at the altar of God. This contrast would never have suggested itself to an imitator much later than Augustine, or 596. There appears to us no reason for doubting the Christianity either of Aneirin or of Llywarch, though both their patriotism and their warlike temper naturally placed them in a polemical relation to that eremitical and fugitive character which about their time Christianity in Britain had begun to assume. Again, the enemy is described as reaping the land which the native had sown; and it is mentioned as an honourable distinction, if some sturdy chieftain is able to make his sword the effective ally of his reaping hook. Yet, fierce as these invaders may be, they are not implacable, for they have need of wives, a feature highly characteristic of a people who had arrived by sea. Nor do the British fair appear to have been proof against their wooing; one of high rank is especially execrated as a sort of Helen of her country. For the bards, from the necessity of their calling and its proper temperament, would range themselves on the sterner or apparently more patriotic side in any discussion how such overtures should be received; hence, whether the question is of alliance by marriage or by granting hostages, the answer which they counsel, is to be given with steel. Perhaps it is still more decisive that the Lloegrians, or the older inhabitants of some parts of England, are distinguished by Aneirin both from the Saxons and from the belligerent Britons. They, as a body, had acquiesced in the new order of things; hence, any individuals among them, who had played a more patriotic part, are selected for high commendation. In these, and in other respects, there is throughout an air of contemporaneous reality; it is no fictitious affliction which these rugged minstrels weep; but the dear son, or the sheltering patron, or the comrade who fought by their side. In the very few instances in which they mention Arthur, it is not as the great champion of the realm of romance, but in terms so brief and passing that it may fairly be made

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made a question whether they intend a commander or a deity—a man, or a banner, or a principle. It may be remarked generally as regards Arthur, Conan, and other names of the kind, that the bards supply germs which were subsequently developed into more imposing masses. They are themselves, we believe, almost nakedly historical, or, at least, the inspiration with which events are gilded comes rather from the heart than from the fancy. Hence that solemn burden of woe so frequently recurring, which M. Villemarqué has happily compared to a *litany*—a kind of plaintive *refrain*, in which the lips cannot too often repeat a sentiment with which the whole being labours.

'The general character of their poetry is that it is almost constantly in tears; hence the name of *lay*, or plaint, which men gave it in the middle ages; hence the Breton Lay so celebrated by all the old French and Anglo-Norman poets. The profound melancholy which it breathes is accompanied by a sort of majestic and solemn wildness, which recalls the East, and makes us think of the Asiatic origin of the Cymry Britons. To these two characters join something of a mysterious sound, something gloomy, stern, often even mystical; an air of wild grandeur which astounds, an accent which makes us tremble, and contrasts strikingly with the most gentle sentiments. Such is, for instance, the fierce cry of joy of Aneirin: "His sword sounded over the heads of Saxon mothers; more than one mother wept for her son;"—followed however, where the case is of Britons, by the touching complaints—"Ah! it is painful to me to recall their terrible fall—surely no mother at their birth-place would have given them that fatal drink."

'The images, which this poetry delights in, are in character. With a strange fancy, which betrays an old Pagan base, it associates pictures of death and of pleasure; the wine and the mead flow on one side, and blood on the other; wolves banquet on the flesh of the young bridegroom when ready for the nuptial feast; the eagle follows the track of the warrior, expecting from him food, like the dog from his master; the black ravens alight on the fair breasts of the fallen;—in short, there are a thousand such ill-omened images.'—*Villemarqué*, p. lxxvii.

We will only mention as necessary to complete the above character, a singular compactness of expression, which has not been so much remarked as it deserves: for the case is pretty much the same with the bards as with Demosthenes—secondhand critics mostly celebrate their fire, but readers are impressed by their condensed energy.

Though in art, and perhaps in genius, the higher place belongs to Aneirin, our respect for seniority induces us to begin with Llywarch. Born, probably, in that brief auspicious period when the Britons had, as Gibbon phrases it, discovered the secret of their own strength, and given a series of decided checks to the invaders, Llywarch seemed destined to rule a little principality

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pality in Cumberland, or the Border-country of North Britain. He had scarcely reached manhood, about the year 500, or not much later, when his father sent him as ally or guest to the Cornish Prince Erbyn. During his stay a descent of pirates took place at Portsmouth, and though they appear to have been repulsed, his host's son, whom the Saxon Chronicle calls *adolescentem prænobilem*, and who is represented in the Mabinogion as a personification of fierce jealousy, was slain in the conflict. The impression made on the young Llywarch was naturally strong:—

'At Llongborth,' he says, 'I saw blood flow, and corpses in front of embattled arms, and men reddening at the onslaught of Death. Before Geraint, terror of the enemy, I saw horses in downfall together, and after the shout of battle a terrible struggle. At Llongborth I saw swords mingling; I saw men troubled, with blood on the cheek, in front of Geraint, his father's mighty son. At Llongborth I saw tumult; I saw upon the rocks ravens feasting, and on the prince's brow a red gash.'

So died Geraint, though at his birth his friend conceives that—

'the gates of heaven were open; Christ then granted whatever was asked; a time auspicious, glory to Britain. Let every one praise Geraint, the leader of the host; I will myself praise Geraint, enemy to the Saxon, friend to the holy (*i. e.* Christians).'

Having thus commenced his education, the young chieftain returned to the North, and took part in the struggle which Urien, prince of Rheged, ably maintained against various foes for about half a century. There he would probably meet Taliesin, less a soldier than himself, but more eminently a bard. He certainly formed a friendship with Owen, the brave son of Urien; probably they fought together in that battle of Argoed which Taliesin sings as having lasted throughout a whole Saturday; and though Owen is more peculiarly immortalised by Aneirin, we infer that Llywarch was no unworthy comrade, both from his own verse and from his subsequent fame in romance; for it is a suspicion amounting to a certainty that he is the *Lamorac* of the Morte d'Arthur—the Triads, moreover, celebrate him as one of the three disinterested warriors. During this period must have been born his twenty-four sons, all of whom wore the golden torquis. Probably he may have witnessed the fall of Ida about the year 560, and his own elegy tells us that a few years later he was present at the attack upon a son of Ida in Lindisfarn, when Urien was assassinated by a Gaelic auxiliary.

From this period, until the last years of his life, his poetry is conceived in a sterner strain. In the lyrical triplets on the death of Urien he invokes each chieftain in succession to press forward.

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forward. It is better, he says, to slay than to parley. Even from the sepulchral stone he hears an oracular voice (it is implied, of the dead) forbidding Dunod to retreat. Accordingly, Owen, Pasgen, and Elphin are represented as quitting themselves gallantly, while Llywarch and his fair son Peil are equally prominent. But alas! the best service which the poet-warrior can render his patron is to rescue his head from insult in death. Such is the sad burden of many stanzas—'I bear a head in the grasp of my hand, of the gentle ruler of a country, the head of a mighty pillar of Britain. My arm has not failed, but my soul is greatly troubled; my heart, is it not broken? The head, which I carry, was my support.'

He goes on with bitterness to foresee the body of his patron interred under the green sward and a tumulus—under earth and *blue rocks* (that is probably a *cromlech*); and, after exhorting to punishment of the assassin, breaks into the exclamation, 'Gentlest breeze, long wilt thou be heard; for who is there now to be praised since Urien is no more!' In various stanzas the avenging pursuit of Urien's brother, the bereavement of his sister, and the desolation of his hearth, are each described; while above all 'the embattled soldiers of baptism "are seen" scattered in disorder *like a swarm of bees without a hive.*'*

But it is in the elegy upon Cyndhelan that we find a like subject more pathetically treated, and a greater struggle between the feelings of the patriot-warrior and the man. Rising from the hearth of Urien, which Owen seems to have left on his father's death as a garden for nettles and a nestling-place for fowls, Llywarch went southward, to find a brief refuge in the halls of the elder Pengwern, in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury. He was here permitted to speak with authority among the assembled chiefs, and it may be inferred that his counsels precipitated the coming conflict. For the British town Trenn, as we understand the poem, had been destroyed, and the question was, should Cyndhelan restore it, and join a confederacy of the British tribes. The fatal year of 577 was at hand, when Bath, Gloucester, and Cirencester were to fall. But Cyndhelan was young, and already distinguished; 'his heart had glowed like a fire consuming brambles in early spring; why is it now cold as winter? Is he already transfixed by the hostile boar? He, with heart of falcon and of greyhound, the hungry boar, the fearless lion, the wolf that followed the descent into combat, will not he rebuild the city of his father?'

* We must suppose, as the least difficulty, that some stanzas were added to the poem late in the author's life; otherwise the Owen of Aneirin could not be the son of Urien.

'Cyndhelan,

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'Cyndhelan, thou wast once the ally of the men of common tongue; the defender of Trenn, that city in ruin! Then, Cyndhelan, wast thou the bright pillar of thy country; wearer of torquis, stubborn chief in combat; defender of Trenn, the city of thy father. The purple of Powis wast thou, and the refuge of exiles during the life of my lord, son of Cyndrouyn, I lament for thee — Cyndhelan, fair son of Cyndrouyn—for a man who is no better than a maiden is not fitting to wear a beard about the nostril. Stand forth, maidens! stand forth, and look upon the country of Cyndhelan. Is not the palace of Pengwern on fire? Woe to the young that covet marrying [with the stranger]! Cyndhelan, close thou, I say, the hill-pass; this very day are the Lloegrians on march, but fear on account of a single foe cannot be. Cyndhelan, entrench thou the height; the Lloegrians are on march by Trenn; but a forest is not of a single tree.'

There ensues no description of the conflict, but its disastrous result is too clearly to be inferred. The eagle of Eli screams aloud; as the osprey watches the inlets of the sea, so the enemy watches against any escape. The eagle of Pengwern is jealous for the flesh of him whom the bard loved. 'The hall of Cyndhelan is gloomy this night: without its lord, without company, without the circling feast. The hall of Cyndhelan is silent; it is without songs, without fire, or smiles, or family, or love; it is open to the sky; its shield is in the grave.'* Even the churches of Bassa (Baschurch?) partake the ruin. At first they are enriched with the noble dead; but they have lost their sanctity, they are burnt, and become silent. The ill-omened Trenn, 'the fair town which, from its foundation, had seen its green ramparts stained with blood, may truly now be called a city on flame, a city in ruin.' The old bard looks through the gloom for the various members of Cyndhelan's family, whom he considers as his own kindred, and he is struck by the consciousness that he is the author of the ruin. *By my tongue were they slain: my ill destiny was the cause.* But oftener the stern spirit of the man as yet triumphs. He laments the fair sisters one by one, yet evidently holds them cheap compared to the brothers who might have renewed the contest. We conceive there are clear signs of the poem having been re-touched or concluded after he had reached Merioneth. In some stanzas he paints almost artistically his own anxious route, his feeling already the spear of the distant pursuer, and the wretchedness to which he is reduced, with goatskin instead of scarlet and armour, and the acorns of the forest instead of flesh and mead. But the more general tone is one of stern satisfaction that the contest had been fought, and that his allies had not been dishonoured.

* The whole description is strikingly illustrated by the account in the Agricola of the gloomy despair among the Britons on the night when Galgacus had been defeated.

'It

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'It is well known the death of the Shepherd: he refused the price of shame; woe to whoever shall accept it. They overthrew not with impunity the cradle of Cyndhelan; he recoiled not a single foot's length; his mother nourished no weakling child. I had brothers, whom God has taken from me . . . . they did not acquire repute by flight. Hear it, great God; and hear it, man; hear it, life's first, life's latest, span; it is a blemish on man's beard to pardon the winged coward. Long as he exists the winged one will use his wings; he will shrink from garments that stand fast in blood, and from the blue weapons of the rapid warrior.'

The last sentence we do not guarantee, but the general idea is natural in the mouth of one who elsewhere exclaims, 'God the Creator, why didst thou form a coward?' and who closes his poem with the lamentation that henceforward his withered frame must droop by the fire; that he can lend no aid, however soon he may hear the thundering tramp of the avenger, the host of Lemenic, who is to come. We trace also, in the despair of amendment in cowards, a faint resemblance to Horace:—

> Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
> Curat reponi deterioribus.

From such a specimen of temper the reader will sufficiently conceive the horror with which Llywarch hears in North Wales of a certain Maenwin, who, though apparently a person of distinction, had stooped to vassalage. The verses of reproach, which contrast such conduct with what Llywarch remembers of his own prowess, are chiefly remarkable as mentioning a sort of prophetess, who appears almost a relic of the Druidical period: 'Blessed be the hag of the lonely dwelling—the hag who cried from the threshold of her cell. "O Maenwin, surrender not thy sword!"' But the strongest natures suffer most in breaking. When next we distinctly hear Llywarch, it is in the voice of complaint over his old age and the loss of his sons. It is now, 'Woe to the sick who hear the happy note of the cuckoo! Ah! how noisy are the birds, how dank the valleys! though the moon shine, the midnight is cold; his spirit is disturbed with the pain of sickness.' There are numerous stanzas abounding in repetitions of this kind. We are not, however, quite so fully satisfied that these verses and a host of gnomic maxims ascribed to Llywarch really belonged to him, as we are where light is afforded by the personal history. Proverbs and pithy sentiments may be of any age, but are more likely to be older than younger. There is no such room for doubt where the father enumerates his lost sons, and praises one for his beauty, others for their gentleness, others as sturdy defenders of their hearth; but, above all, *Gwenn*, compared with whom the others were striplings. 'Let

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'Let the breakers of the sea roar as the serried lances mingle: Woe to me, my 'son, that I am too old to avenge thee.' Describing the grave, he adds, 'Sweet was the song of the bird on the apple-tree, over the head of my son, as we laid him under the turf. Ah! it pierced the breast of old Llywarch.' The thought recurs that his own tongue had urged his sons upon their fate, and he confesses that it would have been better for them to have been buried in peace on the bank of the Dee, among the gray and despised brothers of Llanvor. 'O Creator of heaven! too long we listened to that bull of battle, the ruler of the war, our stay in the fight, and our torch on high.'*

Two comforters visit the old mourner. One, either the spirit of his mother, or the personification of his country, is suddenly introduced speaking:—

"Deck not out thy plaintive prayer; let not thy spirit be troubled, though the wind be piercing, and the wintry spring bitter."

"Rebuke me not, oh my mother (is the answer). I am thy son. Truly my fancy is little bedecked. It is in happier life that men sing; our inspiration must have triple ground"—

i. e., it must have prosperity, society, and praise. Here again is Juvenal's requirement for the poet of freedom from petty cares.

From the ideal he turns to the real. It seems to be a charitable brother of Llanvor who addresses him: 'Aged Llywarch, be not downcast; thou shalt have a quiet retreat. Dry thine eye; stay thy plaint and thy tears.' The old man replies harshly that he desires no retreat save the tomb. Urien is dead: why has death forgotten *him*? Again the friendly adviser dissuades him from listening to the harsh tone of the raven, the bird of slaughter and gloom, and points to the tranquil home of the shrine upon the stream. Llywarch is softened, but doubts. Can he, a man of blood, and the most unrelenting dissuader of peace, join this troop of eremites? Can he even endure their ascetic fare? Tradition affirms that he ultimately did so; it even represents him as prolonging his days in peace until he reached the patriarchal age of 150, and, though his own lay describing the above dialogue ends abruptly, we share the hope of his Breton editor that to this latest period of his life may belong the gentler sentiments which he has thinly sprinkled elsewhere. '*Mercy is the first duty* (attribute?) *of God;* the duty of priests is to intercede before him. While each man slumbers, God slumbers not in helping; trust thou in Him, He will not deceive thee.'

* We here deliberately desert M. Villemarqué for Dr. Owen Pugh. The idea of Arthur's being Mithras, or the Sun, is one which we might not be justified in summarily rejecting, though we do not quite adopt it; but in any case the *Reën Nêv* seems to be a vocative.

Upon

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Upon the whole, it may be doubted if old Llywarch would be considered at a meeting of the Peace Society as an edifying speaker. But we respect him as a man of action and a patriot, and we think him venerable as a bard. Our sketch has, perhaps, too much brought out his harsher features. There is great magnanimity in the general cast of his reflections; in his praise of truth, of friendship, of politeness; while perhaps there is a finer blending than could have been expected of depth with delicacy in the thought which saddens his loneliness: *it is woman that ought to bring slumber to pain.* Substituting only *old* for *young*, we bid farewell to the warrior bard in his own words: 'He was old, the son of grief; he ranked as a chieftain in the court of the greatest prince of Britain. May he see God when he is going hence!'

It would be exceedingly curious if the identical tomb of *Gwen* should have been discovered during the last year in the neighbourhood of Oswestry. Such is at least the firm belief of some respectable archæologists. Gwen certainly had watched on the banks of the Morlas, and within one hundred and fifty yards of the river Morlas a tumulus, called *Gorsedd Wen,* has been found to contain a skeleton which belonged to a man six feet seven inches in height. The name, perhaps, sufficiently corresponds, the neighbourhood is exactly what we want, and the stature suits old Llywarch's description of his stalwart son. Such an astonishing piece of confirmatory evidence perhaps never bard had before. ('Archæologia Cambrensis' for January, 1851.)

Yet we scarcely know that this testimony from the tomb is more striking than the strange vitality shown by the old bard and his brethren in song. After a fitful and rarely broken slumber for centuries, their voices are again heard in the midst of our modern civilisation; their works are introduced as candidates for notice in the Paris of 1850. Of them, as of their heroes, it may be said that 'their mother nursed no weakling sons;' and we cannot but join in the tribute of acknowledgment which M. Villemarqué pays to the enthusiastic Welshman, at whose expense the whole body of remains was reprinted in 1801. A more critical edition, if not an entire translation, is now due to the world; but the first must ever be remembered to the honour of Owen Myvyr. Who can prophesy that his name may not be preserved by it as long as that of his son by the decoration of the Crystal Palace?—though the achievement of Owen Jones, with the statue of the Hunter by Gibson, formed no mean contribution from the Principality to the assembled art of all nations.

The Godódin of Aneirin has been considered, probably with justice, as the masterpiece of these elder bards. The great obscurity of the poem, its corrupted text, and its archaic style, had left critics

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critics doubtful how far they should accept the favourable verdict of the poet's countrymen; and in no part of his work are we so much indebted to M. Villemarqué, as we are here, for the fresh illustration which he has brought. If ever we hesitatingly depart from his version, the English reader will understand us merely to imply a doubt; and if any Welsh adept prefers a different construction, he may consider the point on our part as at once surrendered. The wonder is, that in so obscure a region we should be justified, as we conceive ourselves to be, in warranting the fidelity of the general impression.

It had long ago been observed that the word *Godódin* probably means the country of the Ottadini, who were the principal occupants of the region between the walls of Hadrian and Antonine, or from Newcastle and Carlisle to Edinburgh and Dunbarton. The possession of the northern rampart, guarded as it was by numerous forts, would go far to determine how effectual should be the barrier opposed by the British kingdom of Strathclyde, either to its Saxon neighbours of Bernicia and Deira, or to the lawless tribes of the North. Nothing then would be more natural than for the British chieftains of Dunbarton, Edinburgh, and Argoed to unite in league for the defence of such a bulwark; as we find them actually united at the battle of *Caldtraeth*. One of the forts which guarded the old wall might be traced almost down to Camden's time at East Calder, and another at Hill Calder; while a stream, still denominated Calder, empties itself into the Clyde in the very neighbourhood of Dunbarton. *Ecce Thybris, et Campus Martius!* This is the scene, nor is there much difficulty in fixing the precise date, of the famous battle of *Caltraeth*—for in this form the word is written in the Welsh manuscripts, as well as in the more usual form of *Cattraeth*. The heroic Owen was present at his father's last battle, though afterwards he is mysteriously lost until he re-appears to be slain in the battle of Caltraeth. Was he not employed in the interval in arranging the league, which the rising kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia rendered necessary; and will not this explain both his separation from his friend Llywarch and the fatal zeal of the latter in the council of Cyndhelan? A few years later we find Llywarch lamenting the death of Owen, and alluding significantly to the riotous pride of the Britons at Caltraeth; and it is in the year 584 that Ethelwerd's Chronicle places an expedition by two kings, of whom one at least is Saxon, and one of whom is killed,* while the other takes *many cities and great spoil*. Such data seem

* Is *Cutha*, the name in the chronicle, a corruption—and not an extravagant one—for Domhnal the *Scot*, who really was slain at Caltraeth? Our chronological argument depends altogether on the identity of Owen.

to

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to justify us in giving 584 as the date of this memorable battle which Aneirin sings.

The poet naturally gives his subject a name taken, as we believe, from the principal city of his own tribe, which seems almost to have suffered more than the other confederates. At the same time he looks upon the contest as one of terrible and pregnant moment—too great to have been decided without some special cause. It is the capture of a Troy in his eyes:—as a far later Triad assumes that a disaster must have come from one of 'the three mighty arrogances of the Cymry,' so Aneirin thinks such a succession of conflicts, extending throughout seven days, could not have ended thus inauspiciously—so many bodies of confederates could not have fallen—such a scanty remnant could not have returned—without some signal provocation of heaven—

Divûm inclementia, Divûm,
Has evertit opes, sternitque a culmine.

It was the haughty laughter of the confederates on their march, which laid them open to the Nemesis. It was the profuse distribution of mead along the ranks and the festal gathering of chieftains within the circle of the forts, where the horses were also tethered in what was at once stable, and camp, and banquet-hall, which sent them forth to deal no longer, as of old, unerring blows. How else could Owen, the slayer of the flame-bearer, and accustomed to mow down warriors like rushes, have failed to conquer? How could Conan, the most daring of all, have only the fierce satisfaction of hewing out his way from the rout? How could Tudwal, with his triple band of supporters, have perished, if an evil destiny had not been assigned him beforehand? It was their arrogance and intoxication which was their ruin. But at least it is his duty to commemorate their misguided valour. Accordingly, in a series of lyrical strophes, each of which is complete in itself, yet each connected like rings on a string with its neighbour, he proceeds with irregular stride down the fatal tale. It is easy to see where personal attachment warms the line, distorting even the structure of the poem by introducing abruptly in the outset the brave son of Urien. Young, and already famous, his horse, his sword, his spurs, must be described; the bard will give him no reason to complain.

'Soon as thou the banquet, so soon the earth thy blood; soon as the lances were pushed forward, so soon the ravens their food. Owen, gentle friend, thy limbs perished under the raven's beak. This crowned chief, with ready javelin, had the onset of the osprey in his stoop on the flood; his promise was sure pledge of his friendship; to his utmost he wrought out his design; he retreated not from the host of Ottadine for safety. Fearless, he assembled together the war, he was borne on high.

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high. Ah! neither lance nor buckler could protect him. Round his temples he wore amber in twisted chain; costly the amber, and costly the delicate wine (which as a prince he drank). He disdained the rage of the wild, who would assail Gwynedh, when the North was their portion, invading it from the counsel of Eskeran, the desolating warrior. This crowned chief, armed in war, before his strength failed, in front of the host embattled, had made five times five ranks fall before his lance. Of the men of Deira and Bernicia, terrible as they were, twenty hundred there perished in one hour. Soon as thou the banquet, so soon the wolf thy flesh; soon as thou a bier, so soon the ravens their prey; soon as the lances forward, so soon the earth thy blood; (bitter) payment for the mead quaffed in the courtyard by the chieftains. Oh, be sung for ever; be magnified, long as minstrel exists.'

The fate of a body, probably of the poet's own tribe, who had been surprised on their march, is next described. Here, for the sake of brevity, as elsewhere, we transpose slightly.

'The men who marched for Ottadine laughed haughtily. But bitter the contest, with blades intertwining; the season which they enjoyed in peace was short; the son of Bodgad uttered plaint, though sturdy of hand. They laughed on their march. Suddenly descended on their host a frightful onset. With little note of preparation (the foes) slew with their lances a column full of valour, a rank full of life —they rendered it mute. After the noise came utter silence. Before they could go to the village shrines to repent, the old, and the young, and the confident of hand, the unerring stroke of death pierced them through.'

We are not sure whether the body who started for Caltraeth belonged to a different division from the one first mentioned or are the survivors of the first attack who succeed in rallying—these, at least, defended themselves with vigour, though the disaster which they suffered was of incomparable magnitude. Though 'they had drunk mead—yellow, pleasant, ensnaring'—though 'their hour had been lightsome, and their minstrel joyful'—yet—

'The warriors who started for Caltraeth at dawn, fought they not in concert the fairest of battles? They hewed with their swords abundant biers, to be filled with invaders unbaptized. Better so, than marrying them for kindred. They revived their spirit amidst wounds and death in front of the army of Ottadine, when day dawned. *Is it not under pressure that the strengthening of valour excels?* With their enormous and gloomy swords reddening, they combated unceasingly and obstinately the hounds of war. Ah! household of Bernicia, would that I were your arbiter! Not a shadow of a man in life among you would I leave. For there lost I a friend insensible of fear, slain when embattled against the terrible oppressor. He returned not to ask his wife's father for her nuptial dowry, the young son of Kian, from the white-peaked rock.'

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The tall Tudwal of Edinburgh had been foretold an evil destiny. Yet no chieftain came to Caltraeth with purpose more firm, or was more forward either in the banquet or the battle. The swollen tide of the sea alone made him retreat, and he survived until the seventh day. His troops are enumerated in such a way as to suggest a suspicion of the favourite number *three* being suffered to influence the arithmetic; and with him are especially mentioned, for honour's sake, three unsubdued dwellers in Deira—Kenric, Kenren, and Kenon, whom Gray has taught us to call Conan. 'Came there, of the Britons (asks the bard), a better warrior than Conan, that serpent to the sullen strangers?' There are several parts of the poem so mysterious as almost to win toleration for Mr. Herbert's idea of its being a neo-Druidical liturgy. They seem, however, to be merely lyrical outbursts, and one is clearly a vivid repetition of the cries of onset, or, in more formal phrase, of the order given to charge: 'Que tout s'ébranle! de l'ensemble! que le chef soit percé!' says M. Villemarqué, whom we do not venture to follow into this stony place, but pass on to observe that the death of Dovnal* Brech, the Gaelic auxiliary of the assailants, is thus introduced. It is pleasant to find that the exultation of the minstrel at the hostile chieftain's fall is tempered by some tribute to his valour:—

'He had been the tumult of battle; he had been fire; his lance had been *enchanted;* it was a flaming sun. He is now the food of crows, though he had once the swiftness of the eagle. The bards ever do justice to the valiant of heart.'

Only when the beautiful traitress, the British wife of Ida, is slain, Aneirin, like Virgil (if the lines are Virgil's), in the parallel case of Helen, has no relenting mood:—she had harboured the Saxon. He praises Gwenabwy for taking vengeance on the fair mischief, as well as for sowing his own land with no intention of letting it be reaped by another.

Somewhat less rugged in its tone is the mention of the son of Semno, an astronomer as well as warrior. In the latter character Aneirin appears especially to have admired and to have taken him as a model. But a more remarkable softening of the song is reserved for Caradoc and Morien, both bards, and both evidently favourites:—

'Caradoc, whose renown is dear to me, achieved and warded well his fame. The caterpillar is silent (torpid) until the coming of the

* We follow our authorities in not changing the initial according to the Welsh laws of mutation, which anciently were not observed in writing; though it would not be a necessary inference that they were unknown in speaking. Throughout this article, having one Breton and more than one Welsh orthography before us, we may not have been quite consistent, either in preferring one to the others, or in making them all bend to our general rule of expressing Welsh sounds in English spelling.

day

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day of the bright starting of its knowledge. So may my friend, my minstrel partner in fame, come to the heavenly country, the home of knowledge. Caradoc, the well-loved chieftain, the singer in the furious combat, with shield of gold, a dazzler of the battle-field; a spearman, shivering his foes in morsels. With fierce and unflagging stroke of sword he defended manfully the trench until earth lay heavy on him; until his last agony he did his duty in defending his post. May he reach admission into communion by the Trinity in Unity unbroken.'

It is in vain that Golighed of the Ottadini has raised his voice eloquently against the reckless revel. In vain Budvan has fought, whose court was the lucrative haunt of bards. In vain the tall Ruvon has done prodigies, who gave both gold to the altar, and favour and rewards of song to the minstrel. Only Morien and Conan have made such impression on the enemy that he offers truce. But there is a shout of opposition:—

'Heaven be our deliverer! Heaven defend us! Let spears decide the fight. Let the might of Archluyd [Alcluyd], the glorious city, not surrender until her host is prostrate. For our towns, our soil, our city of Llenn,* for our holy court, for the defence of our rampart, let the eagle of Gwydien throw its plumage wild over its head and over the host (or, according to another reading, *on the breeze*). Does not Science defend whoever is her minister? Science, the shelter and veil of her possessor! Defend Morien, fair power of song; (make him) amidst ruin and amidst strife the chief; unsurpassed his rank, both for strength and for courage.'

The stanza ends with an imprecation on the fair traitress, which, a few lines lower, is accomplished by her death, a standard-bearer of the enemy being also slain. Valour, adds the poet, is familiar *in the Llenn.*

It does not appear, upon a thorough perusal of the poem, that the expedition at Caltraeth resulted in quite so complete an annihilation of the British forces as, from the fragments most quoted, is usually supposed. For though, as each tribe or division of his compatriots passes before the poet's eye, he exclaims of them severally that only one in a hundred returned, the expression seems in some places capable of being restricted to the chieftains, and in others to be the exaggeration of grief. Golighed, the

* We are inclined, from a subsequent stanza, to consider *Llenn* as a local name,—and probably as designating the city of the *Leven*, a stream which falls into the Clyde at Dunbarton, and which gives name to the district of the *Levenax*, now *Lennox*. Thus Archcluyd, Tre-lenn, and Godeu-din, would be all names for the fortified capital of Godeu (or Strathclyde), which strangers would subsequently call Dunbriton. Maen-gwen-coun may be only a poetical epithet for the same rocky citadel. Yet in other poems, if not here, there seems a mystery attached to the word *Llenn*, which means properly a veil. But in these few lines we have ventured on a more conjectural rashness than in any other passage, and can only plead, that at least previous versions are not satisfactory. In the first line each word may be disputed.

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temperate warrior, must clearly be added to the number of those who escaped. Probably, also, a considerable remnant of the tribe of Mynydoc (the mountain-chief?) returned home. Still less is the contest, extending over seven days, to be reduced to a mere surprise in a beleaguered glen. But the importance of the entire position of Caltraeth was so great, and the loss of their effective strength sustained by many tribes was so severe, that we cannot wonder at the tragic tone in which Aneirin refers to the ill-omened struggle :—

'Often as of the battle of Caltraeth shall be spoken,
The nations shall weep; their sorrow shall be perpetual;
Their kingdom kingdomless; their darkened land,
And the sons of Godevoc, true-hearted band,
Whom the long funeral biers carried.
Gloomy was the destiny: the destiny came true.
Together they drank mead sparkling, by the light of torches;
Together they found its taste pleasant, but its bitterness lasted long.'

Hence came the day of tribute. Until earth cover Aneirin he and Grief will be inseparable companions. Only one consolation remains in the sacred duty of celebrating those whom he terms 'martyrs,' and whom he conceives to have fallen rather for want of 'fair play' than for want of valour. Amongst them perhaps he too may obtain a place:—

'Selgovian prince (of Solway?), may not mention be further of the fate of the singer of the gulf of the flooding wave, which befell him at the first hour of dawn? No songs were there equal to his, when thou wast familiar with renown, defending thy principality of the uplands. When thou wentest forth summoning to review the men of name, the city was of tower unassailable, for he became the tower of the city; a mountain was he to restrain the pursuer, a fortress to the host which he inspired; the banquet failed in its course where he was not. Long, long as he was a prisoner in cell, suffering the anguish of sighs, he owed the ransom of his life to this chief of warriors. Behold me, then, no longer a leader, but troubled. I take no vengeance on my oppressor; I smile not in answer to smile. Yet, with fettering ring beneath my feet, extending round my instep, though bound in extreme strait and in subterranean mansion, with chain of iron encircling my knees, even in that dark chamber, I, Aneirin, know all that Taliesin knows, my brother king of thought; even there I sing, and is not my song of Ottadine fairer than the first dawn of the morning? A hero of the north who wrought heroic deeds, gentle of breast and liberal in gifts as ever man beheld, as ever walked the earth, or ever mother bore—a chieftain bright of brow and gloomy in arms—by the strength of his sword brought me out of the gloomy dungeon of earth, flashing the light of rescue, rescuing me from the confines of death and its unblest region; even Ceneu, the son of Llywarch, daring adventurer.'

So

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So the poet rewarded his deliverer, and so highly did he deem the reward of his song should be prized. Dare we ask posterity to ratify such a verdict? Has this old lowland Briton earned for himself, as he evidently conceived, a place among the few who win immortality for themselves, and out of their abundant store confer it upon others? If an affirmative answer to such a question required an unalloyed approval of the mould and form in which his poem is cast, we should hesitate to give so flattering a reply. Nothing can be more strangely contorted and elaborately rugged in its ornament than the whole texture of the Godódin. Having neither delicate finish nor grand simplicity, it is almost a pattern of things to be avoided. But the metal, which has been so strangely fused, appears to us to have been of the most genuine ore. In condensed pregnancy of meaning, and sharp contrast of striking images, Aneirin would take a high rank among the poets of any age; while in that subtle power of association, which seems almost to create, he perhaps surpasses any of his contemporaries. Few persons would expect of a bard living under our Cimmerian sky, in the sixth century, either the glowing tinge which Homeric legend borrowed from a Mediterranean heaven, or the sustained power of a literary age. Yet it may be remarked, that out of the three hundred and sixty-three stanzas which composed the original poem, scarcely a fifth of that number have been spared us by time. Disjointed as these relics are, variously written and doubtfully translated, we still recognize in them fragments of no mean genius. The old bard enables us to understand his age better than a hundred antiquarians. He paints the intensity of the struggle, the narrowing of such field as Roman civilization had occupied in Britain, between the aboriginal tribes lowering from the north, and the daily rolling forward of invaders from the east; thus he calls before us alike the wisdom, the faith, the love, and the hatred, which but for the incantation of his song would have slept in forgetfulness. He, who after twelve centuries can achieve such triumph, must have been true poet and true man; and though his Dorian mood may give place to more refined minstrelsy, his harp hangs for ever in the hall of story between the sword of Arthur and the buckler of Aristomenes. For the sincere veneration with which we would hang our wreath upon its strings may the more learned forgive us our imperfect knowledge of its ancient echoes.

It has often been said that Aneirin was the brother of Gildas. Mr. Herbert has anticipated us in remarking that they more probably belonged to the same bardic fraternity or guild of singers. It is to the misfortune of a technical training that the faults of Aneirin's style are chiefly due. So little authentic trace

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trace is there of a blood-relationship between the bard of Caltraeth and the British Jeremy, that they may rather be suspected of having differed in origin by tribe, if not by kingdom. Many slight indications, which taken together become considerable, tend to connect Gildas in some way, if not with Ireland, at least with the elder tribes of Western Britain; and probably it is the passion of the clansman, as well as the rhetoric of the monk, which speaks in his fierce invective against Maelgwyn, the able and we doubt not, in one respect, the calumniated prince of Gwynedh. Possibly Gildas even belonged to an ecclesiastical colony of the church, rather earlier in arrival and distinct in jurisdiction from that represented by St. David's. With somewhat greater confidence we venture to affirm there must have been, about the close of the fifth century, a re-grafting of the old bardic art upon the Romanised stock of central Britain; there would naturally be, and we find traces of, a certain conflict between the Latin and British languages, and the sentiments which each was likely to convey. Where the indigenous scale preponderated, the result was a bard or a soldier, such as Aneirin or Llywarch; but where the ecclesiastical influence prevailed, we have the peaceful brotherhood of Llanvor, or the querulous rhetoric of Gildas. But Gildas had probably not been always a saint, as we observe Mr. Beresford Hope diligently styles him; it was either as having studied the art of native song in Ireland, or as having practised it in Western Britain, that he was inscribed among the sons of Caw with Aneirin, whose northern origin has been incidentally explained. Hence also probably his name disappeared in the genealogy, when, either in piety or in despair, he exchanged the language of his countrymen for Latin, and their sympathies for a tone of sentiment half Roman and half ecclesiastic.

In Taliesin, still more decidedly than in Gîldas, we detect traces of an origin, or of an education, connected with the older or the western tribes. The later legends, which represent the future monarch of the bards as an infant foundling in a fishing-weir, place the scene of his appearance on the coast of Cardigan—and he stands in a relation, almost as polemical as that of Gildas, to Maelgwyn, the prince of North Wales. His usual title is the Bard of the West; and although a record of very questionable authenticity calls him one of the baptismal bards, his name has not without reason become a symbol of that strange bardic fusion in which relics of Druidical lore seem to be blended with Christianity. Whatever is most ancient and obscure in the fragmentary reliques of the Bards, has been at some time or other ascribed to Taliesin. Unfortunately for those whom nothing short of dogmatical

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matical clearness can satisfy, the questioning spirit of modern criticism has made a considerable breach in the array of poems which once bore this designation. The case, as it at present stands, is very nearly parallel to that of Hesiod. Most critics have now agreed with respect to the Bœotian bard, that the works of two or three poets have reached us under a single name; nor probably would the thrifty versifier, who strung together the proverbs, known as the 'Works and Days,' have taken rank so nearly approaching that of Homer, if he had not been blended with the poet-framer of the generations of the gods. So we have one Taliesin, the Bard of Urien, whom we have already recognised as the Prince of *Rheged*—a principality contiguous apparently to the kingdom of Strathclyde.* The poems which can with certainty be attributed to the minstrel of Urien's court are few, and rugged, though striking in their kind; but it does not follow that every other poem to which the name of Taliesin can no longer with confidence be attached, is therefore the forgery of any recent date. Some few confessedly bear a much more modern stamp, and these may properly be termed spurious; still many curious poems remain, whose genuineness is a question presenting, in the several cases, varying degrees of probability, but for some of which we are inclined to claim both a high antiquity and an interest not inferior to that of any undoubted relic of the bard of Urien.†

Among the first of the classes mentioned, no poem presents more delicate touches of feeling than the Elegy upon the death of Owen. How the chieftain's sword had been *winged*, how his rapid assault came upon Ida like lightning upon the eyes of a sleeper, how no tribute had been paid during his life, and how earnestly the poet prays that his patron's soul may find succour at its need, now that his body has been laid under the sod, is the burden of plaint, chequered by reminiscence of triumph. Elsewhere we read of princes speaking *every language* being among the prisoners of Urien. Another striking specimen of this class is the confessedly genuine song on the battle of Argoed, which also commends itself to us by the circumstance that we possess two translations of it.

'On the morning of Saturday was a great battle; a battle from the rising of the sun to its descent. The Flame-bearer hastened with four battalions to combat the Britons of Godeu' (of which Godo-din was the

* The *Etymon* of Rheged remains a bone of stiff contention. The precise position of the district is equally unsettled.

† Since these pages were in type we have observed that Mr. Stephens is giving a series of papers upon Taliesin in the Archæologia Cambrensis. Let us hope they may have the effect of supplying some clearer tests between the genuine and the spurious.

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capital), 'and of Reged. From the great forest to the mountain their forces extended; but their life lasted not throughout a single day. With fierce voice exclaimed the Flame-bearer, "Will they give hostages? Are they not ready?" But Owen answered, brandishing his spear, "They will not give—they are not—they never shall be ready." Ceneu, too, son of Coel, would rage as a lion vexed, sooner than give hostages to any one. Then cried Urien, chieftain of the fertile plain, "Be gathered firm together now, my kinsmen; and let us lift up our banner above the mountain, and bear our faces against the invaders, lifting up our lances above the head of men, and seeking the Flame-bearer in his host, slay him together with his companions." Thus, from the battle of the forest of elms there fell many a corse, and the ravens reddened their beaks from the war of men: and the common people ran about hastily with the news.'

Possibly our version may have added one or two prosaic touches; but from the very nakedness of such a poem we conceive it never could have been forged by any modern imitator; nor again do we imagine that Taliesin would have stood by the side of Aneirin in bardic renown, if he had been merely the chronicler in such strain of Urien's wars. It is rather as the son of the mystic Ceridwen, the British Medea, or personified Nature, who renewed all things in her seething cauldron, and also as the blender, with Christian forms, of ideas drawn from the Druidical metempsychosis, that Taliesin passed through the admiration of his countrymen into the story of the world.*

Highly spirited is a fragment, ascribed not to Taliesin himself, but to the father of his patron Elphin, describing the incursion of the sea over a large district, supposed to have been submerged in Cardigan Bay:—

'Stand forth, Seithenyn, and behold the dwelling of men; ocean covers the plain of Gwydhno. Accursed be the watcher (of the flood-gates), who after his drunken revelry loosened the fountain of the desolating sea. A cry from the sea arises above the ramparts; even to heaven doth it ascend. After wild excess comes long want. A cry from the sea awakens me this night. A cry from the sea rises above the winds. After excess comes the wide-extending death.'

But did Taliesin, presenting thereby a rude parallel to the Pythagoras of Ovid's Metamorphoses, assert in verse his own transition through different stages of existence? Did he, in a strain of Pantheism approximating to the wildest forms of that belief among the Hindús, declare that he had formerly 'fled as a deer, as a frog, as a bristly boar in a ravine, as iron in glowing

* The elegy upon Corroy, nearly of the same period, is remarkable, especially for the enigmatic style in which the grief is expressed. It is also curious as preserving the ancient form of the Welsh article, *dy* for *y*, a form interesting to philologists, as evidently connected with the article of the Gothic languages.

fire,

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fire, and as a spear-head, the cause of woe?' Did he also profess to have been 'with his lord in the highest sphere?'—

'I know the names of the stars from the north to the south;
I have been on the galaxy at the throne of the distributor;
I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain,
I conveyed the Divine Spirit to the vale of Hebron,
I was at the place of the crucifixion of the merciful Son of God;
I am a wonder whose origin is not known,
I have been fostered in the land of the Deity;
I have been teacher to all intelligences,
I am able to instruct the whole universe,
I shall be until the day of doom on the face of the earth;
Then I was for nine months in the womb of the hag Ceridwen,
and now I am Taliesin.'

Probably the incongruous medley of historical images, if not the philological character, of the poem from which the above lines are taken, is, as Mr. Stephens thinks, conclusive against its genuineness. Still the question recurs, Why were such singular sentiments ascribed to Taliesin? Have they no germ or root in those other very obscure poems, compared to which Klausen's Choëphoræ is easy, and which have been sometimes ascribed to Taliesin, and at others, with perhaps more justice, considered fragments of older tradition or ritual? To try questions of this kind, we must impanel a jury of Cymreigyddion, with Mr. Algernon Herbert as their judge, having full authority to admit or reject quotations as witnesses.

The 'Druidical mythology' and 'Patriarchal religion' school had certainly run into strange extravagances. They found the stones of Gilgal in every cromlech, while the oak of Mamre (which quite as probably, by the way, was a turpentine tree) had its representatives in the Druids. It is high time for such fancies to be either propounded with the modesty which befits mere conjectures, or supported by something like argument. We must also warn any believers in Mr. Vernon Harcourt's book on the theory of the Deluge, that if they really expect to find Noah's Ark a favourite subject with the Welsh Bards, their chance of success depends entirely upon the strength of their imaginations.* A more delicate question to decide would be, how far Dr. Owen Pughe, though the most distinguished labourer of modern times in the cause of Welsh literature, suffered his political and religious peculiarities to tinge his account of the Ancient Bardism. He appears rather to have considered it as a sort of preparation for

* The very unwary may also be told, that some current 'adaptations' of Welsh fragments to Hebrew letters, both make a considerable change in the letters supposed to be adapted, and produce a result very unlike any Hebrew idiom.

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the advent of Joanna Southcote; while again Mr. Davies evidently thought himself bound in honour as a clergyman to prove that the old bards were not sound in their theology. Wherever such collateral motives can be traced, the need of caution, which the obscurity of the subject should itself suggest, is increased tenfold. Yet on the other hand, when we read fragments written in the most archaic language, of which such portion, as we can tolerably construe, runs pretty much in this strain:—

'While the dragon moves round, over the places where are the vessels of drink-offering; while the drink-offering is in the golden horns, while the golden horns are in the hand, while the hand is on the knife, while the knife is on the central victim, sincerely will I implore thee, victorious Beli, with Manhogan the king, to keep carefully the prosperity of the *honey* island of Beli'—

—when we read fragments of this kind, it appears to us quite unreasonable to think of explaining them by mere reference to the Wales of the middle ages. Nor is this judgment materially affected either by the possibility on the one hand, that the word translated *honey* may have been the name of some deity, or on the other, that Beli may have been the father of Cassibelaunus. Even in the latter case we have still a fragment of Druidical doings prior to the invasion of Cæsar; while both this fragment, and others of the kind, sufficiently fall in with what the notices of the great Roman would lead us to expect. Probably also the larger Taliesin may be considered as representing the period of transition from the true Druidical bardism to the more Christian stage found in Aneirin. We have already heard the latter comparing the human soul to a caterpillar, and calling heaven 'the home of knowledge,' phrases both Christian, and at the same time savouring of one who had been pupil in a school of metempsychosis. May not even Aneirin, in professing to know all which Taliesin knew, have meant to say, it was from deliberate conviction, rather than from ignorance, that he spoke of the village shrine, and of the Trinity, instead of the mystical cauldron and the 'circle of the world?' There would then be accumulated reasons why Gildas and Aneirin, as bards, yet Christians, should be associated in the same *caw*, or privileged fraternity; while, if the devotion of the latter to a certain city of the *veil*, or Llenn, should be clearly made out, it would be to a patriotic rallying point rather than to a centre of religion.

Whatever farther light may be thrown by professed Welsh scholars upon such questions as the above, it will never, we apprehend, be disproved, that the fragments of the Taliesin or Talhaiarn school bear traces both of a sacrificial worship and of a religious belief, which, even if not a deification of nature, was something

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thing like a generalisation from natural phenomena. We apprehend the *Duw Celi*, or hidden god, so frequently spoken of, to be the mysterious spirit of life; while the shape of the Druidical circles, and possibly of the temples, is apparently made out to have represented the figure of the globe. We dare not indeed deny, what we would willingly hope, that this 'circle of the world' may have represented to the worshipper rather the universal Temple than the living Dread, who has framed it as his handiwork. But in any case some such hypothesis as the above supplies a surer standing-ground, from whence to attempt an explanation of the obscurest poems, than either Mr. Davies's notion of an 'Arkite God,' or Mr. Herbert's of an esoteric Druidism clothing itself in a Christian form.

If any key can be found to the mysterious poem, entitled the Spoils or Cattle of Hades (*Preiddeu Annwn*), it will probably be such a one as is above suggested. Yet we should scarcely attempt it in so nearly desperate a case, if the poem had not been pronounced unintelligible by some, and wrongly transferred by others to a period when its bold personifications had become localised as princes. It is also worth observing that out of the eight stanzas of which the poem consists, six contain each six lines; while only in the remaining two are there any traces of Christianity, or any palpably Latin words. By striking out all such traces we both give our eight stanzas a genuine British air, and also get them of an uniform length. We then observe that Arthur and seven companions are represented as visiting certain castles, some of which are *undoubtedly* designated by *pure astronomical terms*, while others are unfortunately unintelligible. But Arthur has long ago been suspected of having been originally the Great Bear, or the bright star in its tail; and the term *Llywiawdwr*, or *governor*, by which alone he is described in the indisputably genuine poems of the sixth century, is the same as is subsequently applied to the only true object of worship. Remembering then how even the constant operations of nature become, with many forms of Pantheism, events which may be described in the strongest form of allegory, and how cattle are the common symbol of natural plenty, as may be seen both in the Vedic hymns, translated by Professor Hayman Wilson, and in the fable of Geryon, we cannot resist a sort of divination that a Druidical parable of the revolution of Charles's Wain, with some vaunting on the part of the reciters of their superior knowledge of nature, was intended. 'They have many sayings about the stars and their motions,' is the express testimony of Cæsar respecting the Druids; nor were any stars more likely to strike them with an impression of mysterious awe, than those which, in the *apparent*

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apparent motion of the heavenly cylinder around the earth, they saw constantly maintaining their visible cycle—

Arctos, Oceani metuentes æquore tingi.

Other constellations rose and set—*thrice the fulness of the galaxy we went on the sea*, is one of the lines of the poem—but these seven '*went with Arthur in his splendid labours*,' and yet returned, so as to be constantly visible.*

As far as our hypothesis is concerned, we have no objection to concede that the lines mentioning 'Wisdom and Earnest Thought' may be a very early addition, and that the nine damsels whose breath warms the cauldron, may be certain Druidical priestesses; for we apprehend it would be quite in character, that either religious rites, or severe contemplation, should be represented as influencing even the course of the heavenly bodies. But our readers may possibly be interested by a specimen of the *Preiddeu Annwn*. We select the first, fifth, and eighth stanzas, omitting what we conceive to be additions to the original poem:—

'Complete was the prison of Gwair (Geryon?) in the city of the Zodiac,
A heavy blue chain firmly held the youth,
And for the cattle of Hades gloomily he sings,
And until doom shall he continue his lay;
Thrice the fulness of the galaxy we went into it,
Except seven, none returned from the city of the Zodiac.

I will not assign as a merit to the multitude the veil of the *ruler* (*Llywiadwr*),
Beyond the enclosure of Wydr (glass?) they beheld not the reach (or prowess) of Arthur;
Three score hundreds there stood upon the wall,
Difficult was it to converse with their watchman;
Thrice the fulness of the galaxy, we went with Arthur,
Except seven, none returned from the city of the solstitial (or equinoctial) colure.

Is there but one course to the wind, one to the water of the sea,
Is there but one spark to the fire of unbounded raging?
They (the multitude) know not when the twilight and the dawn divide,
Nor what the course of the wind, nor who agitates it,
In what place it dries, on what region it roars;
I will praise the Ruler, the great supreme Lord.'

We rejoice to have the concurrence of Mr. Herbert in our opinion that the above Sibylline strain is a genuine fragment of

* See Stephens's Literature of the Kymry, p. 193; or Sharon Turner's Vindication, p. 239.

Druidical

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Druidical lore. In return we will concede to him that it bears traces of esoteric teaching; while the lines which we have omitted from the last stanza imply a bitter polemical spirit against the rites of Christian worship; the very chant of Χρίστε ἐλέησον, or Miserere Domine, being (as we infer from the diversity of the rhyme) introduced as an ironical quotation. It is quite possible that such lines, especially the complaint of the holy grave vanishing from the foot of the altar, may have been added in the conflict, not between Briton and Saxon, but between Druid and Christian missionary. To the same period we should also conjecturally assign a most perplexing little fragment, in which Hercules is called 'head of baptism,' and the elementary world is said to have been changed at his coming, like night into day. This however has been otherwise explained. But we conceive that the greater portion of the *Preiddeu Annwn*, as well as some others, like the sacrificial fragment quoted above, may have been chanted in good earnest among the primeval masses of Avebury or Stonehenge.

It is here that our serious difference with Mr. Herbert commences. In proportion as we find genuine fragments of an old British ritual remaining, it becomes more credible that such massive structures as Stonehenge may have been the temples for its formal celebration. Such, indeed, is the theory, which was once pretty generally assumed; but whether it will maintain its ground against the objections of almost every possible kind which have more recently been raised against it, involves a question as difficult as it is interesting. There are persons who maintain with Mr. Rickman, that the workmanship shown in the architraves which crown the upright columnar masses at Stonehenge, could not have been effected with tools of bronze, but attests the use of iron; and they conceive iron to have been only introduced into Britain at a period not long anterior to the invasion by Cæsar. The difficulty of raising the architraves into their position, as well as of fixing upright a solid mass of stone some twenty-two feet in height, is an objection of the same kind, when applied to so scanty a civilisation as the earlier Britons are assumed to have possessed. But Mr. Algernon Herbert goes much farther, and not only alleges arguments against any high antiquity, but believes that he has discovered reasons for fixing positively the erection of this temple of Salisbury Plain in the earlier part of the fifth century after Christ. Nor can we refuse him the acknowledgment, that of all theories which not merely affix the epithets ancient or modern, but assign a positive date for the erection, the one thus introduced is both the most lucid in its conception, and, on the whole, the best supported by solid learning.

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learning. It would be very remarkable if the same writer, who, in his notes to the Irish Nennius, has settled the question of the Picts with more precision than had previously been done*, should now have effected a like service for the most singular monument of antiquity in our island.

Mr. Herbert labours under none of that confusion with which the testimony of the most ancient bards, and the stories either of monkish origin or of mediæval romance, are by some antiquarians blended together. He sees clearly that the true Bardic school was one distinct and unique, being in pedigree the descendant of the Druidical priesthood, and in spirit opposed to even the more primitive monasticism, while it knows little of the later but still very interesting romances, for which it barely itself supplies the germs. Nor is it a slight benefit to genuine archæology to have suspicious quotations taken to book, crude assumptions tested, and theories of apparently long descent made to give an account of their nativity and produce their passports. Such an iconoclast as Mr. Herbert, the take-for-granted school of antiquarians have not had among them for many a day. He handles them somewhat in the style of Gibbon dealing with the confused authorities for the later Roman empire. Yet one service he has done the Welsh section of them, which probably he did not intend. He has shown that as much misplaced fervour and unnecessary ascription of motives may be adopted by an English gentleman, in writing on a subject apparently most remote from the need of partisanship, as Fluellen himself could desire. It is not enough for the writer to expose a blunder or a sanguine guess, unless he also trace it to 'dissimulation.' Chroniclers and bards, who have slept for centuries, and whose very names would alarm our readers, with antiquarians already fast on their way to the land where they will become in turn only objects of research to a few kindred explorers, are severally summoned before this relentless judge, to receive the penalty of dissemblers. We should have thought it amply sufficient to make some allowance for an ethnological bias, and a pretty large one for ignorance on the part of persons who, in many cases, knew little of any language except their own; and we can suspect some of the theories, and reject many of the etymologies of Owen Pughe, without in the slightest degree impugning his good faith.

But Mr. Herbert's arguments are sufficiently considerable to

* By giving reasons for believing that the word Picts was introduced by the late Roman writers to comprehend both the ruder Caledonian Britons and the Scottish Gaelic tribes: an use of which traces are also clearly found in Welsh literature. The Picti Calidones were probably Britons, whose skin was stained or stigmatised; while the Picti Vecturiones seem rather to have been '*transmarine*' Gael, that is, Irish.

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deserve as thorough a statement as the limits of reasonable compression will allow. After dismissing summarily some conjectures, such as that of Phœnician influence, he examines at greater length the passages of ancient authors which represent a people happy and pious, in some remote region to the north of Greece, and which in one famous instance ascribe to that people a circular temple, dedicated to the sun, in an island beyond Gaul. Some of the authorities, on which our accounts of this Hyperborean people rest, Mr. Herbert considers *vile;* and the position of the temple spoken of, is not only, he conceives, too vague to be understood of Stonehenge, but belongs rather to some Grecian colony among the Scythians, near the sea of Azoph. At least, he so mixes his criticism of Herodotus and Diodorus, as to imply that he draws this conclusion respecting both.

The sacrifice of asses is one which he imagines could only have been practised by a people who had migrated from some southern climate—that useful animal being supposed not to have been indigenous so far north as Gaul. But he more decidedly pronounces, from the comparative ignorance of Britain among the Greeks, and from our own more abundant knowledge of Greece, that the whole notion of intercourse between the Druids and any Hellenic priesthood 'is too absurd to find credit with any one that has any acquaintance with history.'

Nor, again, is the general silence respecting our megalithic structures among Roman describers of Britain an argument without weight. Would a people so observant as the Romans have overlooked an enormous temple such as Avebury, standing within a few yards of their own road to Bath? Could they have thought glass toys and the feeding of poultry things worth mentioning, yet not have dropped the faintest hint of buildings which, though not as highly refined, are almost as remarkable as anything of their own? It should also be noticed that buildings of this especial kind, scarcely *constructed* so much as consisting of masses, each of which does duty as a column, are not scattered over Gaul. They are not found near Rheims, where was the ancient sanctuary of the Carnutes, but only near the coast, where a people arriving by sea might rear them, and chiefly in Britanny, where the supposition is obvious of their probable connexion with this island.

But still more remarkable is the assertion of the 'British Chronicle,' (which is supposed to have been written by Tysilio early in the eighth century,) to the effect that the Giant's Circle of Caer Caradawc was erected as a monument to the Britons slain by Hengist. For whatever doubts may have been thrown upon the fact of the slaughter alluded to (though Mr. Herbert believes in its

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its reality), such a statement at least fixes a date for the building, and fixes it at a time when Roman education would qualify the natives for such architecture. It is true that the testimony of the original Chronicle is subject to the trifling drawback, that it represents the circle as brought bodily by the magic of Merlin from Ireland; but Mr. Herbert adopts only that portion of the story which is physically possible, and which also suits his theory. If, then, it be asked, was the stupendous circle in question really a mere sepulchral monument, or for what purpose was it reared? —Mr. Herbert suggests an answer, which is perhaps the most curious, certainly the most elaborate, portion of his book.

He finds in Gildas a highly rhetorical passage, which complains of luxury and vice having grown up with the prosperity which ensued, when the devastations of the northern clans, after the departure of the Romans, had been checked. Nor did the evil end here, but was accompanied, according to the querulous monk who records it, by 'a hatred of truth and love of 'falsehood, the desire of darkness instead of the sun, the reception 'of Satan for an angel of light. Kings were anointed, not by 'God, but by those who were more cruel than others; and soon 'after slain by the anointers, not upon an inquiry of the truth, 'others yet fiercer being elected.' When all this invective is read by the light which may be thrown upon it from a vast number of bardic allusions, pregnant with some mystery of a religious kind, it is supposed to denote the rise of a neo-Druidical religion, or of a form of faith which afforded a rallying-point to patriots by its esoteric adherence to the ancestral creed, while externally it assumed the symbols of Christianity, which was daily extending. It is impossible, within our limits, to give an adequate impression of the ingenuity with which this strange theory is developed; how the College of Druids returned from Ireland; how Bridget, a sort of Irish heathen saint, was made at one time to rival, and at another to personate, the Blessed Virgin; how St. Germanus, if not St. Columba, may be suspected of being an accomplice in this coquetting of patriotism with heathendom; more especially (and here we agree with Mr. Herbert) how Pelagius, or his doctrine, is represented in a Welsh chronicle by a certain Morien (or Morgen) 'the most learned bard in the world, who denied baptism and the sacrifice of the body of Christ, and deluded the Britons so that they became unbaptized Jews.'* The curious medley of doctrine thus formed would resemble some of the more perverse forms of Gnosticism, such as those in which the rites of Mithras were forced into unnatural combination with

* This passage is here copied from Mr. Herbert; but we are able from memory to verify it as occurring substantially in the *Iolo MSS.*

Christianity.

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Christianity. It would naturally affect mystery, and speak in parable, as is the case with the bards; and if embodied in architecture, it would assume fantastic and gloomy forms, such as we observe on Salisbury Plain. Yet such a spirit might find palliation for its extravagances in the imperfect knowledge of Christianity which the non-Romanized Britons must have possessed. It may have supplied a link which could alone hold together the elements of defence in a kingdom assailed; and, if judged by the wisdom of this world, it might seem for a moment justified by the resolute struggle which preserved the traces of ancient civilization longer in Britain than in any other province of the empire, from being trodden down by the fierce invaders from the north.

Stonehenge then, according to the theory which we are expounding, was the central point of the British Kingdom whose resistance to the Saxon is symbolised by King Arthur. Its vast pillars, hallowed by their situation in an ancient cemetery of the *dead*, may also have been lifted, or graven with the aid of all the resources of Roman science. It was *Nawdd*, the sanctuary, and *Dinas*, the city, and *Cor*, the great circle. Of its rites Aneirin sings, and to its esoteric worship many a bardic allusion points. In such a place Eidiol, or Eldol, the Samor of Milman's poem, appears to have been the high priest, and he might naturally propose to give Hengist a meeting. Possibly even, suggests Mr. Herbert, with a bold enough extension of the limits of conjecture, this Archdruid may have intended Hengist to be a sacrifice, but the Saxon chieftain both forestalled his device, and anticipated the policy of Ethelred towards the Danes. Hence Mr. Herbert seriously thinks Stone-*henge* means *Hengist's* stone; which is, after all, not more improbable than the derivation of Hanging Stones.* Both this structure, and others of the kind, were in general, he conceives, a kind of substitutes for the old Druidical groves; temples, in the strict sense of the word, being not with any great certainty ascribable to the eldest Druids. Hence the lines ascribed to Merdhin, which are enthusiastic in praise of certain apple-groves, have a covert allusion to the rock-lined avenues, which appear at Avebury to have been adapted for processions, and which probably took the place of the forests of elder time. We can also readily understand how the 'Reliquiæ Danaum' who migrated into Britanny would carry into that province their peculiar attribute of megalithic temples, such as are found at

* We conceive that *henge* is a mere termination of the genitive or adjectival kind, such as Mr. Kemble has given a list of in one of his papers for the Philological Society.

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Carnac. Many things equally ingenious may be read in the 'Cyclops Christianus'—a book, of which our readers will now discover that the title implies an attempt to prove the builders of Stonehenge to have been a peculiar species of Christians.

Such a theory both explains so many difficulties and shows such a far profounder appreciation of the real phenomena of the fifth century in Britain, than writers on the subject generally possess, that we scarcely know how to withhold from it our assent. Our readers must have detected in our analysis of it a sort of veneration for its several links. The absence of mention by the Romans, the difficulties of a physical kind, the requirement of a creed, or moral spirit, sufficiently appropriate, and lastly, the existence of such structures only in countries inhabited by post-Roman Britons, would all be satisfactorily met, and many most obscure passages in Welsh Literature would receive an interesting explanation. It is therefore not without disappointment, that, so far as we are able to test the principal arguments adduced by Mr. Herbert, we find them, one after another, crumble at the touch.

The mere negative inference drawn from the silence of Roman writers would be of far greater weight if the columns of Stonehenge had fallen under the eye of Cæsar in Kent, while every object, in a country for the first time visited, had the zest of novelty. But the probability that ordinary Roman writers (even if we possessed the whole array of them) would go out of their way to describe a temple in an obscure province, is not in reality so overwhelming. It may be measured, at least, by the amount of attention which the Romans gave to analogous objects elsewhere. In Italy itself, at Arpino, and at the neighbouring city of Alatri are some of the most astonishing specimens of old Pelasgic walls which have survived to our own time. If there is any Latin author, with some portion of whose works every one is familiar, it is Cicero. He was born at Arpinum, and describes his property there; yet our memory does not recall any mention of the remarkable monuments of antiquity which his birthplace could boast. Again, if we take the still more extraordinary instance of Pæstum, how scanty are the notices preserved to us of its stupendous temples! The truth is, although the refined, and perhaps morbid, mind of Germanicus might rejoice in unrolling the storied treasures of Egypt, the Romans in general had other business to do than playing at antiquarians. If their taste had lain in that direction they would not have suffered the grand civilization of Etruria to become, under their very eyes, an embarrassing mystery; nor would the Assyrian discoveries, which we are all watching so intently, require now to be made for the first time.

But

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But it is the positive side of Mr. Herbert's argument which is the most important, and which also the most utterly breaks down. On turning to our Gildas we find that his invectives turn upon the open profligacy of the people, upon vices known, as he declares, to other nations, and become a subject of general reproach. The whole homily may be understood with as much deduction as is required by the comparisons, with which it is garnished, of the princes addressed, to lions and dragons; but it is abundantly clear such a strain was never pointed against anything esoteric. The anointers, whom he speaks of, are probably the several chieftains electing their general, or Pendragon, in war. In the question before us, therefore, Gildas goes for nothing.

Nor again can any character of secrecy be well supposed of the conflict in respect of creeds, by which it is rather apparent that the fifth and sixth centuries were distracted. There was a clash, and occasionally a mixture; but probably the Ecclesiastical historian would hesitate to affirm that the latter was carried farther in Britain than it was by such men as Synesius elsewhere. The orthodoxy of St. Columba may be considered proved by the polemical relation which he traditionally occupied towards the Bards; and, without wishing to enter the lists for all the saints of the mediæval calendar, we could produce authority for saying that St. Germanus was sound upon the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Probably also the characteristics of Pelagianism may be sufficiently explained without having recourse to bardic lore; though, if the Welsh notice of *Morien* could be proved ancient, it might serve as a portrait for the 'sea-born' father of those who vainly talk.

There is considerably greater difficulty in answering the assertion that the bards generally refer in dark parables to Stonehenge as to a mysterious centre of religion and of polity; nor do we profess such qualifications as would alone justify any one in dogmatising on this branch of the subject. It appears, however, to us that all the supposed allusions resolve themselves into one or other of the following classes. Either they are pure specimens of Heathenism; or else they express undisguised opposition to Christianity; or, in many cases, the genuineness and the meaning of the poem are alternately doubtful; or lastly, the allusion is altogether imaginary. The persons who invoked 'victorious Beli, with their hand on the knife, and the knife on the central victim,' did not ape Christianity, for they had probably never heard of it. The bard who wrote, or as we believe made additions to, the 'Cattle of the Deep,' had nothing esoteric in his manifest hostility to the Christian choir. The 'little pigs' and the 'apple-trees' represented as typifying the neo-Druidical College and its avenues of

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stones, may mean anything, or the poems may (as Mr. Stephens conceives) be a play of fancy in a later century. But upon the relics of Llywarch and Aneirin we take our stand with some confidence, and must utterly deny, or dissemble, having found in them anything intelligible which would bear out Mr. Herbert's theory. His derivation of the word 'Gododin' is quite indefensible; and instead of explaining Aneirin by the massacre of Hengist, we had rather account for the story of the massacre by resolving it into some distorted legend about the mead mingled with blood at Caldtraeth. Again, as regards the chasm which required to be bridged between Llywarch and his Christian entertainers at Llanvor, the warrior-bard might have felt, in the day of his strength, that, if the 'isle of the mighty' was to remain free, its soil must be covered by camps rather than by monasteries; the times wanted the sword rather than the staff; he may have seen forecasts of the weak resignation of his crown by Cadwaladr—but the absence of sympathy between the soldier and the eremite is very different from either conflict or compromise between Druid and Bishop. Those poems, again, which are manifestly pointed in the Protestant sense against Rome, 'Woe to him that keepeth not his sheep from the Roman wolves,' however wholesome their doctrine might be for these times, are evidently of no high antiquity.

But there still remains, it may be said, the positive testimony of the British Chronicle. Does Mr. Herbert seriously propose to let this witness be cross-examined? If he will have the testimony to the erection of Stonehenge at a particular time, he must also take the battle in Ireland, the magic of Merlin, the transference of the columnar stones, and their erection on the site of Hengist's massacre. The practice of adopting only what we want out of any narrative is always open to exception; but, were we ourselves to venture upon such a practice in this case, we should suggest that the whole legend meant nothing more than that a certain connexion existed between the temples of Wiltshire and the cognate buildings and rites of the more primitive West. For some such reason there can be little doubt that Ireland was called by Himilcar the sacred isle; just such was the relation which Britain in turn occupied to Gaul. It seems frequently to be a characteristic of ancient and decaying faiths, accompanied by a certain solemnity of rite, that they take refuge in islands, or on sea-coasts—a custom which may be observed in cases where no theory of a diffusion and approach by sea will conveniently apply. Ceylon, Elephanta, Salsette, Samothrace, the sacred islands in the Loire, and perhaps the many St. Michael's Mounts, exemplify this natural tendency. It is partly on the same principle, and partly from uninterrupted affinity of race, that buildings most nearly

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nearly corresponding to Stonehenge and Avebury are found in Britanny. If Mr. Herbert had noticed how early the Belgic tribes thrust themselves forward into Armorica, he would not have thought the re-migration from our island, whether real or imaginary, requisite to explain the kindred structures of the Veneti on either side of the Channel.

Even apart from considerations of race, there are often local circumstances which tend to explain the preservation of monuments of this kind. We find them chiefly in remoter provinces, or in situations where land is of comparatively little value, and the process of clearing has been less complete. The hard bowels of an Essex farmer would have felt no compunction at the experiment of turning Stonehenge either into lime or into water-troughs. The seclusion of Salisbury Plain was a protection. Yet it is very remarkable that such an assemblage of massive remains, as exists in Wiltshire, should be found in a county which both abounds in Belgic ditches and, with the exception perhaps of Monmouth and Hereford, retains a larger number of British names than any other in England. Not merely natural objects, as in the Avon and the Britford, but even towns, as in the striking group of *Lidiarts*, still bear the names given by the elder race. Perhaps this circumstance has not been taken sufficiently into account. Still less, again, has Mr. Herbert fully appreciated the conclusion, so fatal to the main portion of his theory, which may be drawn from the existence of Avebury. Within about thirty-five miles of each other we have two masses of gigantic fragments; both so like as to imply a cognate origin, yet both on so large a scale as scarcely to have been needed simultaneously, and one bearing signs of art so much more advanced than the other, that either a long period or a decided change must have intervened between the erection of the two. Starting, then, from the premise that Stonehenge existed during Roman occupation, or soon after it, we may safely infer that Avebury existed before Roman foot trod our island.* But the same genius evidently presided over both. One is a continuation, or an aggrandisement, of the other. No unbiassed eye will gaze on either and assimilate it to the grace of any Hellenic order, or to the sumptuous pomp of Roman architecture. The affinity of conception is rather with the massive cromlech, the solitary *Maen-hir*, the mystic circles of Ireland, and the *structæ diris altaribus aræ* which (we thank

* Mr. Rickman's arguments to the contrary, from a supposed resemblance to an amphitheatre, and from a mistaken notion of correspondence between the measurements and those of a Roman mile, have been refuted by the more accurate inspection of Mr. Edwin Guest.

Mr.

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Mr. Herbert for reminding us) Lucan attributes to the Druids of the south of France. As far as Avebury is concerned, we must certainly throw its origin back into a dim and unfathomed antiquity. Nor is there any rashness in the suggestion that such a ruin, and the eldest fragments of Welsh literature, may illustrate each other. The rampart, with its fosse on the inside, not intended therefore as an external defence, may have been the wall on which threescore hundred, or threescore singers * watched, while possibly the inner rites of the temple may have made it serve some of the purposes of an orrery. If, at least, any certain explanation of Stonehenge is ever to be arrived at, it can only be by making out such an analogy of the several columns to the positions of bodies in the zodiac as may serve to prove itself. In the mean time, we may listen with equal deference to those who tell us of chanting or of sacrificing. Nor, again, is there any absolute reason why the idea of a court of justice should not divide the honours with that of a temple. To ourselves it has appeared not impossible that the smaller rows of stone pillars, like chancel rails, may be the *caer wydr* of the poem; and it is tolerably certain that Stonehenge and Avebury denote different periods in a system essentially the same. Whether that system was properly Druidical may still be questioned, but all probability would incline us to answer in the affirmative.—Have we, then, any clue to such a decisive change of manners or of occupation as might fix the transition from one stage to the other?—The authorities on which the theory of a neo-Druidical system is built have broken down; and although the period of Roman rule supplies in great measure what we want, the difficulty of our having no authentic account of Stonehenge applies far more strongly to any structure of so recent a date than to one of higher antiquity. The silence then becomes significant; for if such a thing had been built under the Romans, we should have heard of its building. The whole genius and nature of the fabric seem almost equally conclusive against any later date.

The same writer who, in a recent number of the Archæological Magazine, pointed out some of Mr. Rickman's mistakes, suggested that the extension of the Belgic province, which took place perhaps a century and a half before the Christian era, would naturally lead to the erection of a new temple, and that the period is one embracing all the requisites for a probable theory. This idea well deserves attention. For Stonehenge is in the middle of the Belgic province, as the 'locus consecratus' was in

* The Welsh cognates of *can*-ere and *cen*-tum are not always distinguishable in composition.

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the middle of Gaul; it was called *Nawdd* (sanctuary) by the British, as the region of the Car-nutes, it is suggested, may have been *Caer-nawdd*. If the workmanship of the triliths is rightly pronounced too good for the bronze tools of the earlier Britons (though we suspect this may be a hasty conclusion), it is known that iron in the time of Divitiacus was familiarly used, and there had been at least sufficient contact with both Greeks and Romans to procure all the mechanical skill required. If we are to admit provisionally the assumption as to the need of iron tools, which is the greatest reason for bringing the date of Stonehenge so low, one condition only is wanting to our acceptance, until some farther light is thrown upon the subject, of this theory of Mr. Guest's. It must be allowed on grounds of general probability that the elder temple of Avebury belonged to the elder tribes of Western Britain, whom the intrusive Cymry, or Belgæ, partially displaced. Almost every circumstance we can trace, of politics, religion, and social advancement, is met upon some such supposition as the above.

It is not without a sentiment approaching to regret that we find ourselves taking from Stonehenge something of its mysterious interest, by assigning to it so near an approach to a definite and comparatively modern date. It is quite possible, and we are already inclined to augur, that the whole theory of a period in which iron was used, succeeding one of bronze, may hereafter be voted a piece of unwarranted ingenuity; but—in the present state of belief on this subject among archæologists—the remarkable correspondence in time between the consolidation of the Cimbric province, in the centre of which Stonehenge stands, and the probable extension of the use of iron tools, supposed to be necessary for the building, leave us scarcely an escape from the conclusion that the date of Stonehenge is about the second century before the Christian era.*

If, then, we are still to believe in the survival to our own day of any structure which may have witnessed the tremendous rites of the elder Druids, our imagination must transfer the site to Avebury. From this spot, indeed, for reasons already glanced at, we are disposed to warn off Mr. Herbert emphatically. He may indeed be right in rejecting the arbitrary assumptions about serpent worship; and the more obvious probabilities are in favour of the idea that the sinuous avenues of massive stones were intended merely for processions. But such an interpretation of

* We should be glad to learn from any architect, after due examination, whether the *triliths*, with their architraves, betray symptoms of having been superadded to a ruder work of the Avebury style.

these

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these fragmentary records is so far from diminishing the interest attached to them, that it gives a more astonishing impression of the magnitude of the scale which must have characterised the system. That on Silbury Hill, at a distance of more than a mile from the principal temple, stood the fort or citadel of the *Dinas*, connected in some way with the circles or temples, is clear to any one who, on the spot, endeavours with sober intelligence to re-construct the whole from its fragments. To call Silbury a *barrow* is almost as strange a misnomer as it would be of Denbigh or of Stirling. The excavations of the Archæological Institute have shown the interior of its soil not to differ essentially from that of the neighbouring downs, of which it was probably a jutting-out prominence, and commanding, as it did, the vale of the Kennett, it would naturally be fortified, which both the trench and the clear signs of escarpment still remaining prove to have been the case. Though the Roman road from Marlborough to Bath would in a geometrical line run south of the hill, we cannot doubt that, if the fortress upon it had not been already dismantled by the Belgæ, it would be so by the Romans. Yet it is quite conceivable that the latter would pay little attention to the rude though colossal masses, disposed in circles, which lay somewhat to the north, and which had already been supplanted, we must conclude, by the kindred but rival establishment of Stonehenge.

Perhaps even the boldest speculations of men of genius are seldom utterly wrong. The strange conjecture of Inigo Jones, about a temple open to the sky in honour of Jupiter Cœlus, may have been in this sense correct, that in such circles, *nudoque sub ætheris axe*, were worshipped, and perhaps represented, the elementary powers of nature. It requires scarcely a step to consider such a temple as sacred to Apollo, the god of day. Nor does it appear, after all, that there is any absurdity in supposing some such megalithic structures in Britain to have originated the floating legends which passed from mouth to mouth at a period earlier than Herodotus, and for a century later, of a certain northern people, who dwelt happily, and were worshippers of Apollo. For the island in which Hecatæus placed his happy dwellers beyond the north wind is described as 'beyond *Celtica*,' which, with deference to Mr. Herbert, we think it no breach of faith to translate Gaul. That is nearly the situation we want. The same people had 'a magnificent grove.' So far the Druids correspond. They had also a round temple: this might serve as a description of either Avebury or Stonehenge. Again, they had 'a certain peculiar dialect;'—let any modern Greek pronounce whether the Welsh language would not to his ear sufficiently bear out

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out this description. At the same time, they had 'offerings with Greek letters;'—and *they use Greek letters* are Cæsar's words of the Druids. But they even understood the astronomical cycle introduced at Athens by Meton: strange as this may at first sound, when applied to the supposed barbarism of our ancestors, perhaps the *multa de siderum motu* may be held to indicate that it is not really inapplicable. There are other points of correspondence. The island, for example, is compared in point of size to Sicily—a comparison which, if intended of Britain, would be sufficiently accurate for Greek legend, though not nearly so appropriate as what is also said of climate. For it was the singular felicity of the Hyperboreans that they lived sufficiently far north to be beyond the cradle of the north wind; their island was mild; so our physical geographers still remark that our climate is, from oceanic causes, far more temperate than that of the continent in the same latitude. So many points of correspondence ought to have been considered with more respect. The sacrifice of asses may have been either a local peculiarity or a Greek misconception.

Possibly the extravagance of some Celtic antiquarians may have provoked their censors to deny even their most legitimate inferences. At any rate, there is no great weight in the arguments by which Mr. Herbert impugns the propriety of applying the language of Hecatæus to ancient Britain. He thinks the Hyperboreans should be more to the north-east, because, among other reasons, Pindar placed them at the fountains of the Danube; he forgets, therefore, that Herodotus, whose geography would be quite as accurate as Pindar's, made the Danube rise about the city of *Pyrene*, or to the extreme south-west of the Celtica, which we have to take into calculation. There is indeed no doubt that the geography of stories of this kind might waver and vary almost indefinitely, according to the fancy of the speaker; yet it does not follow that there was no reality, from which the shadow may have been magnified or distorted as it floated along. The objection which seems most to have been felt, is the difficulty of supposing a communication between Greece and Britain such as was said to have taken place with the Hyperboreans. Probably, however, such hesitation only arises from our forgetting how ancient was the intercourse to which the hereditary traditions collected by Herodotus go back. It was not with the sausage-eating Demus of Aristophanes that the island priesthood exchanged gifts and oblations, but with the venerable fraternities who had presided over the rites which even in their decay struck the childhood of Æschylus with awe—with the eldest Delos, with Samothrace, and with Dodona. Is there anything in the history

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history of the Church of Rome, for example, which should make it a thing incredible for a priesthood, confessedly possessing ramifications throughout Gaul and Britain, to communicate with kindred bodies in Greece? It is a matter of undoubted history that as late as the time of Strabo some affinity was recognised between the religious rites of Samothrace and of Britain.* We are astonished that so thorough a scholar as Mr. Herbert should permit himself to sneer at a belief which, if it rest upon insufficient evidence, is at least in the direction to which such testimonies as we possess uniformly tend. We indulge in no mere dreams of what has been fancifully termed a 'patriarchal civilization;' but we have no less a shield than the authority of Niebuhr before us in venturing to assert that there was a Pelasgic period, which in the time of Thucydides belonged rather to the antiquarian than to the historian. It is difficult to understand how scholars should expect, or why they should desire, to stifle the belief, which is daily gaining ground, in a career of civilization extending somewhat longer backward than has been usually written. All that we know of Egypt, and all that the wise suspect of India, point in the same direction. Without straining unduly the scanty relics we possess of information as to the early state of Britain, we cannot doubt that there were Silburys and Aveburys, which bore the same kind of analogy to Argos and Dodona as the British Channel does to the Mediterranean. It is even possible we may ourselves in this paper have deferred too much to prevalent theories on the use of metals, in surrendering Stonehenge. In one of the Essays, placed third at the head of this article, the writer argues that the plough, the harrow, the water-mill, the glass blow-pipe, the chariot, the mixture of soils, the use of yeast, and the scarlet dye of the holm-oak, were as much the property of the Briton as of the Roman. Such arts alone imply sufficient skill, if accompanied by a prodigal command of labour, to raise large masses, and to leave tokens, quite as highly finished as Stonehenge exhibits, of the graver's skill. It is rather to be regretted that the essayist has not appended his authorities; but we can trace a sufficient number of them to bear out his theory of a respectable insular civilization.

How far that civilization was sacerdotal, and how far popular—and whether purely indigenous or a mere graft from some immigrant caste—are questions for more profound or more sanguine

* Was it not probably an Avebury in ruins which Strabo describes in a field near Marseilles? It was a circle, he says, of enormous stones in a grassy plain, ascribed by some to physical convulsions, and, as early as the time of Æschylus, connected mythically with the story of Hercules and Geryon.—*B. IV.*, pp. 251-2. ed. Falconer.

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inquirers. Neither have we the slightest wish to over-rate them. No sermon has ever impressed us more vividly than the contrast which it was our fortune to enjoy, in seeing, within two consecutive days, Stonehenge and the Crystal Palace. What a stride from Hengist and Eldol to Paxton and Owen Jones! Notwithstanding that the massive character of the stones leaves an impression of awe while the spectator is within the circle, yet, from the vastness of the surrounding plain, as soon as he gazes at them from without, they assume a dwarfish and unholy aspect, savouring, as it were, of *canny Elshie*. They neither climb to heaven, nor exhibit that power of combination and arrangement of parts which attests the ordered and disciplined intellect. Hence, it was with a sensation of relief that we soon saw Salisbury spire rising in the distance; and in less than four-and-twenty hours, after hearing in that glorious cathedral some portion of a ritual more holy than ever rolled through the misshapen columns of Stonehenge, we stood in the world's temple of concord at London. It was a change almost from a sepulchre to a palace —a vivid exemplification, as we conceived, of the onward march of human destiny under no less than the highest wisdom, and a memento to help forward the time when the nations shall learn war no more.

ART. II.—1. *Le Tre Costituzioni delle Isole Ionie.* Corfù. 1849.
2. *The Ionian Islands under British Protection.* London. 1851.
3. *The Patris.* Corfù. 1849-1851.
4. *Parliamentary Papers relating to the Ionian Islands,* 1810-1852.

OUR elderly readers may possibly remember that nearly thirty years ago we made an endeavour (*Q. R.*, vol. xxix.) to explain and defend the policy pursued with regard to the Ionian Islands by the ministry of Lord Liverpool, and by Sir Thomas Maitland, the first British Lord High Commissioner. That cycle of destiny which occasionally brings events round again to the same point from which they started, has laid a duty upon us in 1852 similar to that which we discharged to the best of our abilities in 1823. We have now to set forth the unhappy consequences of a precipitate change of system in 1849. The questions at this moment demanding a practical decision are of unusual interest and complexity. In this region, however, the same game, or nearly so, has been played over again so repeatedly, and in such very distant ages, that, even had the inquiry no practical bearing, it would still be worth while, as a mere matter of historical

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historical curiosity, to point out the manner in which a like combination of events has recurred.

Of the seven Ionian Islands it may be safely asserted, without prejudice to the mythical fame of Ithaca, that Corcyra, or Corfu, is the one which in all ages has played the most important part. It cannot, however, be said to occupy a peculiarly honourable place in the records of any age. The seditions of Corcyra have become a by-word among the readers of ancient history; and, unfortunately, both in that and in the sister isles, the tendency thereto does not seem to have abated during the lapse of twenty-three centuries. Three times, at very wide intervals, has this Island found it necessary to abnegate, more or less completely, a political independence of which it was incapable, and to place itself under the sovereignty or protection of the power which in each of those respective ages was mistress of the seas. Corcyra was constrained to seek safety from the results of her selfish policy abroad and her internal factions, by throwing herself into the arms of imperial Athens; again, while the drama of old Greece was being reacted in mediæval Italy, the same Island was driven to find protection against itself beneath the banner of Venice; again, in these latter times, the mad democracy of the Septinsular republic was gladly exchanged by the Ionians themselves for the iron rule of Russia and France in succession—and finally, for the firm but gentle protectorate of remote Britain.

It was in A.D. 1386 that Corfu placed herself under the sovereignty of Venice; and the remaining islands of the Ionian Sea successively fell during the next two centuries into what we may fairly call the most deplorable of all political conditions, that, namely, of the subjects of a distant republic. Strange to say, however, there has been formed a small knot of disaffected Ionians, who, in spite of the sad records and traditions of those miserable times which are so rife in their country, still affect to sigh for the days of Venetian bondage. This curious fact appears from the memorial against Sir Howard Douglas addressed in 1839 to Lord John Russell (then Colonial Minister) by Chevalier Mustoxidi—a document which for the most part does little more than reproduce the objections urged in 1819, with greater show of plausibility, by Count John Capodistria, against the policy of Sir Thomas Maitland—but fully answered by that officer himself in the following year.* M. Mustoxidi ventures on the assertion that, 'far from being treated as colonies, the Ionians were the equals of all the other subjects of the Republic.' Any one at all acquainted with Venetian history knows well that the eastern

* See Parliamentary Papers of June 22, 1840.

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provinces were always sacrificed to those in Italy, and that the real state of the Greek islands under Venetian sway was one of the grossest tyranny. In each island the executive was composed entirely of natives of Venice, presided over by needy *proveditori*, sent to enrich themselves, after the old Roman and the modern Turkish fashion, upon the spoils of the provinces. These officials never swerved from the maxims of government laid down by Fra Paolo Sarpi, and which are thus epitomized by Daru :—

'Dans les colonies se souvenir qu'il n'y a rien de moins sûr que la foi des Grecs. Etre persuadé qu'ils passeraient sans peine sous le joug des Turcs, à l'exemple du reste de leur nation. *Les traiter comme des animaux féroces;* leur rogner les dents et les griffes, les humilier souvent; surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerrir. *Du pain et le bâton*, voilà ce qu'il leur faut: gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion.'—*Hist. de Venise*, xxxix. 17.*

In conformance with these amiable precepts, the Ionians were heavily taxed for the support of the Venetian garrisons and fortresses; the administration of justice was utterly corrupt; bribery was all-powerful; the collectors of the revenue calculated their exactions at tenfold the sum which they condescended to pay into the treasury; and open war was waged against a nationality which had endured throughout the vicissitudes of two thousand years. The tongue of Greece sank into the mere *patois* of the peasantry; and in a land where religious and national feeling had become almost identical, the unchangeable creed and ritual of the Eastern Church was allowed only to linger, under Latin domination, as a form of tolerated dissent.

On the fall of Venice, in 1797, the Seven Islands were transferred by the Treaty of Campo Formio from the eldest to the youngest of republics. But powers not usually found in harmony were willing to combine against the Goddess of Reason. The allied forces soon expelled the intruders of the West, and the Muscovite and Moslem despots united to bestow on the Ionians the blessing or curse of republican government under Turkish vassalage. From 1800 to 1807 Corfu and the six confederate isles set out upon a fresh career of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The ancient standard of Corcyræan freedom is best veiled in the decent obscurity of a learned language;† the new republic soon proved to be at least not a whit behind its predecessor in blood-

* The same writer says, xxxix. 14, 'Les colonies d'outre mer furent toujours gouvernées avec dureté; leurs fréquentes révoltes en sont la preuve. ... Cette administration s'est compliquée avec le temps; elle s'est modifiée à quelques égards; *mais toujours les naturels du pays en ont été soigneusement exclus.*'

† ἐλευθέρα Κέρκυρα, χέζ' ὅπου θέλεις.—*Strabo.*

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shed and anarchy. Within the short space of two years all the seven islands were guilty of rebellion against their general government, while each separate island had also repeatedly risen against its local authorities. We long ago described at length the real character of this boasted 'golden age' (if we are to believe Ionian radicals of the present day), as set forth by a tolerably trustworthy witness, M. Naranzi, the envoy sent by the Ionians themselves in 1802 to the Russian Emperor.* He was instructed to state that the Ionian people, from their cruel sufferings under self-government, were disposed to welcome with blind resignation whatever new form of polity might proceed from the hand of Alexander; that they wished it to be the work of that 'admirable person' himself,—or at any rate of a 'single legislator'—and that it should be supported by an 'imposing armed force' of Russian soldiers. M. Naranzi was directed to impress on the mind of the Czar—

'That the inhabitants of the Seven Islands, who have thus attempted to establish a republican form of government, are neither born free, nor are they instructed in any art of government, nor are they possessed of moderation so as to live peaceably under any government formed by their own countrymen.'

After divers attempts at constitution-making under Russian auspices, the Treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, consigned back the islands to a French master. Having tasted the rule of every power on which any shred of the purple of Constantine had descended, they were now handed over to the upstart Cæsar of the West. Napoleon appears to have judged more truly of Ionian capacities for self-government than his Imperial brethren of Stamboul and St. Petersburg;—the Septinsular Republic at once 'ceased to exist,' along with its national flag and national treasury, being summarily incorporated with the French empire, and occupied by a strong military force. M. Mustoxidi finds it convenient to extol this *régime* also in preference to English protection; but his assertions on this point are abundantly refuted by Sir H. Douglas. French rule was again destined to be short-lived, for in 1809 and 1810 all the islands, except Corfu and Paxo, were captured by an English squadron, which was enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants. Paxo fell early in 1814; Corfu itself, garrisoned by 14,000 French soldiers, and very strongly fortified, remained under strict blockade until the fall of Napoleon in the same year; when one of the first acts of the restored Bourbon was to direct

* *Q. R.*, vol. xxix. p. 92. See also Sir Howard Douglas's despatch to Lord John Russell, in the Parliamentary Papers referred to above.

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its surrender to the British commander, General Sir James Campbell. The Proclamation issued by that officer on his entrance renders the terms of the cession tolerably intelligible:—

'In order to obviate idle inventions and false reports that might be circulated by evil-disposed persons, with the view of disturbing the public mind; and more particularly to explain with candour, to all the inhabitants of Corfu, the full extent of my powers, I publicly announce and make known, by these presents, that I am invested with full powers to regulate, amend, and alter, inasmuch as the public good may require it, any branch or department of the island.'

Next followed the Treaty of Paris in 1815, whereby the islands—of which, be it remembered, England was then in actual military possession—six by right of conquest, and one by surrender from the French—were erected into a 'free and independent State' under the protection of the British Crown.* It may be bold to call in question the wisdom of provisions agreed upon by the combined political sagacity of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria; but we must confess that it is not easy to reconcile the idea of Ionian independence with a British protectorate, which all the articles of the Treaty subsequent to the first explain pretty distinctly as equivalent to British sovereignty. We can very well understand how a certain kind of independence may be combined with a certain kind of protection; a State may have full independence in its internal concerns, and yet be entirely dependent in its foreign relations; and such seems a very natural position for a people which possesses a nationality too strong to be merged in any other, and yet has not physical resources enough to enter for itself upon the world-wide stage of international politics. But the protectorate to be exercised by Great Britain over the Ionian State was of a much more intimate character. The military command of the islands was reserved exclusively to England;† and the protecting Sovereign was to be represented by a Lord High Commissioner, invested with authority to regulate the laws and general administration, the forms of

* Count de Ficquelmont tells us, in his lately published work, that it had been proposed by the English Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna that the Ionian Islands should fall to the share of Austria, along with the other *ci-devant* possessions of Venice; but that such a course was finally rejected, chiefly through the influence of Count Capodistria with the Emperor of Russia. See *Lord Palmerston, L'Angleterre et le Continent*, tom. i. p. 411.

† In his correspondence with the Colonial Office, Sir Thomas Maitland observed that this provision alone would make it impossible for Great Britain to avoid exercising a control over the Ionian Government; for otherwise she might become bound to support with her military power the crimes or follies of a native executive authority.

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summoning a constituent Assembly, and its proceedings in drawing up a constitutional Charter. The Charter so drawn up was to be ratified by the protecting Sovereign.

Now it can hardly be denied that whatever amount of self-government fell to the islands under a charter so prepared was simply a free boon from the Crown of Great Britain. The British arms had won six, at least, of the islands by fair conquest in open war. To grant full political liberty, or any approach to it, under such circumstances might be disinterested and magnanimous; it could not be demanded as a matter of mere right and justice; and we shall presently see that the expediency of such a course was more than doubtful. On the other hand, it is equally clear that a possession held by such a tenure, and not incorporated with the Empire, neither can nor ought to be governed as a colony of England. To reconcile these two requirements was no easy task; but we can hardly think the dilemma was best solved by proclaiming the islands in the first clause of a treaty to be 'free and independent,' and in the subsequent clauses introducing provisions which reduce their freedom and independence to a mere name. We must also remember that to grant a free constitution to a nation only just emerging from the slavery of centuries is the most perilous of experiments. To thrust liberty upon a people which had so recently proclaimed itself wholly unprepared for it neither conduces to the welfare of the recipients nor to the reputation of those who grant the boon. We cannot too often repeat the adage that constitutions cannot be made, but must grow; and that political liberty is chiefly valuable as a means to an end, as the best security for the higher blessings of civil liberty. It is in vain to introduce the former ready-made among a population which has not yet learned to value the latter.* We suppose Lord John Russell himself would hardly have proposed his last Reform Bill in times when the working of Magna Charta was still a doubtful experiment; he would hardly have sought to confer the franchise on villeins emancipated but yesterday, or have advocated the admission of Jews into a Parliament which esteemed it a religious duty to

* The views of the British Cabinet with regard to the Treaty of Paris and the Constitution to be established in the Ionian Islands under its provisions, were clearly set forth in the House of Commons on June 7, 1821, by Mr. Goulburn, then Under Secretary for the Colonies. 'He denied *in toto* that the object or intention was to confer on these states a perfectly free government, such as that enjoyed by Great Britain. It was by no means fair, therefore, to compare the legal acts of persons in authority in the Ionian Isles with the legal acts of persons in authority in this country. Whatever defects we might see in the Ionian Constitution, it by no means followed that it would be advantageous to the people to transplant thither the pure British Constitution.'—*Hansard.*

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commit Lollards to the flames. Yet legislation of this sort has been of late by no means an unusual employment, even beyond the narrow limits of the Septinsular Republic.

The Islands present a further difficulty. Nations, to which the names of liberty and constitution are simply meaningless, may possibly be brought by a gradual process to be worthy recipients of every political privilege enjoyed in England or in Norway. But no condition can be more impracticable than that of a people who, while entirely unfitted for free institutions, still have perpetually the names of liberty and constitution on their lips. Though a vast progress has been made in their material and moral improvement during the thirty-seven years of British protection; yet in 1815 the Ionians, in general, were perhaps not many degrees better suited for self-government than those Orientals who cannot realize the East India Company as other than an individual Princess; but a portion of them cannot be in the same blissful state of ignorance. Centuries of bondage, culminating in the corrupt and debasing tyranny of Venice, have effectually done their work. We fear that the author of 'Ionian Isles under British Protection' has drawn too favourable a portrait of the population. A sterner, but we believe a truer, picture has been given by a writer in the *Times* (Sept. 17, 1849):—'We took under our ægis,' he says, 'a people who combined Italian crime with Greek cunning; who were strangers to private honesty or public virtue; who were remarkable for strong passions, dark superstition, ignorance, and laziness.' But in spite of all these defects, many Ionians were sufficiently connected with free States to be familiar with all the cant of liberalism before they had outgrown the needful discipline of a paternal government.

Such an ill-regulated yearning after political powers imperfectly understood must of itself vastly increase the difficulties of the legislator and rulers of such a community. For a feeling of this nature can be neither ignored nor defied; it *must* drive the lawgiver into granting privileges at once which in his heart he knows had better be delayed until the people shall have been schooled into a capacity, first for local, and then for general self-government. He must grant something then and there. A cry was raised by the followers of Count Capodistria against Sir Thomas Maitland for not granting enough. Certainly he did not grant all that we have now gained for ourselves by the gradual struggle of centuries; he did not grant all that is found in the ephemeral constitutions which we have since seen rise and fall; but he granted more than the most intelligent Ionians thought desirable. He granted more political liberty than was

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possessed in 1817 by almost any country of Europe, except England and France, and certainly more than was possessed at that period by many of the English colonies.

The constitutional charter was promulgated in 1817, having been unanimously adopted by a constituent Assembly composed of forty of the most prominent and influential gentlemen of the several islands. Of this number, eleven had been appointed by the Lord High Commissioner to constitute the 'Primary Council'—a Board somewhat analogous to the *Lords of Articles* in the old Scottish Parliament—while the remaining twenty-nine were elected by their own countrymen. By the Constitution thus approved, the chief authority was vested in the Lord High Commissioner, in conjunction with a legislative Assembly and an executive Senate elected out of the Assembly. The President of the Senate is appointed by the Crown of England, and the approbation of the representative of that Crown is required to give validity to all its proceedings. The Lord High Commissioner, himself stationed at Corfu, is represented in each of the other six islands by a British official, termed Resident, who stands to the local authorities in the same relation as his principal to the general Government. Each local government consists of an elective municipal council, with a president, bearing the title of Regent, appointed by the Senate, and somewhat corresponding to the préfet of a French department. The Legislative Assembly, whose ordinary duration was fixed at five years, was elected in a highly ingenious manner. At the expiration of that period, the five Senators and six Regents became the Primary Council, who formed the nucleus of the new Assembly. These eleven were to draw up a list of fifty-eight persons, called the 'double list,' out of whom twenty-nine were to be chosen by the electors. These twenty-nine, united with the former eleven, composed the Assembly—a body, consequently, of forty members, like the first Constituent Convention. In case of dissolution, the Primary Council was to consist of the President and senators of the late Parliament—six in all—and of five new members appointed by the Lord High Commissioner out of the late Assembly. It was further provided that no constitutional article could be altered, and no Parliament dissolved, without an order from the Sovereign in Council.

Such was the Constitution of Sir Thomas Maitland. Nothing is easier than to find fault with it, to speak of it as a pretence for veiling the reality of despotism under a shallow guise of liberty, as a mere mockery of the 'free and independent State' established by the Treaty of Paris. But we have seen that the whole problem was how to reconcile two opposite necessities, and

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and that the amount of civil freedom actually granted was comparatively very great. The powers vested in the Lord High Commissioner were extensive, but they fell short of those possessed at that epoch by the executive in nearly every country of Europe; and these were assuredly placed in the hands of a functionary far less likely to abuse them than the nominee of any local faction.* And further, by the reservation of certain privileges to the protecting Sovereign in person, the Ionian people 'are subjected to the laws and practice of a constitutional kingdom—not to the will of an arbitrary power, or to the caprice of a temporary Lord High Commissioner. Their government is rendered as fixed and durable as the British Constitution itself.' †

But let us hear the statement of Sir Thomas Maitland himself in explanation of his own handiwork:—

'Count Capodistria assumes, because certain powers are conceded to the Lord High Commissioner, as a maximum to which he may have recourse in a case of necessity, that such powers are to be constantly on the stretch, and eternally made use of. Were any man to state gravely that, because the King of England possessed the veto in the passing of every law, therefore all laws were made by the King; or that, because the Commons of England have the power over the purse, they were to be constantly refusing to grant the necessary sums of money for the public expenditure; what would be thought of such a statement? Just on the same grounds rests all that Count Capodistria says of the chart of 1817. He tells you that, because I have a veto, therefore the power of making laws is solely in my hands; but he forgets to mention that both the Senate and the Legislative Assembly have the same veto on any Bill which I may introduce, that I have on any Bill introduced by either of those bodies. The powers conceded to the Lord High Commissioner are such, I presume, as he has a right to exercise to their highest extent when a case of necessity requires it, but never could have been intended to be considered as the rule for his common proceedings; and even were the exercise of the prerogative justified by necessity, he would still be answerable to his Sovereign for the wise exertion of it. If we are to reason upon the dry letter of any Constitution, we must be led into immediate error; if, for example, any one were to take the dry letter of the British

* 'I deny,' writes General Sir Charles Napier, 'I deny the tyranny of Maitland and his Residents; I admit that they were sometimes arbitrary; and I assert that, unless they had been so, the grossest injustice and the most cruel petty tyranny would have continued to pervade the islands.'—See Napier's work on the *Colonies and Ionian Islands* (1833), p. 53. Sir Thomas Maitland had rare merit, or rare good fortune, in having inspired with such admiration for his talents and character so merciless a critic of his superiors as Sir Charles Napier, who served under him for several years in the Ionian Islands, and declares that Maitland was 'a ruler cast in no ordinary mould;' and that 'it is due to the memory of that able man to say that his government bore the impression of his strong mind.'—See the Preface to the pamphlet quoted above.

† Ionian Islands under British Protection, p. 22.

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Constitution, and compare it with the real practice under that Constitution, and maintain there was no difference, into what absurdity would not a person so reasoning immediately fall? Its essence and excellence consist not in the theoretical view of it, but in its spirit and practical results; and Count Capodistria seems to be aware of this, for his constant attempt is to waive the practical results as they have occurred, and to stick to the letter of the constitutional chart, supposing all the different powers therein granted to be always on the stretch. He extends his theoretical fancies further, and he tells you, in his view of the theory of the Constitution, that, theoretically, the people must be dissatisfied. I, however, practically say that they never were so well satisfied.' *

To this test Sir T. Maitland might appeal with perfect confidence. It was easy for a clique of disappointed intriguers to rant about their national independence being crushed under a succession of alien despots;† but was the administration of 'King Tom' (as he was called throughout the Mediterranean), or that of his successors, of a nature to make the Ionian people regret their boasted Septinsular Republic, or even cast a lingering eye to

> 'The far times, when many a subject-land
> Look'd to the Winged Lion's marble piles'?

What, we ask, were the practical results of British protection? If the islanders of the Ægean of old deemed Athenian sovereignty no bad exchange for the piracy from which it rescued them—the islanders of the Ionian sea have gained this blessing, and more also, from the new mistress of the ocean. Justice was at last administered among them without corruption; the revenue was freed from peculation; life and property became secure; the people were no longer a despised or degraded caste; the native functionaries were treated with respect and courtesy; and every man, high and low, found in every representative of England a power with both the will and the means to support the right and redress the wrong. Every form of material prosperity received an impetus; excellent roads, previously unknown in the Levant, were made throughout the islands; ports and quays were

* Parliamentary Papers of June 22, 1840, pp. 27, 28.

† 'Count Capodistria diligently endeavoured to produce among the Ionians a feeling of strong hostility and an active opposition to the English rule. This nobleman, dissatisfied that Corfu was not in his power, as Minister of Russia, tried to render the Lord High Commissioner's position as disagreeable as intrigue could make it.... A large portion of the Corfuites, proud that their little island had given a minister to Russia, thought that that minister wielded the power of the Russian empire, and every *frondeur* persuaded his foolish noddle that he had the *minister*, and therefore the Emperor, as his supporter.'—(Napier's 'Colonies,' &c., p. 48.) The faction headed by Chevalier Mustoxidi at the present day—contemptible as it is even numerically—is formed of the relics of the Capodistria party.

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constructed; trade and agriculture flourished; educational institutions for every class and grade were founded in abundance. Nor were these advantages purchased at the cost of heavy fiscal burthens. All taxation in the Seven Islands is greatly lighter than in our own country, and is levied almost exclusively on imports and exports, not on produce raised and consumed at home; tithes, poor-rates, turnpikes, and local taxes of all kinds, are absolutely unknown. Finally those best acquainted with the islands bear witness that the general feeling towards the first Lord High Commissioner was that mixture of awe and love which is the highest tribute to a ruler of Orientals; and that neither with the gentry nor with the great body of the people is his memory unpopular at the present day:—

'Although there is no need,' wrote Sir H. Douglas to Lord John Russell, 'to shield the dead lion from the kicks of M. Mustoxidi, it is no more than due to the proper feeling of the Ionians generally to say that the talents and memory of Sir Thomas Maitland are seldom spoken of by them but in terms of respect.'*

Of course it would be an arrogant absurdity to deny that the many advantages of the British Protectorate have been accompanied by some serious drawbacks. English officials are seldom famous for their skill in conciliation; and some of the Residents in the southern islands are stated to have played very fantastic tricks in former years when removed from the immediate supervision of their principal. Our experience has already afforded some evidence of what results might be expected in India, if the Residents and Political Agents there were almost invariably officers on half-pay, or in command of troops, and, however honest and zealous, but rarely well skilled in the native languages and manners. But after all, what are such drawbacks when compared with the systematic corruption of Venetian rule, or the unbridled anarchy of the Septinsular Republic? By all well-thinking Ionians the English are, on the whole, better liked than perhaps any foreigners ever were by an alien population under their control. Many of them went still further, and expressed to Sir Thomas Maitland their wish that the protectorate had been a direct sovereignty. Still it is clear that the erection of continental Greece into an independent state must have stirred yearnings for a union among all branches of the Hellenic name. England, therefore, has always had an adverse party among the Ionians; but it is only through the unscrupulous arts of demagogues within the last three years that this party has assumed at all a bitter or formidable character. And we must

* April 10, 1840.—See the Parl. Papers as above, p. 30.

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carefully distinguish the natural and laudable aspiration for a union of all Greeks into one Greek state, from the morbid clamour for immediate annexation to the existing kingdom of Greece. The latter is the cry of a faction; the former is the inevitable instinct of nationality; but all enlightened Ionians see that for such a consummation they must bide their time, and until that time arrives they are well content to enjoy the many practical benefits of British connexion.

Between the administrations of Sir T. Maitland and of Lord Seaton, the most important period was when the office of Lord High Commissioner was filled by that distinguished and scientific officer and accomplished gentleman, Sir Howard Douglas. During his administration, which lasted from 1835 to 1841, many excellent public works, such as moles, quays, roads, and the like, were executed under so able and experienced an engineer; and public education was greatly promoted, the number of schools and scholars being largely increased. Above all, Sir Howard Douglas superintended the formation, and completed the introduction, of a regular code of laws, replacing the confused mass of Venetian edicts and perplexed regulations previously in force. In 1839, and the following year, an important correspondence took place between Chevalier Mustoxidi, Lord John Russell, and the Lord High Commissioner, which is printed at length in the Papers laid before Parliament on June 22nd, 1840. The accusations alleged by M. Mustoxidi against British policy in general, and Sir Howard Douglas personally, will there be found answered in detail: to some of the most essential points we have already referred. While advocating the future extension to the Ionians of such political privileges as they shall be capable of rightly using, Lord John Russell observes to Sir Howard (June 4, 1840), that—

'the Chevalier Mustoxidi seems to have advanced the gravest charges against an officer of high rank and distinguished services, without any adequate grounds. I can only therefore reprobate conduct so unworthy of respect, and assure you of the continued confidence of the Queen.'

It is, indeed, unfortunate for the cause of Ionian agitation that its chief representatives seem to constitute a continually descending series. From Count Capodistria to M. Mustoxidi was a considerable fall, and a still greater from M. Mustoxidi to a bill-discounter, of Ionian extraction, but resident during the last thirty years in London, by name Papanicolas, who stands to Sir H. Ward in the same relation as his precursors to Sir Thomas Maitland and Sir Howard Douglas respectively. Though proclamed an outlaw on May 20, 1852, Papanicolas continues avowedly

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avowedly the 'Ionian' of the *Daily News*,* and has since that date been the prompter of Mr. Hume in his attacks on Sir H. Ward. Of course, we should not think it worth while to refer to this *Græculus* (whose antecedents, moreover, were sufficiently set forth of late in leading articles of the *Globe* of March 19 and 23) if it were not to prove how low such organs of democratic opinion as Mr. Hume and the *Daily News* are ready to stoop for their misinformation. Mr. Hume was shown by Mr. F. Peel in the House of Commons to be as unscrupulous and as easily imposed upon in his advocacy of Cephalonian brigands as of Borneo pirates:—

'Having taken the trouble to ascertain the real truth as to that particular charge against Sir H. Ward, he (Mr. F. Peel) would not be making an unreasonable request if he asked the House to believe that the source from which the Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Hume) derived his information in regard to Ionian affairs was enough to vitiate every charge he advanced against Sir H. Ward.'—*Hans.*, April 3, 1852.

In 1843 Lord Seaton was appointed Lord High Commissioner, and his administration forms the turning-point of recent Ionian history:—

'He came to Corfu,' says the author of *The Ionian Islands under British Protection* (p. 39), 'with the *prestige* of his well-won rank and brilliant services—as the gallant officer who led the assault on the French lines at Ciudad Rodrigo; who wheeled his brigade on the flank of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo; and who, as it was well said of him, trampled out the Canadian rebellion with the iron heel of his boot. In appearance and bearing the very *beau idéal* of an English officer and gentleman, he possessed in his remarkably dignified carriage and manners no mean element of success in governing Orientals. His courtesy and hospitality will be attested by all who knew Corfu during his administration; his laborious attention to public business, and ready accessibility to every class, are known to all who served under him.'

With all the advantages set forth in this well-deserved eulogy Lord Seaton was content, for five years, to follow in the

* From a correspondence published by himself, it appears that Papanicolas addressed to Sir H. Ward, on his first appointment to his present post, several letters filled with the grossest adulation. 'This appointment,' he says in one place, 'so fortunate for my country, enables me to submit for your perusal the accompanying letter to Earl Grey, which, at the request of my friend, Dr. N. Zambelli, I have translated from the Italian, published, and transmitted to his lordship. I am the more gratified in so doing, inasmuch as in the passage in page 14, where Dr. Zambelli expresses the wish of the Ionians that a civilian might be sent to preside over them, he seems especially to point out those characteristics as desirable in a Lord High Commissioner for which your public career has been so eminently distinguished.' Finally, Papanicolas requests Sir H. Ward to give him 'a confidential situation' at Corfu, as he was ambitious 'to serve his country under its first liberal Lord High Commissioner.' It appears that Sir H. Ward, on inquiry, conceived the history of his correspondent to be such as not to entitle him even to the courtesy of a reply; Papanicolas then on his part discovered that King Log had been exchanged for King Stork, and thenceforward let slip no opportunity of calumniating his 'first liberal Lord High Commissioner.'

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steps of his predecessors, and to wield the sceptre which had descended to him with no less energetic a grasp. That he was rather too fond of meddling with details of all kinds was the only serious defect in the greater part of his administration. Some of the public works which he undertook are, indeed, asserted by the natives themselves to be on too extensive a scale for the finances or requirements of their country; and the Ionian press, the moment he had freed it from the censorship, made merry about the pet model-farm which he maintained at their expense, stating that every potato raised there had cost them a shilling! * But these and the like are trifles, though unlucky trifles, because they have given the Ionian agitators an opportunity of accusing their later English governors not only of tyranny, but also of *folly*, a charge never even hinted against Sir T. Maitland.

The first outward indication of the approach of the newest Corcyræan sedition took the festive and convivial form of a dinner given to the Lord High Commissioner on April 4, 1848. King John of England, Mr. Hallam informs us, took money from his subjects 'pro licentiâ comedendi'—in plain English, 'for leave to eat;' in more recent times, indeed only a few days before the period which we are describing, King Louis Philippe had been hurled from his throne for refusing such a licence to Parisians hungering after a Reform banquet; Lord Seaton, improving on the two royal examples, neither sold nor refused licence to others, but even took advantage of it himself. In other words, a governor who had systematically refused — contrary to usual practice—all invitations from the chief civil and military officers under his command, found the first table worthy of his presence in the Greek *Casino* of Corfu—nominally a literary, but really, and almost professedly, a political club, to which most of the leading agitators, but very few, if any, of the constituted authorities or higher native functionaries belonged. The presence of the representative of the protecting Sovereign at such a place and at such a time gave a similar heavy blow to the friends of England, and similar encouragement to the Ionian Mitchells, Duffys, and Smith O'Briens, as would have resulted from Lord Clarendon attending about the same period a Reform banquet at the Conciliation Hall in Dublin.† The merit by which Lord Seaton had

* So it was asserted in February, 1849, by the *Patris*, a Corfu newspaper in which Dr. Zambelli was the principal writer.

† On March 29, 1848, Lord Seaton wrote to Lord Grey as follows:—'I understand that there are several petitions in circulation for signature, soliciting changes in the Ionian constitution, and several public dinners have been announced with a view of drawing forth public opinion; but there are so many influential persons who disapprove of such proceedings at this time, although persuaded that the liberty of the press, and some other privileges, cannot be withheld from this community, that I hope that the present

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had earned the distinguished honour of such an invitation was an intention which he had just announced of removing all restrictions on the press. But either the good fare or the pretty speeches of the Reform banquet (in both of which Ionians are great adepts) had the most important results. An Englishman, a peer, a Tory, a soldier, we cannot imagine that Lord Seaton carried with him any innate dislike to English supremacy, any peculiar love for democratic politics, or any special objection to giving the word of command with his own lips. Nor did the improbability of his becoming the author—we fear we cannot add the wielder at will—of a fierce democracy, rest solely on *à priori* grounds. During a long morning of five years he had never, as we have seen, declined the exercise of the full powers held by his predecessors. But Lord Seaton after dinner was not the same man as Lord Seaton before dinner; the compliments and other sweetmeats of the Reform banquet called forth a spirit altogether new—Philip full was a very different person from Philip fasting. A magnanimous abhorrence of artificial distinctions, a genial love of the applause of the multitude, a generous shrinking from the temptations and responsibilities of autocracy, distinguish the brief and jovial evening of Lord Seaton's official day.* Perhaps we might not blame him so severely for reducing himself from a king to a doge; but it is rather too much to bequeath that reduction as the inheritance of a successor; it is hardly fair, even as a manœuvre of party politics, for a military Conservative to play the demagogue, in order that he may possibly enjoy the diversion of seeing a Whig civilian constrained to play the despot.

Now it is really and seriously true that after Lord Seaton had, from 1843 to 1848, remained in the undisturbed exercise of all

present excitement will subside without embarrassing the general or local government.' —(See Papers presented to Parliament on August 14, 1850,—p. 2.) Lord Seaton forgot to inform his official chief that when he penned this despatch *he had himself engaged to dine on April 4—only six days after its date—at one of those very public dinners which he seems to regret.*

* To show how far a Tory, when once fairly started on the hobby of Whiggery, will ride, it may be both amusing and edifying to mention that, during the last month of his reign, Lord Seaton caused the cards of invitation to his balls and dinners to be printed —not, as previously, in English,—but in *modern Greek*, which was regarded as a badge of Hellenic—that is, of anti-British sentiments. Italian was the official language, and that familiarly used by the native ladies and gentlemen of Corfu; but these Greek missives were not confined to them alone. '*The shieldbearer of the day*' (*ὁ ὑπασπιστὴς τῆς ἡμέρας*),—an ingenious paraphrase for the *aide-de-camp* in waiting, —was commanded to bid *the English officers* also to partake the champagne and claret of their Μιλορδος. Many of those classical curiosities have been preserved by the puzzled and admiring guests. Lord Dalhousie might just as well gratify 'young India' by writing in Hindoostanee to the English officers in garrison at Calcutta— or Lord Eglinton compliment 'young Ireland' by adopting the dialect of the 'Four Masters' in his invitations to the Phœnix Park.

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the powers of Sir Thomas Maitland, he spent the great year of revolutions in concocting his own contribution to the mass, and finally put it forth in form at Corfu in the spring of 1849, when he had received notice from the Colonial Minister that his own term of office had expired, and that his successor would shortly relieve him. Then came the thunderbolt; then the outgoing ruler finally raised the ghost which the incoming ruler would have to lay. Old Greece ran through the stages of political life with a rapidity which to Englishmen seems appalling—but in new Greece time and space are annihilated altogether; a magic wand transfers the Ionians in ten days from Pisistratus to Cleon.

The principal features of the Seatonian Constitution are as follows:—

1. A free press was granted, with fewer practical restrictions than obtain now in any country of the world, or than have obtained in the wildest democracies ever known. There is still a censorship at Gibraltar; and the Duke of Wellington remarked that its recent abolition at Malta was as absurd as it would be to set up a free press on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war.

2. By a great reduction in the qualification the number of electors was at one touch increased nearly fourfold—from about fifteen hundred to about six thousand.

3. The ballot was introduced into all elections, whether for members of parliament or for municipal officers. Now there is no argument for the introduction of the ballot in these islands which is not of at least equal force in England. The Ionian conservatives very fairly ask, Why does not Lord Seaton propose a similar measure in the House of Lords?

4. The Primary Council was abolished.

5. The senators were to be appointed by the Lord High Commissioner; but the senator for each island was to be taken from among the representatives elected to the Assembly by that island, however incompetent or hostile to British protection such representatives might be. For instance, if all the deputies from Zante should be pledged to vote for the annexation of the Ionian Islands to Greece (as we believe they all are at the present moment), the representative of the Queen could not, until Lord Seaton's system was slightly modified by Lord Grey and Sir H. Ward, take two senators from Corfu or Cephalonia, and none from Zante, and so prevent an opposition forcing its way even into his own Executive Council, through which alone he can constitutionally act.

6. The Legislative Assembly is to be entirely chosen by free election, and there are to be no integral members nominated by the executive. We dislike the nominee system in British colonies —where the settlers are our fellow-countrymen—as much as Lord Seaton

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Seaton himself; but it is probably indispensable to a certain extent in military posts like our Mediterranean possessions, where the native inhabitants are aliens from us in blood, language, and religion; and especially in the case of the Ionians, who are not even British subjects. Moreover the Council of government at Malta, composed partly of elective and partly of nominated members, has not been found to work badly in practice.

7. A number of 'District Councils,'—a species of *paid* parish vestries—were set up in each island, to the serious obstruction of public business, and to the great increase of the public expenditure.

8. All control over the election of the municipalities was entirely abolished; and the magistrates who manage the schools, markets, public property, &c., in each island, are chosen by popular suffrage and the ballot. But we have not space to follow Lord Seaton in detail throughout his municipal reforms; we will only mention a single small fact. The municipal officer presiding over the department of public instruction in Cephalonia—*a paid functionary*, be it remembered, *of the British Protectorate*—in his first tour of inspection through the village schools, tested the proficiency of the pupils by such dictation lessons as the following:—

'May all foreign rulers be speedily banished from the soil of Greece.'

'The Turks ought to be expelled from the Greek provinces on the mainland, and the English from the Ionian Islands, by the united efforts of the whole Greek race.'

It will be seen at a glance that Lord Seaton's reforms deprived his successor of all real and direct powers of control—such as his predecessors had deemed so necessary; and this rash and crude legislation (as the Ionian demagogues themselves call it) was precipitated in defiance of the clearest warnings. The new law on the press preceded the other changes; and it might surely have been thought that the effects directly resulting from it would have made its author pause before he hurried on to further innovations. The liberty of the press was immediately used for publishing atrocious slanders against England and Englishmen, for open repudiation of British connexion, and for advocacy of instant annexation to the Greek kingdom. Then came a host of political clubs, whose name of *Panhellenia* explains their objects. Then followed the practical result, in an actual outbreak in Cephalonia, which was not repressed without bloodshed. All this took place under Lord Seaton's eye, and he soon gave a sufficient proof that of wilful blindness, at all events, he was quite innocent. In January 1849 the first newspapers

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newspapers were published under the new law, which introduced trial by jury—hitherto unknown in the islands, and found to work very badly in Greece—in trials for offences of the press, and, strange to say, in those alone.* In March 1849, in virtue of the power vested in the Lord High Commissioner by what is called the 'High Police' clause of the Constitution, two of the most seditious journalists were seized and banished from their native island, without any trial whatsoever. Lord Seaton caused no jury to be empanelled to make experiment of his own system, thereby confessing his own conviction of its utter inefficiency. And yet, only a few weeks afterwards (in May 1849), this palpable proof of the too great precipitancy of his first reform was followed by the grant of the ballot and of a franchise nearly equivalent to household suffrage! In June 1849 he returned to England.

It will naturally occur to the reader to ask by what means Lord Seaton carried such sweeping changes through the unreformed Ionian parliament? It was hardly to be expected that those who had obtained seats there under the old *régime* would be particularly anxious for the introduction of the new. The fact is that the country gentlemen—a class which formed the majority of the old Ionian parliament—had no more abstract love for radical innovations than their brethren in our House of Commons. It is confidently asserted by the Ionians themselves that, had the ballot been extended to the benches of the Assembly as well as to the polling-booths of the electors, so sweeping a reform would never have passed. But a pressure from above and from below form together a *peine forte et dure* which human nature is rarely able to resist. The legislature which beards a ruler is esteemed bold; that which defies a mob is esteemed bold also; it would have been unfair to look to the Ionian Assembly for a degree of spirit sufficient to reject the proposals of a Lord High Commissioner whom they personally liked, when backed by the clamours of a seditious mob in their own galleries. Moreover, his presence at the Reform banquet was a patent proof that the High Commissioner had completely thrown himself into the arms of the Radical party; and it was believed that both Lord Seaton and the populace might be humoured at a cheap rate, as there

* 'Juries are either a fit or an unfit institution for the Ionian people. If fit, they should be introduced into *all* criminal processes without exception, as in England; if unfit, they should *not* be introduced into the trial of offences of the press. A Greek jury might, perhaps, be trusted to pronounce a verdict on crimes of an unpolitical nature,—to condemn murderers and robbers;—but it is ridiculous to suppose that any jury of Greeks will ever find a verdict against a fellow-countryman accused of agitating for the re-union of the scattered fragments of the Hellenic nation.'—*Ionian Islands under British Protection*, p. 54.

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was little general expectation that many of his innovations would be ratified by the Colonial Minister.

In one important matter the Ionian Parliament is stated by their own countrymen to have adopted the old Nician policy of asking for more than they really wished or hoped to obtain, in the expectation that the palpable absurdity of the demand would at once overthrow the whole scheme of reform. On May 8, 1849, they passed a resolution declaring the Lord High Commissioner responsible to the Assembly for laws passed by him in concert with the Senate during the recess of Parliament. This was bringing the whole question of Protection and Sovereignty to a crucial issue. The chief magistrate of an Ionian Republic would be responsible to an Ionian Parliament; the representative of the Crown of England is most certainly responsible to the wearer of that crown; but how is the protector to be responsible to the protected—how is the wielder of the sword, with the Mediterranean fleet and 3000 English soldiers at his beck, to be responsible to an assembly sitting under his own guns, and which could not physically execute any of their own resolutions without his aid and countenance? When moral force shall have achieved such a triumph as this, we shall have reached that golden age when all government will be needless. Lord Seaton, however, thought otherwise; that Tory Peer had probably never drunk to the 'Sovereignty of the People,' but he accepted the proffered responsibility without demur. Earl Grey may be conceived to have some time or other quaffed a bumper to this toast; but he at once refused even to submit the proposal to the Queen. 'Her Majesty,' he wrote, 'can be advised to admit no such provision as that which was introduced without authority into the resolution of May, making her Majesty's representative responsible to the Assembly for Acts passed by him in concert with the Senate during the recess of Parliament.' The most edifying part of the whole business is indeed to be found in the official correspondence between the Lord High Commissioner and the Colonial Secretary, recorded in the 'Papers respecting recent changes in the constitution of the Ionian Islands,' laid before Parliament on August 14, 1850. From these documents we best learn how to appreciate the conduct of the three great actors in this serio-comic drama, Lord Seaton, Earl Grey, and Sir Henry Ward. Our readers cannot too constantly bear in mind that the first of these dignitaries is a Tory General, the two others Whig civilians. Consequently the latter may perhaps be partly excused if they argued in this way:—'Here is a nobleman of principles and a profession whose tendency is rather to despotism than to demagogy; if *he* proposes changes far more democratic than

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than *we* have ever ventured to propose in England, it is not for us to object; either some great new arguments must have been discovered in favour of liberal principles in general, or there must be something at Corfu which renders that island the field of all others most suited for giving them full play. In the former case, if Lord Seaton is convinced, how can we resist? In the latter, how can we oppose the additional advantage of his local knowledge?' We cannot, however, justify Lord Grey for yielding to Lord Seaton's recommendations—little supported as they were by the authority of any Ionian, except M. Napoleon Zambelli, a lawyer and journalist of Corfu.* Surely the Colonial Minister should have required some better evidence to prove that his own colleague Lord John Russell had fallen into grievous error, when he wrote to Sir Howard Douglas (November 30, 1840) that 'the petitioners' (*i.e.* Mustoxidi and Co.)—

'do not succeed in their object to show that the great mass of the people of the Ionian Islands desire these changes; and it is my opinion that if those very changes were immediately adopted, the people themselves would suffer more than all. The people would become the laughing-stock and the prey of a small number of intriguers and ambitious adventurers, and the Republic could neither have the protection of a stable government, nor the vigour and energy of a free state. The true interests of the Ionian people will be better obtained by the maintenance, with a strong hand and without passion, of a system of order and integrity in the State; and by the encouragement of the people in every enterprise which can elevate their character.'

It is true that Lord Grey did find himself constrained to put some check on the new-born radical zeal of the Tory Lord High Commissioner. One important case we have already mentioned; we will add a few similar examples. On October 26, 1848, we find the Whig Secretary writing as follows:—'I have to point out that changes of this kind require to be introduced with the more caution, because, when once made, they practically cannot be withdrawn; I should therefore be disposed to proceed somewhat more gradually than I understand you to recommend.' Again, on March 20, 1849, Lord Grey informed Lord Seaton that the ministry would yield to his superior local knowledge with regard to the proposed reforms, 'trusting that the strong assurances you give me of their safety and probable good effect will be justified by the event.' But perhaps the most amusing part of the whole correspondence is to be found in Lord Seaton's

* We observe that while Lord Seaton was eulogizing M. Zambelli to Earl Grey (see his Despatch of February 21, 1848) the unconscious or ungrateful Zambelli was also writing to Lord Grey, to urge that a *civilian* should be sent out as Lord High Commissioner.

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despatch of April 21, 1849, in which he positively declares that the effect of his reforms would be to increase the influence of 'the most respectable proprietors and opulent classes;' and that 'the measures recommended, with the other changes lately sanctioned, will tend to prolong the connexion between the United Ionian States and the Protective Government.'

Is it on Lord Seaton's principle that their advocates support, or their opponents condemn, vote by ballot and such-like reforms? And after all, what sort of a reputation has Lord Seaton left behind him with the Ionian Radicals, whom he served so greatly? The unreformed Parliament voted him a 'colossal statue of the finest Carrara marble;' the Reformed Parliament has postponed its erection till the Greek Kalends. The agitators inform their followers that no gratitude is due to a ruler who, they venture to presume, did not grant them vote by ballot and an unrestricted press from love to those institutions in the abstract, but because he was frightened, like so many a crowned head of that time, by the new French revolution, into originating what he would otherwise have much more gladly refused on demand. Only a few weeks after his departure, the ungrateful journalists, whom he had set free even from the restraints which prevail in England and America, had no more civil language for him than the following: 'The other Commissioners were examples of English *brutality* only, while the accursed hypocrite Seaton has shown himself a double example of English *brutality and treachery* united.' * So much for the Lord High Commissioner who originated these reforms. In what way do these same Ionian newspapers speak of the Sovereign who ratified them? The Queen of England on one side and Greece on the other are compared to the Tempter and Tempted in Scripture. Queen Victoria desires Greece 'to fall down and worship her;' but Greece retorts, 'Get thee behind me, *Satan!*' † Well indeed might Sir J. Pakington declare

'I shrink from reading to the House the gross, flagrant, disgusting libels which disgrace the press of the Ionian Islands;—libels, many of them, directed against all that in this country men most revere, respect, and honour. I certainly think that Sir H. Ward would have been involved in gross culpability if he had allowed the conduct of the press, with regard to these libels, to have passed unvisited by any punishment which it might be fairly, legally, and justly in his power to inflict. I must observe, however, that Sir H. Ward did not at

* Οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι Αρμοσται ἦσαν παραδείγματα μόνον τῆς Αγγλικῆς θηριωδίας· ὁ δὲ ἐπάρατος ὑποκριτὴς Σήτων φαίνεται δίπλουν ὑπόδειγμα τῆς Αγγλικῆς θηριωδίας καὶ δολιότητος ἐνταυτῷ.—*Anagennesis*, a Cephalonian paper, for July, 1849.

† The *Radical* (ὁ Ῥιζοσπάστης), a newspaper published at Corfu, May 6, 1850.

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once resort to the High Police powers. He first tried trial by jury' —[thereby giving Lord Seaton's system a fair chance, which its own author never did]—'but he found it was vain to expect redress from an Ionian jury. In justice to Sir H. Ward I must also say that, entertaining, as every Englishman must do, a sincere dislike to power of the nature of these high police powers, if it were possible to carry on the government without their exercise, Sir Henry, in the Session of the Ionian Assembly in 1850, offered to abandon them altogether, if the Assembly would only pass a fair and just law which would enable the Government to deal with the libellers without resorting to those police powers. The Assembly refused to pass such a law.'—*Hans.*, April 5, 1852.

We may add that two at least of the journalists recently exiled by Sir H. Ward, after the precedent set him by Lord Seaton, were prominent leaders of the majority which forced the Lord High Commissioner to keep the extraordinary powers of the high police by refusing to provide an effective and less questionable substitute. The five points of the Charter and the repeal of the Union are open questions in England and Ireland; but to repudiate allegiance to the Crown, or to abet the annexation of Jersey to France, or of Ireland to America, would certainly be a surer road to Norfolk Island than to the benches of the House of Commons. Not so, however, in the Corcyræan paradise. How fair and how delusive a vision must have floated before the eye of Lord Seaton, when he considered personal libel as the only evil against which he was called on to provide (Despatch, February 21, 1848), and struck out with his own hand every clause in the bill proposed by his own Attorney-general which in any way limited the right to establish a newspaper, or insured any check upon its future conduct! And yet Lord Grey consented to Lord Seaton's innovations on this point only on the express understanding that laws had been passed 'upon which the Government could rely for protection against publications of a *seditious or immoral*,' as well as of 'a *libellous* character' (Despatch, July 19, 1848). This fact was also stated clearly by Mr. F. Peel, as the organ of Lord Grey, in the House of Commons, April 5, 1852.

So much for the Administration of Lord Seaton. We have spoken without reserve and without hesitation; and for the confirmation of our views we appeal with confidence to all persons acquainted with the Ionians, to the public functionaries, Greek and English, to the British officers, naval and military, to the mass of the native gentry, and to the diplomatic and consular representatives of England throughout the Levant.

With respect to the present Lord High Commissioner, we need hardly disclaim all sympathy with that gentleman's previous career

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career in England; nor do we by any means wish to be the champions of all his proceedings in his present sphere; but we must nevertheless render justice to a public servant who seems to have laboured honestly and zealously to perform his duty under very trying circumstances. In short, we adopt the opinion and sentiment of Earl Grey's Conservative successor, Sir John Pakington:—

'The House will recollect that the present Government has had no past political connexion, and no political sympathies, with Sir H. Ward, and that the past conduct of Sir H. Ward in the Ionian Islands, whatever it may have been, was not under the direction of the present ministry. On the other hand, I have no hesitation in saying that no party distinctions or party feelings shall for a moment deter the present Government from doing justice in a generous spirit to an absent servant of the Crown, who, they believe, has, under difficulties and embarrassments of no ordinary nature, exerted himself to support the authority of the Queen, and to put down rebellion against her Majesty, as the protectress of the Ionian Islands. I am not called upon to be the champion of Sir H. Ward; I am not now disposed to weigh in a nice balance every word which he may have uttered, or every act which he may have done; I am not prepared to say that, under the extraordinary difficulties with which he has had to contend, he may not have, here and there, been led into indiscretions. I give no opinion one way or the other; but I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that Sir H. Ward had done his best to preserve the just authority of the Crown under circumstances of very great difficulty, and that he is therefore entitled to the generous and fair support of the Government.'

On May 31, 1849, Sir Henry Ward arrived in Corfu, as heir to the dogeship into which Lord Seaton had converted the monarchical powers of Sir Thomas Maitland; heir to many serious administrative difficulties, and to the grand difficulty of all, that of directing the first operations of new institutions, which his predecessor had framed and left for him to work! The accusations brought against Sir H. Ward amount to this:—that he began as a demagogue, and then advanced into despotism. Now, in point of fact, on his first arrival in the islands many of the principal inhabitants told him that, considering the character of the people and the circumstances of the country, his predecessor had gone very much too far in his zeal for innovation. With this view Sir H. Ward coincided; and we believe he very soon expressed himself accordingly to the English cabinet. The worst, therefore, that could be justly said against him, in his subsequent difficulties, was that, after a fair and honest trial, he failed, as he himself foretold at the very first, to work the impracticable system bequeathed to him.

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Before he had time to realize all the difficulties of his position, he was called upon to put down an open rebellion in Cephalonia. It excited great indignation in Mr. Hume (and, as it appears, in twelve other members of the late House of Commons) that, on the occasion of these 'riots,' as that gentleman calls them, 'martial law was unnecessarily proclaimed; and no fewer than forty-four persons were sentenced to death by the courts-martial, twenty-one of whom were actually executed, besides a large number subjected to military flogging.' (*Hansard*, Aug. 9, 1850.) Let us look a little closer into these Cephalonian 'riots;' for they were of a wholly different complexion from the disturbances in Ceylon, with which it has been sought to confound them. While Lord Seaton was still in office, and soon after he first promulgated his scheme of reforms, an attack was made (Sept. 26, 1848), in broad day, on the two chief towns of Cephalonia by armed bands of insurgents, which were only routed after five English soldiers had been killed and wounded. Lord Seaton immediately increased the garrison of the island by a fresh regiment, making the forces there to amount to nearly a thousand men: and the outbreak had been pronounced an act of high treason by the Supreme Court at Corfu, before Sir H. Ward's arrival. Now, what was the first proceeding, on this point, of the new Lord High Commissioner? By an act of such clemency as Orientals invariably ascribe to either weakness or folly, the captured insurgents were set at liberty. In August, 1849, before they had been a month out of prison, a second and more sanguinary outbreak was announced. A brigand and murderer, called Vlacco, who had been skulking in the mountains ever since the first insurrection, aided by a reverend person, one Nodaro—who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of not Friar Tuck, but Father Robber (Πάπα Λῃστής)—undertook to expel the English heretics and aliens from the sacred shores of Hellas. The worthy pair made abundant promises to their followers, of foreign aid in men and money; but the immediate means adopted towards the accomplishment of their pious purpose seem to have been the infliction of rape, robbery, and murder on such of their own compatriots as they did not admire.* Nor was this sufficient; a highly respectable Ionian gentleman, the Chevalier Metaxa, was *burnt alive*, in broad day — he and all his family. Such is Mr. Hume's conception of a 'riot.' Martial law was now proclaimed—by virtue of an express article in the Constitution—and, as the only means of saving the lives and fortunes of the Cephalonian gentry. Forty-four per-

* For the details see Parliamentary Papers, March 6, 1850.

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sons were indeed sentenced to death by the courts-martial, but of these the Lord High Commissioner reprieved twenty-three—every man, in short, who had not added murder to rebellion; for no one was executed for firing on the Queen's troops *alone*. And yet one accusation against Sir H. Ward is that he went to Cephalonia in person, and did not leave the execution of military law entirely to military authorities! The main point, perhaps, in which Sir H. Ward seems to have been guilty of indiscretion was in not stopping the infliction of military flogging for various minor offences; not that the persons so punished did not probably deserve a heavier penalty than fifty lashes—administered in England even for a breach of prison discipline—but because that peculiar punishment is connected in the Greek mind with notions of Turkish oppression, and was sure to produce a bitter and lasting acrimony.

In November, 1849, the Ionian Parliament was re-assembled, and we would willingly transcribe at length the speech in which Sir H. Ward set forth the circumstances which had called for such severity. The Assembly devoted four days to the examination of the facts and documents, and then passed a vote declaring all the proceedings of the Lord High Commissioner to have been just and necessary; and expressing their thankful sense of the vigour and promptitude with which he had averted great calamities. Be it remembered that this was the *last* Parliament under the old system; consequently, Sir H. Ward had now no means, the Primary Council being abolished, of influencing a single legislator by a prospect of continuation in office. Nevertheless, one only precursor of Mr. Hume was found to dissent from the vote of the Assembly. In a like spirit, the Greek archbishop and many of the principal inhabitants of Cephalonia subscribed a considerable sum for a testimonial of their grateful approbation—a disinterested expression of public feeling, though the regulations of the Colonial Office prevented the Lord High Commissioner from accepting the proposed offering.

The test of the merits of Lord Seaton's Constitution is to be sought in the behaviour of the first reformed Parliament, which met in March, 1850, and to which only four members of the late Assembly were returned. The majority of the newly-elected deputies at once placed themselves in an attitude of hostility and defiance towards the British Protectorate, refusing to take, except under protests and in non-natural senses, even a modified oath binding them 'to obey all existing laws, and to maintain the constitutional rights of the protecting Sovereign.' Well might Sir H. Ward describe them, in his despatch to Lord Grey of April 20, 1850, as persons 'unaccustomed to political

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power, and always disposed to construe as weakness that respect for constitutional rights which habit and education plant in every Englishman's mind.' The avowed aim of the Radical (Ῥιζοσπάστης) party was to procure immediate annexation of the islands to the kingdom of Greece. Now we are very far from identifying with Vlacco and the 'Father Robber' all Ionians who entertain even this notion, much less all who are animated by an instinctive craving for a still grander Hellenic unity. We only say, that no Ionian Assembly, no Lord High Commissioner, can grant such a concession—not even the Queen of England herself without the assent of her allies; that the Deputies who fostered the proposal were simply breaking their oaths; and that so long as the present constitution endures, no representative of the Crown can possibly regard it as otherwise than treasonable. We cannot stop to narrate all the strange and ludicrous scenes of this first gathering of the reformed wisdom of the Ionians—their ape-like mimicry of the first French Convention, with its 'mountain,' its 'centre,' its 'extrême gauche,' its rioting, and the insolent dictation of an organised mob in its galleries. During a session of nearly three months no practical measure was originated by the Assembly itself, and all bills proposed by the Executive were contemptuously rejected. Nothing can be more offensive than the whole tenor of the first address of the Reformed Parliament. Sir H. Ward thus describes the spirit which pervades it:—

'To those who know how large were the concessions made—how cheerfully they were granted—how little her Majesty had to risk by withholding them—how entirely she was influenced by the hope that they would produce harmony and contentment among yourselves—it must seem strange that not one word of thanks, or even of courtesy towards her Majesty, should have characterised the first communication between the first legislative body elected under the new constitution and the representative of the British Crown.'

All men of sense at Corfu—even many members of the most violent anti-British party—felt relieved when Sir H. Ward at length closed this session by a prorogation for six months. In his speech of April 5, 1852, Mr. Hume, deceived as usual by his informant, accused Sir H. Ward of 'keeping the Ionian Parliament prorogued for eighteen months out of two years.' Now is not Mr. Hume aware that a legislature so nearly continuous in its sessions as that of England is by no means essential to a free government? It was the opinion of Locke, 'that there is no need that the legislative power should be always in being, not having always business to do.' The Norwegian Storthing, an assembly somewhat more democratic than that which has so long had the honour

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honour of numbering Mr. Hume among its members, does not necessarily meet for more than a single session of three months in three years. By the Ionian constitution, the Lord High Commissioner might have enlarged the prorogation until February, 1852, and have legislated during the interval by acts of the Senate, which have provisionally the force of laws. He preferred, however, to meet his Assembly again in December, 1850.

During the recess the Executive had been employed in financial reforms. The large expenditure of Lord Seaton rendered indispensable a general reduction of official salaries —a self-denying ordinance, as the Lord High Commissioner docked off 500*l.* per annum from his own. This civil list was laid before the Parliament at its meeting; the Rizospastæ, meanwhile, not concealing their intention of moving, as soon as the budget was settled, *a resolution for the immediate annexation of the islands to the kingdom of Greece.* Was the representative of the British Crown tamely to submit to such a proposal? Was he to send it back, like a simple question of common legislation, with a formal 'Le Roy s'avisera'? The course he took was to intrust two Ionian gentlemen, his acting Secretary and the Attorney-General, who have a legal right to be present at the debates, with a further decree of prorogation, to be produced if such a motion were brought forward, but in no other event. The Parliament began with divers financial proceedings—reducing well nigh to nothing the salary of every government servant known to be friendly to England—while the curious counterfact of one or two functionaries having their incomes *increased* may be accounted for by little considerations of kindred, affinity, or political partizanship. To be brief, after the Ionian Humes had cut down the stipends of their opponents, and the Ionian Russells had provided for their own relatives, then came the turn of the Halls and Horsmans, who seem to flourish in full vigour in the congenial air of Corcyra. They had indeed no Brecon deaneries nor Horfield manors to grapple with, but only some small allowances of 300*l.* and under, paid to the Ionian prelates out of the revenues of the church lands, now possessed by the state. These Sir H. Ward—'heretic and barbarian' as he is called—had deemed it unjust to diminish. But the modern Corcyræans seem to have as little reverence for the Holy Eastern Church as their predecessors—we cannot call them their forefathers—for the sacred groves of Zeus and Alcinous.* A message from the Lord High Commissioner on behalf of the prelates threatened with plunder was not even taken into consideration.

* Thucydides, iii. 70.

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It must be borne in mind that this is the Reformed Parliament, out of which Lord Seaton (July 22, 1848) assured the Colonial Secretary that 'five able senators might always be as *prudently* selected' as from an assembly chosen under the old system, and by which (January 4, 1849) 'the civil list —including the salaries of departmental officers of all classes of the community—would be *rarely revised, or seriously opposed.*' Further, in this last-mentioned despatch, Lord Seaton declared that under his new constitution 'a greater number of proprietors of estates would be elected by the rural population;' and that 'most of the members of a Legislative Council freely chosen would not probably differ materially in their character and views from those who have been usually returned under the existing (*i. e.* Sir T. Maitland's) law.' Now, under the old system, the majority of the members were chosen, as in our own parliament, from among the chief landowners and the most eminent professional men; whereas the leaders in the reformed Assembly are radical lawyers and journalists, and there is an alarming proportion of desperate adventurers with nothing to lose, and everything to hope, from almost any political change. They soon brought matters to a crisis. The seemly occupation of the Assembly on *Sunday*, December 8, 1850, was to hearken to a bombastic oration from the ex-Areopagite Capelletto, formerly a judge of the Supreme Court at Athens, and who had taken such a part in the insurrection of 1848, that after it Lord Seaton offered 700 dollars for his apprehension. The new constitution had placed him, like many of his fellow-rebels, in Parliament; and this 'orator of the extreme left,' as he is called by the newspapers, after deploring his lack of carnal weapons, and invoking St. Spyridion of Corfu and St. Gerasimus of Cephalonia to aid their votaries with celestial arms, then proceeded to move an immediate union of the islands with Greece. His harangue was, however, cut short by the production of the decree of prorogation, which sent all the legislators quickly and quietly to their homes, with the exception of eleven individuals, who remained to sign a resolution in these terms :—

'Decree of the Representative Assembly.

'Whereas the independence, sovereignty, and nationality of every people are natural and incontestable rights:

'Whereas the people of the Seven Islands, though forming an inseparable portion of the Hellenic race, are at present deprived of the actual enjoyment and exercise of such rights:

'Whereas, moreover, all pretexts for placing them under the protection of England, by virtue of a treaty to which they never gave their own consent, have ceased:

'Whereas

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'Whereas a portion of the Hellenic race to which they belong, to wit, liberated Greece, has regained its sovereign and national rights:

'Therefore, for all these reasons, *the first free Assembly* of the Representatives of the Seven Islands *declares*—That it is the unanimous, firm, and unchangeable determination of the people of the Seven Islands to regain their independence, *and to unite with the remainder of their own nation, that is, with liberated Greece.*

'This present declaration shall be forwarded in the shape of a message from the Assembly to the Protecting Power, in order that it may communicate it by the proper methods to the other powers of Europe, and that they may combine together to give it speedy effect.'

We need hardly say that, had the matter of this document been of the most laudable character, it could have no legal validity after the prorogation;—consequently the President of the Assembly, Count Candiano Roma, refused to receive or recognise it. He published an unanswerable protest against the whole proceedings; in which he shows that Hellenic patriotism can be combined with respect for the existing laws. Such conduct, he declares, is treason to the whole Greek race; for the peevish insolence and unceasing insults of the Rizospastæ may so irritate 'the mighty and not over-enduring nation' under whose protection the Ionians are placed, that it may refuse to countenance that future establishment of a Greek state on the ruins of Turkey which is the fervent hope and prayer of every Greek breast.—In such a contingency, proceeds Count Roma, 'let a respectful and dutiful memorial be laid before the protecting Sovereign, humbly imploring her Majesty to allow the Ionians to be re-united with their brethren on the mainland, who, in 1815, had not yet been emancipated from the yoke of the infidels. But so long as the jarring interests of European powers in the East continue, that Greek empire can never arise, upon the existence of which the relinquishment of the islands by England must in a great measure depend.'

We will hasten over the last act of the drama as so recently played that it must be familiar to all who read the foreign correspondence of any daily paper. The Parliament, *prorogued* by Sir H. Ward on December 8th, 1850, was *dissolved*, in virtue of her constitutional powers, by the Queen in Council, on December 22nd, 1851. On that occasion the Lord High Commissioner issued a Proclamation, declaring that

'It is her Majesty's desire, as it is that of her ministers, to see established here a system of well-regulated constitutional liberty; and as in the changes made in 1849 it is evident that there is something wanting to secure their harmonious working, I am empowered, upon the meeting of the Parliament now about to be chosen, to signify to it her Majesty's assent to certain further changes in the charter of 1817, provided

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provided the result of the approaching elections be the formation of an Assembly disposed to receive in a proper spirit her Majesty's liberal concessions.'

The proposed modifications were absolutely necessary to render Lord Seaton's system at all practicable;—they included a remodelling of the Senate and of the local governments, and a second offer to abandon the high police powers, if the future Assembly should pass a reasonable law on the press. On the basis of these reforms the more honest and intelligent members of the opposition promised their co-operation to Sir Henry Ward; and an appeal was consequently made to the country at large to pronounce its opinion upon them. The elections for the new Parliament took place early in February of the present year; and the result was a majority of nearly two-thirds *professedly* favourable to British connexion. When, however, the new Senators had been selected from the Assembly, several deputies, disappointed in their hopes of being themselves chosen, joined the ranks of the opposition, which then possessed the power of stopping all further proceedings by simply absenting themselves from the sittings—the presence of 22 members out of the whole number being required by law to form a House. This factious manœuvre was actually repeated on several occasions, although the Assembly was summoned by its President to vote an address in reply to the proposals made on behalf of the protecting sovereign, —in short, to return an answer to the Queen of England. After fair warning of the measure which such conduct would force him to take, Sir H. Ward was at last driven to a further prorogation in order to await instructions from the Colonial Office as to his future policy. At the same time he put forth his reasons in a Proclamation (dated March 18)—being in fact an appeal to the Ionian people at large from the factious and tyrannical obstruction of a portion of their own representatives, and which concludes as follows:—

'For myself, I can only say that I have exhausted every means that some political experience could suggest to bring this matter to a happy issue, and that, having been thwarted in my designs by men whom I could neither satisfy nor lead, I have not to add to the mortification of failure the belief that it has been caused by any want, on my part, of frankness or conciliation.'

We have already seen, from the instructions given to their envoy in 1802, what the last generation of Ionians felt as to their own capacity for self-government at that period.* We must now request

* M. P. Soutso, a subject of King Otho—a gentleman of eminent literary distinction and independence,—wrote as follows to the editor of an Athenian newspaper, on May 27, 1851. 'I write to you, from Zante, which I reached a week ago. My object

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request the attention of our readers to a part of Sir John Pakington's speech of April 5, 1852, where he details 'the statement of a witness of the highest possible authority, a gentleman of large fortune, and bearing a name beloved by all Greeks:'—

'Count Salomos, who had been Regent of Zante under Lord Seaton, having felt it his duty to resign the Presidency of the Ionian Senate, lately wrote to Sir H. Ward as follows:—"My Lord, the present state of the Ionian Islands is indeed most lamentable. It was not the will of Heaven that the reforms effected in the constitution should be granted by such gradual steps as would have enabled the people to receive them in a proper spirit, and to make a wise use of them. Introduced too suddenly, and at a most inopportune time, the result was such as might have been anticipated. They awakened the most extravagant expectations, inflamed minds by nature too easily inflammable, offered to the British nation by which they were conceded, instead of thanks, proofs of the most flagrant ingratitude, and plunged these islands into a state of the greatest confusion and disorder. Your Excellency's well-known abilities and paternal care were unable to provide a remedy for these evils; nor have the good intentions and the

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object is to give you an account of an election to the Municipal Council, which, as you are aware, administers the local affairs of this island, conjointly with the Regent. There is not a citizen here who does not desire the independence and union of the Seven Islands with Greece. Some, however, seeing that we Greeks are morally and physically incapable of governing ourselves,—disheartened by the banditti which desolate our country, and by the symptoms of anarchy which are breaking out among us,—are endeavouring to gain time. Others, on the contrary, influenced rather by the desire of independence than by that of their country's welfare, and feeling persuaded that Providence will not abandon Greece, throw their whole weight into the union of the islands with the mother-country. These latter denominate themselves *Radicals;* openly call for the expulsion of the English; and, for the sake of their cause, set the authorities at defiance. Three citizens, forming part of this latter class, lately presented themselves as candidates at the municipal election, and obtained the majority of votes. *The British Government violated the law neither directly nor indirectly; it had recourse to no kind whatsoever of corruption.* Whereas, if, in the so-called *independent* kingdom of Greece, a candidate for the Assembly had declared himself opposed, not merely to the Bavarian reigning family, but even to the meanest of the ministry, what bloodshed and frauds would have taken place! Yesterday I made a long excursion into the country. What a delightful sight! I saw on every side flourishing vineyards, orchards, and harvests, magnificent roads, and villages full of prosperity. Here you can proceed, laden with gold, from one end of the island to the other in perfect security; whereas in Greece we cannot, without the greatest danger, go from Athens to the nearest village. Here the women work peaceably in their houses, safe from both moveable columns of official bandits and from gangs of robbers. You will ask, do the Ionians purchase such great security by heavy taxation? By no means. They pay no tithes, no internal taxes, but simply duties on imports and exports. Such is the state of the *enslaved* Ionians, and such is that of us *independent* Greeks! In Greece, after having spent a loan of sixty millions of drachmas (240,000*l.*) and 400 millions of taxes, we have as yet neither harbour, bridge, nor road; we are infested with robbers and pirates, and a prey to a thousand diseases; and, far from enjoying liberty, we are bowed down under the vilest slavery! If you think it desirable, publish these lines; perhaps they will do some good, as coming from a man who is no partizan either of France, Russia, or England.'—All who are in the least acquainted with modern Greece know how high the authority of M. Soutzo is.

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remonstrances of the executive power proved more successful. The present system takes from every man, however well-intentioned, the power of promoting in any way the good of his country, and consequently renders unavailing my labours as President of the Senate."'

In conclusion, we will briefly recapitulate our general views on this subject, which is of wider importance than appears at first sight, owing to the intimate connexion of the Ionian Islands with Greece and Turkey, and indeed with British policy throughout the Levant. It is impossible not to regret various circumstances of the peculiar relation—one having no parallel except in some of the protected States in India—in which the Ionians were placed by the Treaty of Paris. As Sir H. Ward writes on July 9, 1849,—

'the constant subdivisions of property have created a class of young and poor gentlemen, who cannot all be advocates, or medical men, or government *employés*; who have no army or navy to go into; and who, with the bare means of living at their command, not unnaturally look with hope to any change that would open to them a wider field.'

It is from this class that the writers and talkers against British connexion mainly spring; they suffer the disadvantage of being neither British nor Greek subjects, and cannot, therefore, be employed in the service either of Queen Victoria or of King Otho. At the same time they firmly believe, and with some reason probably, that, if their native islands were annexed to the kingdom of Greece, their superior education and more civilised manners would eventually place them at the head of affairs in the united country. The principal men of substance generally deprecate the withdrawal of British protection until Greece shall have become more orderly, and property therein more secure—so at least they tell Englishmen, though they are not all equally explicit to their own countrymen.* On the other hand, the great mass of the peasantry in the southern islands have been deluded by the artful representations of their demagogues, and by the atrocious calumnies of the press, into expectations of deriving moral and physical blessings of every kind from union with Greece; just as we lately saw the lower classes in Ireland duped into looking for all imaginable felicity from a repeal of the union with England.

We admit, therefore, that the anomalous polity, under which

* Sir H. Ward writes to Lord Grey on July 9, 1849:—'I was told at Zante by Count Roma' (father of Count Candiano Roma), 'long reputed the head of the Greek party in these islands, that, if he could believe for one moment that it was the Queen's intention to sanction their union with Greece, he would go himself to London, in spite of his eighty years, to enter his protest against such a step at the foot of Her Majesty's throne, as an act at once of cruelty and of bad faith.'—Parliamentary Papers, Aug. 4, 1850, p. 43.

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the Ionians were placed by the Treaty of Paris in 1815, is embarrassing to the protectorate, and constitutes a certain *political* grievance to the protected people. But at the same time, we have sufficiently proved that Sir Thomas Maitland made the best of the position in which he was placed;—that the constitution of 1817 was more liberal, even in theory, than almost any other then existing;—and that it was found in practice the very reverse of oppressive and degrading, or even of unpopular.

The ill-considered and precipitate, though well-intentioned, reforms of Lord Seaton are the immediate cause of the present condition of affairs; still the Ionians owe it mainly to their own perverseness, factiousness, personal intrigues, and local animosities, if they are not now in possession of a larger measure of real and practical civil liberty than is enjoyed by almost any autonomous European state, with the exception of England. We feel satisfied that a careful study of the parliamentary papers will afford the most convincing proof that there has been exhibited of late, on the part of Great Britain, an amount of forbearance and concession wholly unexampled elsewhere in the dealings between a powerful nation on one side and a powerless people on the other, placed too under our exclusive protectorate by a solemn European treaty. The Ionians cannot fairly allege any practical grievances, except of their own creation, in their internal polity. They possess the most complete liberty of speech and of the press ever known, and their domestic affairs are entirely under the control of a freely-elected Parliament. All that England requires is, that the constitutional rights of the protecting sovereign, as derived from the Treaty of Paris, shall not be violated by a revolutionary faction in the Assembly—a faction forming no political party, in the English sense of the term, but rather an organised body of desperate conspirators, who refuse to act within the limits of the constitution which they themselves have sworn to respect.

Again, the management of their own finances—a privilege often identified with the full possession of liberty—is wholly in the hands of the Ionian Assembly, with the exception of 38,000*l.*, out of an annual revenue averaging upwards of 160,000*l.* This sum is reserved after the manner of the civil lists in the British colonies—25,000*l.* being yearly apportioned as a military contribution towards the expenses of the garrison—and 13,000*l.* for the salaries of the Lord High Commissioner and the other English functionaries, whose number and whose salaries also are proportionally smaller than in any other of our dependencies.* The whole, or very nearly the whole,

* Parliamentary Papers of June 22, 1840, p. 39. Beside the Lord High Commissioner

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whole, of this 13,000*l.* is spent in the islands themselves; and so it is with the military contribution, which is simply handed over by the Ionian Treasury to the British Commissariat, and thence distributed among the Ionian Army and Ordnance contractors. So that, by the payment of an annual sum of 38,000*l.*, *very nearly the whole of which finds its way back into their own pockets*, the Ionians purchase—1. Perfect external and internal security under the safeguard of 3000 British soldiers. 2. The protection of the British flag for their commerce in all parts of the world, and the same right as is enjoyed by British subjects themselves to the good offices of all English diplomatic and consular agents. In fact, many of our Consulates in the Levant are chiefly occupied with the affairs of Ionians, of whom 4000 are resident in Constantinople alone. 3. The services of the Lord High Commissioner and his staff of *employés*, the real working members of their Government. 4. The annual expenditure of at least 150,000*l.* in the islands—all British money, sent out from England for Ordnance purposes, &c., and for the pay of the garrison, composed of five battalions of infantry, three companies of artillery, and one company of sappers and miners. Thus it appears that between 1809 and 1852 about *five millions sterling* of the taxes raised in Great Britain have been distributed among these little rocks and their population of 220,000 souls! What prosperity would not such a liberal expenditure of public money create, if employed on useful works, among many an impoverished community of our own *fellow-countrymen* at home!

It has certainly become a grave question whether any advantages possibly derivable by England from the military occupation of the *southern* Ionian Islands—that is, of the whole group, exclusive of Corfu, and its natural appendage, Paxo—can be commensurate with the expense and embarrassment of protecting an alien population, the numerical majority of which desires to be freed from our Protectorate, while the remainder for the most part want the moral courage to declare openly so anti-Hellenic a sentiment as their preference for it. This question has been already mooted in the Imperial Parliament; nay, by Lord Grey himself in a despatch to Sir H. Ward of August 13, 1849.

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sioner himself, his Secretary, the Residents that represent him in the Southern Islands, and the Treasurer-General, there are scarcely any Englishmen employed in civil posts in the Ionian Islands. There are indeed two Judges in the Supreme Court—but natives of all classes and opinions generally allow that this arrangement is quite necessary. There is nothing all Ionians dread so much as the *justice* of their own countrymen. The report of Vlacco's trial before an English court-martial is instructive on this head.

Question by the Court.—'Prisoner, have you any objection to any member of this Court?'

Answer.—'Let me be tried by *Englishmen*, and not by *Greeks*. None.'

—Parliamentary Papers on Cephalonia, pp. 45–48.

'While

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'While the inhabitants of these islands,' he writes, 'continue to desire the protection of the British Government, they may be assured that it will not be withdrawn; *but they will remember that their connexion with this country was originally established far more for the sake of Ionian than of British interests, and that it is upon their continuing to value and to support it that its being permanently maintained must depend.*'

Without stopping to examine the accuracy or wisdom of this *ex cathedrâ* judgment—one hardly qualified, surely, to discourage the agitation of the Greek party in the islands, or to strengthen the hands of the Lord High Commissioner—we must insist that England cannot now, under any circumstances, relinquish her hold upon Corfu; which island, besides its importance as the key of the Adriatic, as a strong military and naval station, and as a convenient commercial *entrepôt*, is as essential to the safeguard of the route to India by Trieste, as Malta to the security and convenience of the route by Marseilles. It would undoubtedly be desirable for the interests both of Great Britain and of Corfu, if that island could be incorporated with the British Empire on the same footing as our own colonies, while Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, and Cerigo, were annexed to Greece, under the same guarantee as the rest of that kingdom, *i. e.* under the joint Protectorate of France, Russia, and England. This provision would of course secure them from falling into the hands of any other power as effectually as the Greek islands in the Archipelago are secured at the present moment from such a fate. Difficulties certainly involve the subject on every side, but there is one very important consideration which should never be lost sight of in examining it. There is a wide difference in race, sentiment, and geographical position, between Corfu and the five southern islands. The latter are, as a glance at the map will show, a natural appendage of Greece both in the earliest and latest extent of the term; whereas Corfu was in old times but a remote colony of the Hellenic name, and is now geographically connected, not with the kingdom of Otho, but with the Turkish province of Albania. So also, while the inhabitants of the southern islands are still as much Greeks as Englishmen are Anglo-Saxons, the townspeople of Corfu are half Italians and half Albanians, and the whole population of that island is probably as far from the ancient Greeks as the mass of our own countrymen from the ancient Britons. Nor is there much community of feeling between the Corfuotes and the yokefellows with whom they have been so uncomfortably coupled. They complain bitterly of the disturbances caused in their peaceful town by 'strangers' from the southern islands; and if they have little

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little else Greek about them, they still retain the good old Hellenic hatred of their neighbours.*

But such a scheme as is here shadowed forth would of course require the sanction of all the great powers that were parties to the Treaty of Paris; and it is hardly to be expected that Russia, Austria, and Prussia—at any rate in their present humour—would agree to our picking, to use a familiar phrase, the plum out of the pudding—in other words, to our retaining possession of Corfu alone—much less to our transforming into a direct Sovereignty our Protectorate of that island. Without adverting, therefore, to the questions connected with the balance of power now established between Turkey and Greece, it is enough to recollect that England must deal with the Ionian Islands as a whole, otherwise she has no right to deal with them at all.

And now what are the internal prospects of this important and interesting dependency, which a strong political necessity will doubtless retain for an indefinite period under the British Protectorate? The Ionian Parliament, prorogued in last March, was re-assembled after the filling up by fresh elections of the seats vacated by the acceptance of office or other causes; and an address to the Protecting Sovereign was carried by a considerable majority. This document insisted prominently on the topic of Greek nationality, and treated British connexion as a merely temporary arrangement; but it nevertheless declared the readiness of the Assembly to concur with the *de facto* Government in various practical measures of improvement, *en attendant* the ultimate consummation of their patriotic hopes of union with Greece. These more favourable indications are attributed in part to the accident which lately destroyed by fire the former Parliament-House, in which there was space for an organized rabble of 1500 spectators, who were allowed, in spite of the remonstrances of the Lord High Commissioner, habitually to insult and overawe the more moderate speakers. The present place of meeting has room for only 200 individuals in addition to the members; and hence it has been found possible to enforce good order, and to teach the people generally to appreciate its value. But it is mainly the truly statesmanlike speech of Sir J. Pakington, already quoted, which has checked for a time, by showing them the uselessness of their machinations, the intriguers and agitators who had during three years almost entirely paralyzed the action of the Septinsular Government.

* The Ionian Senate enjoy the sovereign privilege of pardoning criminals. Not long ago a convicted murderer, a native of Cephalonia, petitioned for a commutation of his sentence, when the senator representing another of the islands remarked, 'I am opposed to capital punishments on principle; but I shall not object to this execution, for *there is one point which sets my mind at rest—the criminal is a Cephalonian.*' (Una cosa mi tranquilliza—si tratta di un Cefaleno.) The man was hanged.

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We have received some very late details of the proceedings at Corfu; but cannot now go into them further than that the very last incident is the issuing by Sir H. Ward, on the 30th August, of a Message distinctly restating to the Assembly the reforms offered in his Proclamation of December, 1851, with the conditions to which he still adheres. The vote on this Message must be a very important point of the history—but to it our intelligence does not reach.

So long as the Lord High Commissioner continues to perform his part with temper, energy, and judgment—and so long as he is fortified by the firm support of his official chief in England, we may indulge the hope that further open collisions between the executive and the legislature will be avoided. Still it must not be forgotten that all those who—whether natives or foreigners—know the islands best, are unanimous in decrying the constitutional organization of 1849. Even disaffected Ionians for the most part allow that the working government of Sir T. Maitland, or even a pure autocracy in the hands of an English governor, would be far preferable, in a choice of evils, to the rash system of Lord Seaton; while the English party (that is, the principal landed proprietors and the chief public servants) support Sir H. Ward's views as to a modification of the press laws, and the abolition of the ballot. But, difficult and dangerous as is re-action in any shape, a piecemeal re-action is the most difficult and dangerous of all. The leading principles of the Constitution of 1817 have been abandoned, and no further experiments at patching it up are calculated to produce any permanent good. Moreover, no power likely to act wisely and impartially has any *legal* right to interfere. The Imperial Parliament cannot constitutionally legislate for this singularly anomalous dependency; and we strongly suspect that it will be discovered sooner or later that no Ionian Assembly, as at present constituted, can be depended upon for sound practical legislation in times of popular excitement, or on questions which involve feelings of Greek nationality. The public men in the islands are, with few exceptions, sincere and zealous in nothing but in aggrandizing themselves and in supplanting their rivals. They seem, indeed, singularly destitute of that 'constitutional morality' which Mr. Grote declares (in language peculiarly appropriate to the late crisis at Corfu) to be 'the indispensable condition of a Government at once free and peaceable, *since any powerful and obstinate minority may render the working of free institutions impracticable, without being strong enough to conquer ascendancy for themselves*' (*Hist.*, chap. 31).

To conclude—the polity of 1849 is odious to all the three sections into which the Ionians are divided. The partizans of British

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British protection, as the best guarantee of social order and tranquillity, are naturally averse to it; the Greek annexationists, or *Rizospastæ*, revile it bitterly. It is unnecessary to speak of the little knot of semi-Venetian * and *doctrinaire* intriguers and agitators, of which M. Mustoxidi is the acknowledged leader at Corfu, and the 'Ionian' of the *Daily News* is the *proclaimed* agent in London, for it does not represent the opinions of a hundred individuals in the islands. But there is still another point of view in which this question should be regarded. The mischief produced by the present state of the Ionian Islands is not confined within their own narrow limits. The Ionian journals, holding up England and Englishmen almost with one voice to ridicule or execration, have been disseminated throughout the Levant. They are read at Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople. The existence of such unparalleled licence in a British dependency is calculated to damage seriously the *prestige* of British power and energy, for Orientals rarely separate the idea of government from that of monarchical authority, and invariably ascribe to fear or imbecility all concessions yielded to violence and clamour. The respect earned for our name by the vigour of other times, or other spheres, is dangerously counteracted by the weakness of English policy in the Ionian Islands. No government can afford to be openly set at defiance for any length of time by its own dependents.

ART. III.—1. *An Inquiry into the Legislation of the Salmon and Sea Fisheries.* By Herbert F. Hore, Esq. Dublin. 8vo. 1830.
2. *Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry on the Irish Fisheries.* 1836.
3. *Report from the Committee on the Inland Fisheries and Navigation of Ireland.* 1849.
4. *Annual Reports of the Commissioners of Public Works as to the Fisheries of Ireland.* 1843—50.

THE value of the *genus salmo* to the *genus homo* is exhibited under several agreeable phases. Any person who is owner of a good salmon-fishery, as well as of broad acres, contemplates in his banker's book an additional credit of some hundreds

* Some of the most virulent *soi-disant* GREEKS of this faction bear common Venetain names, such as Dandolo, Zambelli, &c. A *Smith* or *Brown* in England might just as plausibly pretend to *Norman* descent. Our Hansard represents Mr. Joseph Hume as, on 5th April last, telling the House of Commons that 'if they went to any part of the Levant or Asia Minor, they would find that the Ionians were sharp, clever men, and much superior to *any other class of Italians*.' We suspect that these Panhellenic agitators will disown their champion, when they discover that he considers them to be *Italians*. Besides, in the *southern* islands, the majority of the inhabitants, as we have already seen, *are* of Greek descent.

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sterling, his aquatic rental. Those who favour the pastime of the rod consider a royal salmon as their noblest prize. The capture of this vigorous fish with so slight an implement must, indeed, be a spirit-stirring sport. Its votaries sometimes even venture for it into Ireland—

> 'amidst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
> Or where Dick Martin *rules* [*eheu!*]
> The wilds of Connemara.'

For its delights we have literary authorities enough—from the amiable gossip of Walton to the elegant disquisition of Davy and the enthusiastic eloquence of Wilson. Its calm and cheerful pleasures consoled the ambitious Raleigh when banished from court—were sufficient to draw away Cotton, the poet and voluptuary, from the gay world, and to allure Paley from his easy chair and desk. All epicures are agreed as to the salmon. Mine host of the 'Star and Garter' is sure to grace the board with a fair proportion of the 'venison of the waters:'—while *côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne* form not the least telling *plat* at Blackwall or Greenwich. The fish often of old made his appearance in a preserved or 'kippered' state—and he is still a favourite in that guise. We doubt not it is he who is gratefully alluded to by Archbishop Laud in a certain epistle to Lord Strafford, of Sept. 1638, when the viceroy (well known to be awake to the subject of fisheries) was resting from the cares of government at his new residence in the Wicklow woods:—

'I find by your letters you are gone a hunting; I hope you will find time to go a fishing too, for I mean to be a very bold beggar, and desire you to send me some more of the dried fish—(I do not know what you call it)—which you sent me the last year; it was the best that ever I tasted. Do not think to stop my mouth with more of your hung beef from Yorkshire, which was as hard as the very horn the old runt wore when she lived.'

The knowing author of the 'Art of Dining' is great upon the many modes of cooking salmon: but before cooking you must catch it; and of late doleful stories of the impoverished state of the fisheries have been loudly echoed both from Scotland and Ireland. We shall now endeavour to point out the causes of this decline, mainly confining ourselves, for various reasons, to 'green Erin of streams.'

If we may rely on some incidental statements by a chronicler of the sixteenth century, the Irish *grievance* of those days lay not in the scarcity but in the glut of the commodity. Stanihurst mentions that the fishers of Lough Neagh, and of the 'noble northerne river, the Banne, complain more often for bursting of their nets with the over great take of fish, than for anie want.' It is testified

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in a collection of genealogies among the MSS. at Lambeth that 'O'Donell is the second best lord in Ulster, and the best lord of fishe in Ireland, and he exchangeth fishe allwayes with foreign merchants for wyne, by which his call in other countryes — the kinge of fishe.' The last O'Donell, Earl of Tyrconnel, before abandoning his country, in 1607, proclaimed, as among his most grievous injuries, the being 'despoiled by the English of his valuable fisheries.' In 1610 the Foyle and Bann were let by the 'London Company of Adventurers' for one thousand marks yearly: Sir James Hamilton, who had a claim on that fishery, offered to farm it at 800*l.* per annum. Lord Strafford writes, in 1638, that the Foyle produced to the Crown that year two hundred and forty tons of salmon, and that the yearly rent used to be 1000*l.* Although the value of money has diminished nearly ten-fold, the rent paid in the year 1835 for the three great rivers, the Foyle, Bann, and Moy, only amounted to 1250*l.* Spenser commemorates 'the fair Suir, in which are thousand salmons bred.' The full name of Cahir, the Earl of Glengall's seat on that river, is *Cahir-duna-iascaigh*, the castle of the fish-abounding fort. The Duke of Ormond told Evelyn that salmon were so plentiful in the Irish streams that they were hunted with dogs.

From an early period the article was largely exported, in a salted state, to England, and still more abundantly to Spain, where it was in request for fast days. The export trade assumed additional importance at the beginning of the present century, in consequence of the introduction of 'Scotch stake-nets, and bag-nets.' These nets were placed in the entrances and lower portions of rivers, and their use, as opposed to the ordinary method of fishing with boats and moveable draught nets, had the effect of bringing the trade into fewer hands. The trade subsequently received a new stimulus from the facilities afforded for the rapid conveyance of the commodity, in its fresh and more inviting state, by means of steam-vessels and railways. And here it may be conjectured, that the necessity for disposing quickly of an article of food so perishable as fish, together with the fluctuation of its value according to the quantity taken, are the causes of that vehemence and acerbity of language which the dealers — even though of the fair sex—employ at Billingsgate: a style of elocution that existed among the same class in ancient Greece, and which the Athenian lawgivers in vain attempted to restrain.

To those unacquainted with piscatorial mysteries it may seem strange that a controversy should arise as to the equity of the use of any device for capturing a fish; but there are few subjects of a more doubtful and complicated character, which involve more varied

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varied considerations, or are more difficult to legislate upon, than the Irish river fisheries. No less than thirty-one statutes have been enacted for their regulation within the last three centuries. So vituperative is the language in some of these acts that our ancient senators seem to have caught the contagion of the subject. The erectors of weirs are reprehended by 28th Henry VIII. as 'persons having respect only to their own wilfulnesse, singular commoditie, and benefit:' and are again rebuked, 10th Car. I., for their 'greedy appetites and insatiable desires.' Over and over again Commissions have been instituted, and Committees have sat, to investigate the dispute as to how, where, and when, salmon ought to be killed. The Commissioners of Inquiry in 1835 were thoroughly mystified by 'the contradictory nature of the evidence offered, as well respecting the natural history of the fish, as the tendency of the several practical points in debate.' The occult habits of the salmon, and the varying circumstances of different rivers, either in hydrographical formation, or in temperature, may account largely for such discrepancies; but we must remember that the laws for regulating methods and seasons are sought to be guided or altered by these statements. We have of late had to thank our ichthyological *savans* for some half dozen of formal essays on the salmon, and there are now twice as many Blue-books on the same topic: so that this inscrutable animal may exclaim with Duke Vincentio,

> 'Volumes of Reports
> Run with these false and most contrarious quests
> Upon my doings!'

The recently-published travels of M. Erman in the northern Asiatic continent afford some curious particulars of the great river fisheries of salmon and sturgeon in Siberia. Russian traders annually resort to the neighbourhood of the most productive sandbanks in the estuaries, where they pay the inhabitants for permission to erect their nets, some of which are 800 feet long. So enormous is the take that more than one of these companies have recently realized profit to the amount of 25,000*l.* in one season; 'but,' adds M. Erman, 'it is equally certain that the fisheries of the Ostyaks round about were thereby seriously damaged.' This abstraction of fish caused in fact an absolute famine in the interior. M. Erman says:—

'Russian civilization has reduced to misery the fish-eating tribes of the Irtuish and Obi; and it must undoubtedly be expected that the remarkable migrations of the fish up the fresh waters will hereafter be known only from tradition. The official agents, to whom the superintendence of this country has been confided, have been always perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting interests in this

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case; but never was so rare and felicitous an expedient for the welfare of the land explicitly enounced, as that contained in the still unexecuted sheme of M. Karnilof, who proposed to the government at St. Petersburg that it should "take into its immediate possession all the valuable fisheries on the Obi, and lease them only to Russians—for then," he observes, "the harmless and amiable Ostyaks, to whom the sand-banks belong by inheritance, would at once be relieved from the anxiety of retaining possession of them, and nothing more would be heard of their complaints of local injuries done to them. The fish-eating inhabitants might then learn to support themselves on the nuts of the Siberian pine, or by catching birds and quadrupeds; *so engaged, they would not be troubled with competitors, and might enjoy tranquillity of mind.*"'

The antagonistic claimants to the 'property' of salmon in a large Irish river may be divided into four classes: 1st. those employing stationary nets at the mouth and along the coast:—2nd. the 'cot-men' fishing in the tideway with drift and seine nets:—3rd. the solid weir, at the junction of the freshwater and the tideway:—4th. the landowners in the freshwater districts, who are confined mostly to the use of rod and line. Every fishing-station along a river is in point of fact an evil to parties who fish more inland:—and it must be noted that they who are most able to protect the breeding fish will always have the least opportunity of reaping the eventual benefit of their care. Let the law do ever so much for the 'Protectionist' interest, still no large proportion of the fish could ever reach them: the lion's share will be devoured lower down, because salmon 'hang in the tideway' during the dry months, and do not ascend in considerable numbers until the first floods, as the fence time approaches.

The commissioners of 1835 were as much 'perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting interests,' as were the Russian officials in Siberia. Their 'Instructions,' drawn up by the present Earl of Carlisle, pointed out that 'the propriety of the use of the Scotch stake-net, against which there is a strong prejudice in Ireland, is deserving of consideration. These nets are undoubtedly most productive; but it is asserted that they exhaust the supply of fish to an extent that may threaten a material diminution in the stock for many years.' The document also suggests that 'in the rivers, the construction of eel and salmon weirs will form an interesting subject of inquiry; and whether they also, in their present form, and being practically of unlimited operation in season and situation, may not be found too destructive.' The Commissioners, however, did not find either of these subjects interesting; they soon became weary of the weirs, slipped through the meshes of the nets, and wound up their report hastily, complaining

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complaining of the contradictory nature of the evidence, and declaring that, in their belief, 'fixed bases for legislation as to these rivers could only, if at all, be attained by a lengthy and philosophical course of independent investigations.' This they 'had not time for:'—so, recollecting that a select committee of the House of Commons had recently reported on the British fisheries, they suggest placidly and profoundly that—'the natural history of the animal being everywhere similar, a similar course of injurious practices is everywhere found to require a similar legal interference for the protection of the breed—whatever laws are requisite for the British salmon fisheries will be found generally sufficient for those of Ireland.' In reviewing this conclusion, we must first of all observe that the Commissioners *ignored* the existence of the public right of piscary. They make no allusion to it! Yet this right, if we do at all recognize it, makes the question of permitting the use of fixed nets far more complicated, than if the rival interests of different landed proprietors on the same river were alone concerned, as is the case in Scotland. Nor can it be denied that in Ireland the *public* right of fishing for salmon on the coasts, and in the larger portion of the tideways of the principal rivers, had always been asserted; or that when fish were abundant, the subsistence of a large number of families was mainly secured from this resource. The right is exercised outside the mouth of nearly every river, by hauling with draught nets: and in dry seasons, when salmon do not enter the rivers readily, this mode of fishing was very productive to the poor persons who followed it. It was proved before the Select Committee that upwards of two thousand men fished in the tidal portions of the Waterford rivers before the Act of 1842 was passed, and that, in that very year, from 17,000*l.* to 18,000*l.* worth of salmon had been sent into Waterford for exportation. Were another commission to be appointed they would find evidence enough that this ancient branch of industry has been greatly injured, nay all but destroyed, by the fixed nets, which now hand over the riches of the water to the owners of the land.

Legislation, from the days of King John to the close of the last reign, was directed to the restraining of any exclusive methods of taking salmon. The regulation of inland fisheries occupies two prominent clauses in Magna Charta. That groundwork of our liberty was signed on the island of Runnymede, in the royal river of England, and the freedom of our waters, any more than of our lands and forests, was not overlooked. The monarch surrendered his cherished prerogative of 'putting rivers in fence' for the sake of his own sport, and it was ordained that no private right of fishery should be assumed, to the damage of the

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the public. All open weirs were ordered to be removed from the Thames and Medway, and throughout England, except along the coast of the sea. The Great Charter was extended to Ireland; and, in addition to its provisions, a special Act was passed in that kingdom, 10th Car. I., prohibiting the taking of salmon by any sort of standing net.

The reason is obvious why a 'cruivefishing weir'—a solid dam built across the stream with 'cruives' or box-traps through the rails of which the water flows—must take a large proportion of the salmon. The fish is certain to ascend sooner or later in order to shed her spawn in the upper waters; as Paley says, 'she suffers no surmountable obstacle to oppose her progress,' and in her effort to pass up she rushes into the fatal trap. But it is not so easy to explain briefly the manner in which stationary nets act, or the reasons why they take so great a quantity of fish as they are found to do. A 'Scotch weir' is composed of a strong and long net, stretched out on upright poles, which have been driven into the sandy shore, or mud bank, in the estuary of a river, from high to low water mark, and reaching as far as the edge of the deep channel. A 'bag-net' is also a long and strong net, stretched out by means of anchors, attached to the shore end by ropes, and suspended perpendicularly by corks and buoys. The stake-weir is operative only while the tide is in: the bag-net takes fish at all hours of the tide, not being laid bare at low water: and has also this advantage over its inland rival, that the salmon meet it sooner. The general belief as to the course taken by salmon on entering a river is, that they coast along the shore, both to luxuriate in the fresh water that comes in from various little streams, and in order to escape seals and porpoises, &c., which cannot follow into the shallows. Both the 'engines' described terminate in 'chambers,' or square enclosures of net-work. When the fish meet the 'leader,' or long barrier of net, they swim alongside of it, and gradually get into the inner pound, from which there is no egress. As the salmon are constantly moving backwards and forwards according to the flow or ebb of the tide, while waiting, until there are floods, to ascend the fresh water, and as they are chased here and there by the fish of prey, a large proportion make their way into the 'chambers.'

Despite the Great Charter, numerous kidels, or open weirs, were set up in old times in our rivers. They are formed by driving down a line of stakes into the shore, from high to low-water mark, interlaced with wattle-work: a wooden stage is erected in the water, at the end of the weir, on which a man is stationed, when the tide is in, in readiness to draw up a net so placed as to catch the fish that the wattled hedge directs into it. These

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These rude contrivances are called 'yairs' in Scotland. It was owing to the peculiarly wasteful effect of these devices that so many laws were directed against their use. The fry of salmon cannot pass through the wicker-work, and are left to die on the receding of the tide. An Act of Elizabeth declares 'any swine, hogge, or pygge' to be forfeited, if found feeding on the strands of tideways, where these animals resorted to 'devour great quantitie of salmon and eel frye and frye of spaune of divers other good fishes,' which they found detained in this manner. In old England this description of weir was, in general, the piscatorial larder of a monastery, or of some lordly ecclesiastic, and, as such, enjoyed a practical immunity from the law. Barrington, writing on the Statutes, observes that the numerous *kidelli* below London bridge as well as above it were never destroyed until Henry the Fourth's time; and adds that the archbishop of Canterbury even then gave great opposition to their removal. At last abolished in England, in spite of all high remonstrants, in Ireland these antique 'head weirs' have been continued. At this day there are about four-and-twenty of them in the Waterford rivers, and two-and-twenty in the Lismore district. Commander Frazer, of the naval surveying service, was recently ordered by the Admiralty to examine the state of *the navigation* of the Blackwater; and in his report, 25th January, 1851, he says:—

'I beg to state that between Youghal and Cappoquin, a distance of 16 miles, there are no less than thirty-three weirs; of this number some are large, some small, but *all more or less injurious to the navigation of the river.* Many of them are so closed up with wicker-work as to make it scarce possible for even a sprat to escape. In these weirs enormous quantities of small fish are taken each successive tide—a great proportion doubtless of the salmon species; which, I conceive, must account in some degree for that great scarcity of salmon so much complained of on this coast the last few seasons.'

We must not at present go into the Navigation part of this question. Let us adhere to one sufficient topic.

The law was, as we have shown, especially prohibitory of fixed engines in Ireland; but—while the old *kidels* stood their ground, or were multiplied, on the stimulus to the trade given thirty or forty years ago—stake-nets were set up in great numbers either by the gentry or tenants on the estuaries: in spite of many judicial decisions they were again and again erected—and often reaped the benefit of the season's fishing while legal proceedings were dragging their slow length along. From time to time these nuisances were cut down by the fishermen, whose livelihood they injured, in the riotous manner so graphically described in Red-gauntlet;

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gauntlet; but many of them continued in operation, night and day, without a pause, either on Sunday or during the close season.

The Commission of Inquiry had recommended that every act relating to the *Sea* fisheries of Ireland should be repealed, and that all provisions deemed necessary should be embodied in one new statute. The Government were in favour of permitting the use of 'improved methods' of fishing in the *sea*, without regard to the in-economic prejudice against them on the score of their causing a diminution of employment. A bill was accordingly introduced in 1838, for the regulation and encouragement of the Sea fisheries alone, but, not passing into law, the matter was adroitly taken up by the fixed net-owners. The 'encouraging' clauses for the maritime branch were expunged, and a bill was brought forward in 1842, embracing both sea and river departments—and containing certain provisions, purporting to form 'an equitable settlement of the many conflicting interests in salmon fisheries.' This bill, in its original shape, would have given a power to proprietors of erecting fixed nets *on the coast:* the coast being defined to be where the channel of a river exceeded a breadth of three-fourths of a mile at low water. This would not have been very objectionable; but, during the progress of the measure, two clauses were introduced which legalized stake-nets in the *narrow* portions of rivers—provided they were of some standing; and these clauses have caused the estuaries and narrow channels to be crowded with 'fixed engines' to a degree that has exhausted the stock of fish by over-capture, and has dissatisfied the upper proprietors, who do not feel themselves bound to become conservators of a river from which they derive no benefit.

The *sea* being an unbounded common, the free use of any 'improved methods' of fishing *at sea* may well be permitted to any of the public prosecuting that trade; but it is obvious that the privilege of erecting *fixed* nets in rivers, estuaries, or on the sea coast, must necessarily be confined to a small class, the owners of the land. In the Blue-books we find many complacent allusions by the Board of Works to the increasing use of 'improved methods'—'the efficient means'—&c. &c. Take this paragraph in their report for 1848:—

'In Ireland a large proportion of the salmon fishery is by law public property, and there any source of industry necessarily requires all the just liberty of action it can obtain.'

A distinct and most important admission—and the rest mere clap-trap! The *rank injustice* of the Act is, that, although a large proportion of the fishery *was* enjoyed by the public, private persons are now enabled to set up fixed nets on their land: a method

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method of catching salmon which the public are precluded from employing, and which actually swallows up the profits of the *legal* right!

The report of the Select Committee on the British fisheries contained many suggestions as to what a new fishing law for Ireland should be. For example, describing the actual Scotch system, and pointing out where it might be adopted for Ireland, they say:—

'It would be advantageous to the general interests of the fisheries to have the fence months regulated according to various circumstances, instead of having one uniform season.'

But in this, as in other matters, the recommendations of that Committee have been strangely departed from. The Act of 1842 gave power to the Irish Fishery Board to suit the close season to the varying rivers in Ireland—but the Board refuse to depart from the 'uniformity principle.' Again, the report recommended that 'increased facilities should be given for enforcing the laws as to encroachments by fixed engines near mouths of rivers, promptly, and at small expense.' The new Irish law was, however, framed on the reverse of this advice, for it legalized for the first time the old and continued encroachments, and moreover afforded, as we have seen, a fatal facility for additional and wholly illegal stake-weirs. The report also recommended 'that a general regulation, founded upon the principle of the illegality of cruives, should be made applicable to all rivers on which more than one proprietor has a right of salmon fishing.' The Board has not put the law of 1842 to regulate these traps into force. It was recommended too that 'after the termination of the ordinary fishing season, a further term of fourteen days should be allowed to fish for salmon, under certain restrictions, with the rod.' The old Irish law had allowed this privilege—but behold! it was taken away in 1842. We have not yet, however, detailed all the contempt shown for facts and suggestions concerning the Scotch fisheries, especially recommended to the attention of those about to frame a new law for Ireland. The law of Scotland had fixed the limit, riverward of which fixed nets were not to be used, either at the bar of the river, or at the fluvial mouth. The Act of 1842 fixed the general limit to be where the channel of the river was more than three-fourths of a mile wide, and thereby gave a greater scope to the use of those engines in Ireland than is permitted in Scotland. Further, in case of disputes, the Scottish law leaves the decision of the site of the fishing 'mouth' to a jury. The Act of 1842 gave the definition of the site of the mouth of any river, where the breadth of the entrance is less than half a mile at low water, to the

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the Board: no fixed nets to be erected within one mile seaward or inward of such 'mouth'—and the public being prohibited from using draught nets for half a mile seaward of that point. This has given a 'roving commission' to the Board to fix their prohibitory limit where they please, and—though, in case of error, a valuable right is lost by one claimant and gained by another—there is no appeal against the decision, nor any mode, even within the Board, of reversing it. Finally, the Scottish law does not give a prescriptive title to fishery property unless after *forty* years' possession: whereas the new act for Ireland gave a prescriptive title to all stake-weirs which had been in use in 'several' or private fisheries for *ten* years and to those of *twenty* years' standing—where there was no private right. All fixed nets were, at that time, absolutely illegal. They were admitted to be encroachments; yet their owners were rewarded for having pertinaciously violated the law!

The chief argument employed by the promoters of the legalization of fixed nets was, that these engines, owing to their position in the salt water, take the fish when in the finest and fattest state. We admit that there is a good reason for allowing the use of bag-nets on the sea-coast. The bulk of salmon do not ascend above the tideway until late in the season, when they have begun to decline in quality—nor will draught and drift nets take as many as might be caught in the tideways of the larger rivers; moreover, the fish can see those nets when the water is clear, and they then avoid them.

The second argument was: 'that the extension of fixed modes in the sea and tideways, at proper seasons and under proper restrictions, coupled with a reasonable protection of the spawning fish, tends greatly to the increase of the gross quantity of salmon caught.' In a pamphlet which was published in London on the 4th of July, 1842, the day before the Bill (5th and 6th Victoria, cap. 106) was laid before parliament, this argument was prominent, and enforced *inter alia* by the following note: 'See Evidence as to Lough-Foyle, second Report of Irish Fisheries, p. 19, where it is proved that, after nine years' trial of stake-weirs, the gross quantity of fish caught was increased more than three times; and the same result is at present taking place in the Shannon.' Now a maimed quotation is in such a case totally unjustifiable—and, on turning to that Report, we find at page 24, 'the product of the Foyle salmon fisheries has increased very much within the last ten years in consequence of the introduction of stake-nets, and an improved mode of fishing with *draught nets; also* by establishing a more vigilant and effective system of *water-keeping.*' At page 23, the

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the efficiency of the water-keeping is stated to have put down salmon-spearing in the protected spawning waters. It appears in the evidence given before the Commissioners in 1845, that one hundred and fifty-nine bailiffs were employed during the close season; that the expenses of water-keeping on the Foyle, with its tributaries, amounted in the previous year to 700*l.*; that 'friendly relations' were kept up between the lessees and the gentlemen living along the river and its tributaries; and finally, that the fact that the quantity of fish taken remained high, was *owing to great vigilance* and to the methods of fishing being *superior*. In the same evidence, the agent to the lessees says: 'the first year he got the management of the fishery the entire produce was only 39 tons: he *commenced protecting*, and in three years after the yearly produce was raised to 100 tons, and the average produce of seven years is now 140 and odd tons. To conclude, there could be no justice in arguing from the Foyle to a river quite differently circumstanced. In the Foyle estuary the piscary is chiefly owned by the Irish Society, a powerful corporation, possessing estates in the interior, where their influence assisted their lessees to organise a complete system of preservation. Now, the owners of stake-nets in the estuary of the Shannon possess no influence in the inland districts. The vaunt, however, that 'the same result (of increased capture) is at present taking place in the Shannon,' shows that the pamphleteer—if indeed he penned the passage *in bonâ fide*—must have believed that the 'extraordinary take of that abundant year' was ascribable, not to the preservation of that river (for there had been little), but to some miraculous virtue in stake-nets—engines from which, like St. Patrick's legendary flagon, a constant and undiminishing supply was to be expected!

The third argument used by the fixed-net special pleader was, 'that great quantities of salmon are caught in these weirs, which would otherwise be destroyed by porpoises, seals, &c.' Spenser tells us in Colin Clout that—

> 'Proteus eke does drive his herd
> Of stinking seales and porcpisces together,
> Compelling them which way he list, and whither.'

But the poet is wrong in his ichthyology: the offensive herd are not driven, nor is it a peaceful instinct that prompts their movements. 'Plenty of seals, plenty of salmon,' is a proverb among fishermen: its meaning is, that Nimrods will be found where there is good sport in view. They pursue a shoal of salmon just as the whale does by herrings, and their presence quickens both the ingress and the ascent of the fish. It is, however, evident that the numerous barriers presented by a succession of stake-weirs enable

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enable the enemies to catch their nimble booty with greater facility. Live fish are detained in the 'chambers' at the edge of the channel, where they are seen in the water, and, acting as decoys, attract the foe. Grampuses and seals are represented in the Parliamentary evidence as 'guarding and watching' the stake-nets in the Tay; and it is now asserted that, since those nets have been removed from that river, the porpoises have left it. Mr. Halliday stated, in 1824, that 'he had taken as many as twenty seals in one stake-net during a season; they haunted the nets: he had seen as much salmon as a man could lift taken out of the body of a porpoise.' Mr. Johnstone had caught five large grampuses at one tide in the stake-nets. He once saw in the Murray frith seven or eight seals ranged in a line before a stake-net, and when they saw a salmon they were immediately in pursuit: 'they break the nets, kill a number, and let away all the rest.' Mr. St. John, in his spirited and graphic 'Wild Sports of the Highlands,' says, 'an old seal has been known to frequent a particular range of stake-nets for many years, escaping all attacks, and becoming both so cunning and so impudent that he will actually take the salmon out of the nets (every turn of which he becomes thoroughly intimate with) before the face of the fishermen, and, retiring with his booty, adds insult to injury by coolly devouring it on some adjoining point of rock or shoal; taking good care, however, to keep out of reach of rifle-ball.' The smaller seal, *Phoca vitulina*, about the size of a spaniel, is supposed to be the most destructive of the tribe, and the bag-net is admirably adapted for his convenience; the door is about eight inches wide, and the animal can easily enter the chamber and return. These sea-hounds—porpoise, seal, and grampus—hunt salmon as harriers hunt a hare: their chief sin is, that they drive the 'heavy' fish into the nets—those salmon, that is, who, were it not for this compulsory capture, would 'hang in the tideway,' and delay their ascent until the summer floods, when, fishing being over, they would become the matriarchs of a future race. Thus the fixed net legalized in 1842 is far worse than the old grievance of the solid cruive. That ancient offender stands far up in the river, and, if there is a public fishery in the tideway, takes its leavings only:—the new culprit lies in the way of the first access of the fish to the river. There is also another difference: when floods are high, the fish can pass over the dam 'scot-free;' but floods never neutralize the capturing power of the Scotch bag-net.

But the most vexed question of all is, at what season of the year capture shall be illegal. Although the advantage may seem considerable of establishing a uniform season for all rivers

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rivers *by law*, for the sake of closing the market on a particular day—it is overruled by the fact that all have not a uniform productive season *by nature*. Some vary in their profitable time, owing to a specific natural cause: and their variation, both in Great Britain and Ireland, had been recognized in every Act of Parliament that dealt with the subject. Scotland has three different close seasons, provided by statute: namely, for the Solway, with several differences for the different waters debouching in that estuary—for the Tweed—and for the rivers north of the Tweed; which last classification is, however, much in fault, applying one rule to waters which differ widely in the habits of their fish. The Select Committee of 1836, in reporting as to Scotland, were careful to say that '*especially in Ireland* different rivers have different seasons.' Special legal periods had accordingly been provided for particular Irish rivers in the laws framed by the native parliament. The first statute (8 Geo. I.) that deals with the question, *established* a general close season for the whole kingdom, between the 1st of August and 1st of February—but saddled this with a proviso to permit 'the taking of salmon in rivers where such fish shall be known to be in season at the time of taking'—in other words, leaving every case of dispute to the local justices. This was altered by 31 Geo. II. c. 13, to 12th of August and 1st February, with an exception for thirteen rivers, to which later seasons were allowed. Another exception was made, 3 Geo. III. c. 35, for the Foyle, in which salmon were allowed to be taken to 1st of September, as they were 'known to be in the greatest plenty and highest season in July and August.' Special seasons were given to six other rivers by subsequent acts. All these regulations, the fruit no doubt, with rare exceptions, of sound local experience, remained in force until 1842, when the new Act placed all the rivers of Ireland in a Procrustean bed—ordaining that salmon should not be caught between the 20th of August and 12th of February—but, at the same time, very circumspectly, gave power to the Board of Works, then constituted 'Commissioners of Fisheries,' to alter the close season of any river, according to the period to which it might appear requisite to change it. An expectation was then entertained that the new authorities would, after due inquiry, provide suitable seasons for those rivers to which the general rule was inappropriate. Two of the Commissioners proceeded, in 1844-5, to the principal fisheries; and the result of their visitation was, that very few of the parties interested, those connected with eight rivers only, were satisfied with the existing law as to close time. It appears that the 'going up' of the 'spring-fish' varies greatly: it begins in five rivers during November;

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November; in two the month is December; in nine January; in ten February; and in four March. The ascent of grilse or peal ceases in three rivers during July; in thirteen in August; in eight in September; and in two in October. The 'harvest' or spawning-fish were found to go up in the greatest number in August in one river; in another during August and September; and in a third in September; in four during September and October; in three in October: in the greatest number, viz. in twelve, during October and November; and in November alone in one.

The following results from the evidence will show how the *profitable* season varies:—

River.	Tributary Lake.	Catchment basin of river. Square miles.	Months most productive in money value.	Most productive of quantity of fish in best condition.
Liffey	..	568	Jan., Feb., Mar.	May, June, July.
Slaney	..	815	Aug., Sept.	July, Aug., Sept.
Barrow.	..	3400	Feb., Mar.	May, June, July.
Nore	..		Mar., May	April, May.
Suir	..		Feb., Apr., May	May, June, July.
Blackwater	..	1219	Feb., Mar.	June, July.
Lee	..	735	Feb., Mar.	Feb., Mar., June.
Bandon	..	228	Feb., Mar., Apr.	June to Oct.
Ilen	..	112	Aug., Sept., Oct.	Aug., Sept., Oct.
Roughty	..	475	Aug., Sept.	Aug., Sept.
Carra	Carra	70	Nov. to Mar.	Nov. to Feb.
Currane	Currane	56	Dec., Jan., Feb.	June, July.
Laune	Killarney	510	Dec., Jan., Feb.	May to Sept.
Maine	..		July, Aug.	July, Aug.
Shannon	..	4544	Feb., May	July, Aug.
Galway	Corrib	1374	Feb.	..
Ballinahinch	..	85	Nov.	June, July.
Burrishoole	..	53	Jan.	..
Ballycroy	..	54	Aug.	Aug.
Munhim	Carrowmore	170	Dec.	Dec.
Owenmore	..		Aug., Sept.	Aug., Sept.
Moy	Conn	1033	Feb.	..
Sligo	Gill	150	Apr., May	Apr., May, June.
Bundrowes	Melvin	110	Jan., Feb.	June, July.
Erne	..	1585	May, June, July	May, June, July.
Rathmelton	..	100	Dec., Jan., Feb.	Dec., Jan., July.
Foyle	..	1476	June, July	July.
Bann	..	2413	June, July, Aug.	June, July, Aug.
Glyde and Dee	..	280	Aug., Sept.	Aug., Sept.
Boyne	..	1053	Aug.	Aug.

Notwithstanding this evidence, the Board of Works reported that they were 'led to indulge a hope, that the time is not far distant when one uniform close salmon season will be applicable by law to both Great Britain and Ireland, there being no reason to doubt but that the habits of the fish are substantially the same in both countries;' they therefore concluded that they would not exercise their power to alter it. There is no complete analogy between

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between the habits of the salmon and those of any other animal; but as it is evident that these habits are influenced by climate or temperature, this theory of the Board is about as rational as would be compelling the Highlanders and the men of Kent to begin harvest on the same day. The comparison seems to have bothered the *prains* of Fluellen. 'There is a river in Macedon, and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one: 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.'

The Commissioners recommended that angling should be permitted for a fortnight later than other modes of fishing. Salmon take some time in reaching the upper waters; therefore, to stop the anglers on the same day as the lower parties, is virtually to increase their disadvantage as to a chance of fish. The Commissioners observe, however, that they make the recommendation because 'the difference is one which exists in nature.' Why, then, did they not recognize nature's differences as to the ingress of salmon into irregular rivers? As many as sixteen rivers are enumerated in the report as 'early:' yet no change was made in their favour on account of this valuable peculiarity.

On examining into the principal causes of 'earliness,' it appears that, as it is one that must always operate, laws cannot affect it. This cause we conceive to be *the existence of a lake*, from which the river descends. Two effects ensue: first, the water is clear after floods, while that of a river which does not pass through a still and expansive basin flows to the sea in a turbid state. Sir Humphry Davy observes, in his delightful 'Salmonia,' that, as the quality of the water in which fish live is connected with their life and health, passing, as it does, through their delicate gills, they must be exquisitely sensible of changes in that element.' Secondly, the large body of water contained in the lake remains at a nearly equal temperature during the winter; consequently, the water that enters the sea is *warmer* than that of rivers which are supplied directly from the land—and the fish more readily enter a river of the former class. Moreover, any large flow of snow-water sends fish away, for, as congelation expels air, the aëration essential to their life is wanting. M. Erman describes the results of the 'samor,' or mortality caused by the freezing of the great rivers in Siberia. Masses of defunct salmon, that had been pent up all the winter in thick-ribbed ice, lay rotting in 'cold obstruction' on the banks. The varieties of the *genus salmo* may form another cause of diversity. Mr. Young has noticed that, of five rivers running into the same estuary, each has its own distinct breed. M. Erman states that

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that the three varieties of the species in Siberia reach the upper districts at different periods. It is not improbable that the habits as to migration of one breed frequenting a particular river, differ from those of another breed frequenting other waters. The Ness has a short run of only five miles and a half from its grand reservoir, Loch Ness: the loch is 24 miles long, and, in some parts, 300 fathoms deep. Previous to the passing of 'Home Drummond's Act' the fishery of the Ness commenced on St. Andrew's Day (the 30th of November); and it is affirmed that a larger quantity of fish, and of a better quality, used to be taken in December and January, than during the residue of the season. The Beauly, nine miles distant from the Ness, to the north of the firth, does not yield fish before the middle of February; and it is a curious fact that, though the waters of the Ness pass across the firth, there are twenty salmon taken in the Beauly, after the end of March, for one killed in the Ness; from which it appears, that the temperature of the latter is at that time less agreeable to the fish. The Carra, in Kerry, a conduit of but two miles from a lake to the sea, produces superior fish as early as October, and quantities of an excellent kind have been taken in November and December. The temperature of this river has been found to be eight degrees and a half higher than that of a neighbouring one. The new close season has, it is said, ruined the owner of the cruive-weir on the Carra. The Maine, in the same region, not being similarly supplied from a lake, has a very late season, not commencing until May or June, and continuing profitable until October. A remarkable instance of disparity occurs in the case of two rivers in the county of Mayo—the Munhim and the Owenmore: the former flows out of a considerable lake—the fish are consequently attracted to enter early, and are taken in prime order in November, and in great quantities about Christmas;—this stream discharges itself into the Owenmore, which, not being kept at an even temperature by a reservoir, has a late fishery, productive only in August and September. The Curran, issuing from the lough of the same name, is only 300 yards in length. The Laune conveys the waters which adorn the beautiful scenery of Killarney to the ocean. The fisheries of both these rivers produce most value in the winter months. Those wild and gloomy loughs, Corrib and Mask, discharge into the sea at Galway, and we therefore find an early take of salmon occurring there. The Erne and the Bundrowes fall into Donegal Bay within a few miles of each other. The fishery of the former, at Ballyshannon, famous for its salmon-leap, used to produce several tons of fish per day during the season, and a rent of £1200. The manager attested, in 1844, that

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that he was 'not able to get good fish in the Erne before the 20th March,' and that the fishing was not commenced until May, although it might have begun legally three months sooner. The Bundrowes, being merely a short aqueduct from Lough Melvin to the sea, was then stated to be full of prime fish in January and February.

Let us now proceed to the later rivers. The largest class—'the spacious Shannon spreading like a sea'—the 'fishy, fruitful Bann,' and the Erne, are of a medium season, owing to the great body of water their channels contain, and the inland lakes through which they flow. The Slaney, the 'pleasant Bandon crowned with many a wood,' and some of less magnitude, have the latest fisheries, because they have no inland reservoirs; their productive time does not commence until June, and is richest in the two succeeding months. We have less sympathy for the grievance of closing 'late rivers' too soon, than for that of refusing to open early ones at the most profitable time, as the former gain by it the sustentation of their stock. The fishery of the Slaney was, by law, the latest in Ireland; it began later than any other, on Lady Day—and ended on the 1st of November, later than any other excepting the Bandon which closed on the same day. The new law of 1842 cut off nearly three months' fishing in these two rivers; but was hardly at all observed, because it shocked the fishermen as a specimen of ignorant Saxon legislation. It must be remarked that the law as to the close time was gradually *relaxed* in each succeeding statute: the covetousness of the proprietary procured this protraction; thus, the 8th Geo. I. fixed the 1st of August: the next prolonged it to the 12th: subsequent acts prescribed special late seasons for several rivers—to some as late as the 20th of October and the 1st of November. The act of 1842 fixed upon the 20th of August for the general closure; but this was deferred, in 1846, to the 31st of that month, and to the 14th of September for angling—(which, in 1848, was made lawful to the 29th of September)—excepting in eight northern counties, where the original term, the 20th of August, continues in force. These over-late seasons were undoubtedly improvident, and the destruction of the early spawning fish they occasioned has tended to make the fishery still later. Early closing will not change the habits of fish 'by Act of Parliament,' but may, probably, by permitting early fish to spawn, cause the fishing season of a river to become profitable at an earlier time.

When the Commissioners refuse to alter the open season of an early river, the practical injury is this. A proprietor may not set his men and nets to work at a time when the condition of the

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fish being good, and the price high, he could, as Dr. Franklin says, 'pull silver out of the water;' and if he, or a piscatory rival, continues to kill until the end of the legal season, and after the natural one, the healthy brood-fish are destroyed: and the law may be said to sanction and compel this destruction, which must end in that of the fishery. When the Board refuses to alter the season of a late river, the law compels the owner of a fishery to suspend capture at the most productive time, in August; but permits him, and others, to begin to take fish at a time in the spring when a large proportion are bad.

The sole advantage of uniformity—that of deterring overt capture and sale after closure of the market—could be secured even if the legal seasons varied, by throwing the *onus probandi* that the fish came from an open district, on the possessor. We have seen that this 'uniformity principle' has been violated, both by the exception of the eight northern counties and by that in favour of angling; it is therefore almost valueless as a check upon illegal sale, and the upholding it occasions a severe loss to many individuals, which, indeed, the Commissioners foresaw would occur, and so acknowledged in their Report. Forcing an unsuitable season on a river creates an indisposition in all concerned to observe the law and attend to protection.

> 'The laws live only where the law doth breed
> Obedience to the works it binds us to.'

Where an alteration is called for by communities interested in a river, it ought to be conceded: they are most likely to be good judges of the fittest season, and, if an error is fallen into, they are the sufferers, and it can be easily rectified. We have seen that periods, supposed to be suitable to the naturally productive seasons of the irregular rivers, were fixed by Acts of Parliament; but this course is not desirable, and there would be difficulty in obtaining the amendment of a mistake. As the question is one dependent upon local investigation, and which ought to be decided by an impartial authority, the proprietors and lessees, at their recent meeting, have proposed that the Boards of Conservators shall have the power of altering the close seasons in their districts, subject to the sanction of the Government Board, but with appeal to the Judge of Assize. At the same time they express their strong conviction that 'early closing will prove the surest means of renovating the fisheries, and that it is essential to permanent productiveness.' The whole matter has been one of dispute for more than two centuries; but all are now agreed that a timely cessation from wholesale slaughter is indispensable. An obvious error has been fallen into in diminishing the sowing time, though the methods of reaping have been greatly

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greatly increased. The main feature in the Bill introduced by the Duke of Argyle during the session before last is to rectify this error with regard to the Scottish fishings, and an essential one in that brought in by Mr. Conolly is to make compensation for additional methods of capture in Ireland by additional restriction as to season.

In determining the open time there are two extremes to be avoided: if it begin too early, a large proportion of 'spent' fish (those that have spawned, and are on their return to the sea to recruit their strength) will be taken; if it be continued too late, a sufficient number of fish will not be left to stock the spawning grounds, and the majority that are killed will be almost unfit for food, the increasing roe having absorbed the nutritious qualities of the fish. The fish are unwholesome whether in the condition of 'spawners' or of 'spents;' indeed, many old medical writers thought that leprosy was produced by eating them out of season. The instinctive habit of the *genus salmo* as to ascending a river, and the covetousness of the *genus homo* (*var. piscator*), occasion the dispute as to the fitness of the date for the open season. The owner of fixed nets at the river's mouth keenly urges the propriety of allowing it to commence in the earliest part of the year, when salmon first approach the estuaries—are in the primest condition—and when, as they are scarce, the price in the market is high. As his 'engines' have, owing to their position, the priority of capture, an early commencement would enable him to secure a large proportion of the best fish. On the other hand the public fishermen of the tideway, the more inland land-owners, the lessee of the solid weir, and those gleaners, the anglers—all oppose an early commencement, as depriving them of their chance for the bounty which nature directs towards them at a later period. They desire that the open season should not commence until the fish begin their ascent. But they often fall into the extreme of wishing to continue to fish too late: at that period when salmon is plentiful enough, but when its presence in the fresh water proves that it is hardly fit for food. Whatever may be the fence months, the lower proprietor must enjoy the advantage of his position: but the law, as it stands at present, has given him a degree of monopoly, in permitting his nets to commence operations at the earliest time at which salmon enter the rivers, and to continue as late as any higher up (except the anglers) may fish.

We will not descant on the marvellous instinct of the salmon, leading her to quit the sea, where only her proper food is to be found in abundance, to traverse hundreds of miles—overcoming manifold obstacles—to secure the vivification of her young in some favour-

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able place. Her transit is not less wonderful than 'the way of an eagle in the air,' or of 'a ship in the midst of the sea.' We must leave the poetry of the theme, and follow the matter of fact. The 'throng-time of spawning' is from the middle of November to the end of December, when pet pools may be seen alive with salmon — advancing in pairs — and forming trenches in the gravel — the 'procreant cradles' of their offspring. Should frosty weather occur sooner, the more vigorous fish, and especially the peal, will spawn in October. This early deposition brings two advantages: if the *ova* are deposited in October, the succeeding temperature being higher than after the month of November, the fry will be hatched in the course of some ninety days; while, if delayed until towards December, between 100 and 140 days will be required, according as the winter is more or less cold. If the fry are developed early we may expect them to come to maturity and resort to the river at an earlier time. The most important advantage is that explained by Mr. Andrew Young, manager of the Duke of Sutherland's fishings, in his 'Natural History of the Salmon,' and by 'Ephemera,' in the 'Book of the Salmon'— viz., that *early spawning is sure spawning.* The late fish have to encounter the floods of winter: the current often drives them from the beds, and carries away the spawn they have deposited; the waters continue so high that they cannot return to the beds, and the remainder is lost. On the contrary, the deposit of the autumnal fish has been made where the gravel is not liable to be carried away, or to be left dry.

A gradual decrease has certainly occurred in every district— with *one* exception—that of the only district in which there are *not any* fixed nets; in most the produce is stated to have diminished one-half; in some the falling off has been still greater. Many fishings in the north of Ireland have been altogether abandoned. The take of salmon in the Tweed has been decreasing since the year 1811; according to the Edinburgh Review for April, 1851, the annual average of the last five years is only one-fourth that of the years 1811-15. But the most pregnant fact is, that out of the whole number of salmon kind captured in the Tweed from 1846 to 1850, *four-fifths* were killed as grilse or peal, on their *first* ascent, and consequently *before ever having propagated their species!* It is high time to proclaim a jubilee to the finny tribe in our wasted waters.

Various devices are employed in the wilder districts of 'the Green Isle,' and of 'the land of the mountain and the flood,' for capturing both fish and fry: and they are curious from their intricate ingenuity. We once visited an old *pseudo* corn-mill, standing on the

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the bank of a noble river in the south of Ireland: the situation is unfrequented: the river rolls over a rocky bed through a deep defile. The walls of the mill were of clay, in its unadorned complexion: the wheel crumbled with rottenness: the mill, therefore, could not have been in use for some years for its ostensible purpose; and, indeed, the owner confessed that it was only used for sharpening reaping-hooks. On examination it appeared that the stream from the waste-gate passed *under* the mill, in the floor of which we found a trap-door, concealed beneath earth and rubbish. At the period that spent salmon descend, an iron grating was let down, which fitted the subterraneous water-passage; an instrument made of iron spikes was then laid in the bottom of the stream, the spikes pointing with the current. On the water-gate being raised, the fish descended until they met the grating, and on turning back they were met by the spikes, which stopped them, it being their habit to work their way against a strong stream close to the bottom. On the gate being closed the channel became dry, and the fish above the grating were easily secured. Four 'purse-nets,' each nine feet long, which were set either in these water-courses, or in the narrow passes in the rocky channel of the river, were found concealed on the premises.

Weirs or dams are constructed at some mills abreast of the wheel, with the pretended purpose of keeping up the water 'to sustain the head-weir,' but, in reality, to drive the fish into the waste stream which passes through the mill. Every mill-dam is practically a salmon-trap. The fish are detained in the pools below until floods enable them to pass up, and in the mean time they are liable to be netted by scores. In their descent, after having spawned, they are coerced to leave the river and pass down through the mill-race, where the stream diverges into it, by the depth of the artificial channel, and there they are often gaffed, or speared, or are killed by the wheel. The same cause brings the multitudinous fry, on their descent, into that perilous passage. One of the witnesses in 1824 stated that he had 'seen hundreds of fry lying dead at the bottom of a mill-race, killed by the wheel; and had been told that there were cart-loads and basketfulls taken up from the mill-races into the mill on the tributary streams of large rivers, and that people actually fed their pigs with them.'

Mr. Smith of Deanston invented a ladder, or 'salmon-stair,' of wood or stone, up the watery steps of which, being erected on the lower side of a dam without injury to the milling power, salmon are enabled to pass at all times. The Commissioners observe in their Report for 1846 that 'one of the most important

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important measures in the improvement of the fisheries—(if not in the equalization of the habits of the fish)—namely, the formation of migration-passes over natural and artificial obstacles, has been, with but one solitary example, wholly neglected throughout Ireland by the parties most deeply interested.' These parties are the proprietors of the 'commercially valuable' fishings. The adoption of a different course would equalize the *distribution* of those fish that reach the fresh water: and it is agreeable to their natural instinct, which directs them to the very extremities of streams where—as the springs gush out from the mountain rocks—the gravel is pure from deposit and fitted for the reception of the *ova*. The fish, during the close season, would be enabled to reach the entire range of spawning-ground, while, in the open season, an equitable share would be afforded to all the upper proprietors, thereby allaying the jealousies which at present are a barrier to co-operation between parties whose common interests require unanimity.

While endeavouring to point out mischiefs admitting a cure, in a great measure at least, by amendments of the law, we must candidly admit that some irremediable causes of scarcity have of late years come into action. The excessive rain of recent winters has been alluded to: this, combined with the increased drainage, arterial and general, of the inland country, has militated powerfully against the productiveness of our rivers. We are not either fishermen or fox-hunters enough to complain of this latter cause, or to sympathize with the old master of hounds, who exclaimed, when reynard took to a drain, 'This fellow, Smith of Deanston, is destroying the country!' But, owing to its effect—that the rain-water flows from the land with rapidity—rivers do not maintain that *medium* state which enables salmon to ascend; the fish, also, turn back from sudden and turbid floods: which, again, sweep away into the pools, or cover down, the gravel among which the spawn has been deposited. The change of climate that has been observed of late years has also acted prejudicially. Our winters are milder, and there is less frost at their commencement. Severe weather is favourable to the *cunabular* operations of salmon, which are found in greatest abundance in the colder latitudes; they swarm in Kamschatka, but are unknown in the Mediterranean.

Let us return to circumstances admitting of remedy. The statistic returns of the Tweed show a great increase of the *eriox*, or trout, a species of fish which, as observed by Mr. T. T. Stoddart (a most agreeable essayist on piscatorial subjects), is 'well known to be a ruthless violator of the spawning beds, and a rival of the grim pike in its depredations among the infant fry.' Every facility

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facility should be given for the destruction of this voracious enemy of the salmon. But a still more flagrant evil is the slaughtering of fish which are about to spawn in the fresh water, by means of spears, gaffs, ford-nets, &c., during the fence months. This practice is said to have diminished in Scotland; but, according to the recent Select Committee on the Inland Fisheries of Ireland, has 'very much increased' in the latter country. The penalties provided by the law are less stringent than in Scotland—and protection is consequently attended with more difficulty. We find the lessees of the Foyle, Bann, and Moy, complaining of the cost of proper protection as nearly equal to the rent; while the charge of protecting the Tay was not more than 2½ per cent. on the rent. The late years of distress have aggravated this evil, for the wretched famine-stricken people took the brood-fish on the spawning-beds and devoured them. The Select Committee, however, 'regret the growing up of a neglect on the part of *all classes in Ireland* to protect the fisheries.' It is to this *general* neglect that we wish especially to direct attention. Whence has it proceeded? We answer, unhesitatingly, from *disgust* at the injustice of the Act 5th and 6th Vic., in legalizing the monopoly of Fixed Nets. The Commission of 1835 notice 'an unusual prevalence of poaching,' and observe that it is 'referable to the conflict of interests' between the lower and the upper proprietors. The Scottish Committee pointedly remark, that 'the heritors upon the upper parts of rivers chiefly possess the opportunity and power to protect the fish during the breeding season.' The Irish Commissioners in 1846 not only censure the absence of attention to preservation on the part of the residents in the upper country, but condemn the apathy of even the very owners of fixed nets, to whom the new law had but four years before given *seisin* of the property of the river fishery; 'to such an extent,' they report, 'has the want of knowledge or reckless neglect of their own best interests been carried, that we believe the instances are very rare where the proprietors of stake, bag, or draft net fishing on the coast have exerted themselves or contributed any money whatever in the protection of the breeding fish in the upper waters.' They also observe that parties fishing the lower waters, if they evade the weekly close time, act with palpable injury to their own interests in 'withholding from the other people (in whose power it is to protect or prevent the increase of fish) any participation in the benefits.' We will not imagine that a fish-bereaved squire would set about the Malthusian proceeding of 'preventing increase,' but must confess he is likely to look leniently on the poaching peccadilloes of his poorer neighbours: and that he would probably, whenever

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whenever the public fishermen made an onslaught on the obnoxious stake-nets, partake of the gladness of Maxwell—in Redgauntlet—'that the scoundrels had so much pluck left as to right themselves against a fashion which would make the upper heritors a sort of clucking hens to hatch the fish that the folks below them were to catch and eat.' The law has created a singular anomaly. The marquis of Carabas is lord of the inland territory in which salmon are bred, but Mr. Killemall, who owns the coast, can effectually prevent access of the fish to the marquis except during the fence time: when he is empowered to send his myrmidons into the Carabas country to perform the office of 'Cantelo's patent incubator' for his particular profit.

The lawless pursuit of game, or of the scaly brood, is one of the passions of human nature; as the song declares, 'It is a delight on a shiny night, in the season of the year.' Who but remembers the description of salmon-hunting in Guy Mannering?—or these vivid lines?—

> 'Tis blithe along the midnight tide
> With stalwart arm the boat to guide,
> On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
> And heedful plunge the forked spear.
> Rock, wood, and scaur emerging bright,
> Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
> And from the bank our band appears
> Like genii armed with fiery spears.'

An old Irish Act prescribes thirty-one days' imprisonment, with hard labour and due correction, for 'idle and disorderly persons who go in great numbers, with their faces blacked, and with lights, loops, spears, and other instruments, kill great quantities of salmon, in such places in freshwater rivers as they are preparing to leave their spawn in.' To check this wanton practice, each successive statute was made more stringent than the preceding one. The Act of 1842, however, repealed all these protective provisions, and substituted others of a more lenient kind; the result might have been contemplated.

Would the gentle reader like to do a night's duty 'as waterkeeper' in dark December, on some swollen stream, in (say) a disturbed district of Tipperary? Lights have been seen in the glen: the keeper settles his hat on his head, grasps his shillelagh, and sallies out; two of the constabulary are with him, but their regulation stocks are five inches deep, and buckled tight, and one of them soon falls behind to grope for his firelock in a ditch. After stumbling over a score of fences, and emerging from as many pools of freezing water, the gallant fellow comes up with the enemy; the lights are extinguished, but fire flashes in

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in his eyes from a blow with a spear-handle:—*dentibus infrendens à tergo decutit hastas*—he makes a prisoner of a ragged rascal, disguised in face and liquor, and taken 'red-hand.' The case is fully proved at the next Petit Sessions, when the justice of the peace and quorum condemns the malefactor to a fortnight's lodging and food in gaol: a sentence equivalent to mastheading a schoolboy in an apple-tree for robbing an orchard.

Take the economic fact that a well-grown *salmo salar*, stretched on Groves's counter in Lent, is worth—18 lbs., at half-a-crown per lb.—45*s*. Why, a prime South-Down wether does not fetch so much: and the marine eatable has cost nothing in turnips or hay. Sheep-stealing is punishable by transportation: yet the most prolific ewe only yields a geminical return, while the salmon reckons her progeny by thousands. We acknowledge, indeed, the difference between the two—that the latter is not to be accounted as property until it is taken. But Mr. Babbage's calculating machine could hardly reckon the value lost to the country by a night's salmon-spearing, when 'the boys' of one side of a river challenge the other side to a slaughtering match. It has been ascertained that the average number of eggs in the roe of the fish is about 15,000. The price of Irish salmon, sold in the London market in 1848, averaged 9*d*. per lb., or 84*l*. per ton: 100*l*. per ton is said to be the general average. Supposing that only five per cent. of the produce came to maturity, and attained an average weight of 8lbs. each, the value of the produce of one pair of fish would amount to 225*l*.; so that if five hundred pair were protected, a gain ensues to the community of about 112,500*l*.

Let the lower proprietors make some concession to the upper and so purchase their assistance. The sources of a river are those of production, and its fruit, like that of a tree, will depend on the nourishment it receives at its roots. The influence of one energetic magistrate, who rejoiced in wielding the rod himself and inviting his friends to do so, or (taking the *argumentum ad crumenam*) who had known the sweets of renting 'leave to sport' to some wealthy *Sassenach*, would be better than a book-shelf of Acts. Let that party also enlist the goodwill of the anglers by not stinting them to their present meagre privilege of fourteen days' grace. Angling cannot materially diminish the quantity of fish: the very nature of the sport sets a limit to itself. Its slender power is comprised in a few slight twigs, a scarcely perceptible line, and a bait of questionable attraction: while its opportunities are dependent on clouds, wind, and rain. Nor is the river without deriving countervailing advantages from the presence of the angler. He is naturally a protector of fish: his habits and feelings are in direct opposition to the poacher, and his

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his keen observation, and intercourse with the peasantry, often enable him to assist in checking the practices of the spoiler.

Fly-fishing in the spring is not so much prized as in the summer; the fish in general are slack or spent, and play with less energy. What the anglers wish, is a plenitude of sport at the season when the state of the rivers and the weather makes it worth while to go out. This is during the autumn—the very time when the 'commercial' fishing is unprofitable and has ceased: and, if a sufficiency of fish and of time were conceded to them at this season, they would doubtless do much conservative service. The argument, 'do not let fish be taken by one means, when they are unfit to be taken by another,' is plausible enough: the answer is, that rod and line can only take by units at the time that nets are killing by hundreds. As the money paid for 'leave' is not for the value of the fish killed, but for the 'sport,' and as it generally much exceeds that value, the upper proprietors will gain in a greater degree than the lower fishery can possibly lose. We cannot, indeed, acquiesce in any proposition to give unlimited scope to the angler, strong as his claim may be on the score of fair distribution and of his preservative influence. Our richer fisheries must be sustained by the means the law now affords of employing regular water-keepers: nor should the safety of the brood-fish be endangered. But it is a question, in the case of lesser rivers, whether they would not prove more remunerative as angling than as netting waters, and the experiment is now being tried in Scotland.

Much of the soil of Ireland is fertile to a proverb: and her rivers have certain peculiarities calculated to render the salmon tribe remarkably productive. The island is, as Spenser says:—

'Sprinkled with waters more than most on ground.'

Her bright streams and broad lakes are more in number than are found in any similar area of country. These waters comprise a vast field of spawning ground, and afford shelter to the parent fish and brood: the tributary rivers flow clearly and rapidly over beds of gravel, and are, therefore, peculiarly suited to the reception of the *ova*. An ever-flowing mountain river, such as we see in Wales and Ireland, and especially in Scotland, is the natural *habitat* of the salmon and its congeners. It is not impossible that as high rents may, at some future period, be received for rod-fishing in the smaller rivers of the Emerald Isle as are realized in 'the Land of Cakes,' where the Lochy and Spean are rented at 470*l.* a year, and the assessed amount of rental for sport on the Tweed is, even now, upwards of 1000*l.* Such returns to the landed proprietary will ensure, on their part, the *quid pro quo* of sedulous

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sedulous protection, which will redound to the advantage of the really valuable commercial fisheries in the estuaries. Let us, however, be permitted to lay stress on this consideration:—that the export of iced salmon is of far less importance to Ireland than an influx of warm Saxons to catch the glittering creatures all alive; for might not the peaceful invaders be *themselves* caught—an advertisement from the Encumbered Estates Court throwing a fly over them in the likeness of an 'eligible investment'?

ART. IV.—1. *Dry Leaves from Young Egypt.* By an Ex-Political. Third Edition. 1852.

2. *Speech of Viscount Jocelyn, in the House of Commons, on the Case of the Ameers of Upper Scinde, June* 23, 1852. An authentic Report, published by request, with an Appendix.

3. *Parliamentary Papers relating to Sindh.* 1836–1843.

THE history of our connexion with Sindh is far from being the brightest page in the annals of this nation. We had our factories for trade at Tatta and Hyderabad, until the dynasty of the Kaloras was overthrown by a conspiracy of wronged Talpurs in 1786. The associated chiefs thus brought to power drove out the Company's agents, and evinced always the greatest jealousy and distrust, whenever any attempt was made by the British Governments to re-establish either commercial or political intercourse. The lower part of the valley of the Indus was consequently as much a sealed book to us as that of Nepal or the mountains of Bootan and Tibet. When Lord Minto, under apprehension of French interference with the politics of the East—consequent upon General Gardanne's embassy to Teheran—sent missions to conciliate and invite to alliance with us the intervening nations between India and Persia, Sindh was one of the countries to which a political agent was deputed; but this mission failed to effect more than the signature of a document binding the Ameers to perpetual friendship, and to the exclusion of all Europeans, and was of no avail to establish confirmed political relations, or to open the resources of the country to our commerce.

In 1828, about twenty years after this, the severe illness of Morad Ali, the ruling chief of Hyderabad, produced an invitation to a medical officer from the neighbouring province of Kutch to go over and try the effect of European skill. Dr. Burnes, who went accordingly, was very kindly received, and the brief narrative he published of his journey was read in India with great

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great interest, for it furnished to the public there the first clear insight into a state of manners, and a polity and forms of administration, strange in their nature, and likely, at some time or other, to be brought either into connexion or collision with us. The rigid abstinence with which we had left the Ameers for upwards of fifty years entirely to themselves, had inspired them with perfect confidence as to our intentions; they looked to us as their natural allies in extremity, ready and willing to assist them with advice, to use our influence to protect them from violence, and, if necessary, even to give them military support. We were no sooner convinced of this, than we resolved to take advantage of their good disposition on the first occasion. Accordingly, when King William IV. was advised to send a horse and four mares of the Suffolk cart-horse breed to Runjeet Singh, in return for a shawl tent and other magnificent trappings received from the Punjaub, we scrupled not to ask the Ameers at Hyderabad to permit of the royal present proceeding by water to Lahore, where the Sikh Raja held his court. The Ameers, in spite of their repugnance to admit Europeans, granted this favour, and furnished boats and everything else that was needed by Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Alexander, Burnes, who had the horses in charge; and the journey added largely to the information respecting Sindh previously obtained through the visit of the medical officer above mentioned, his elder brother.

From this date forward the Ameers became the victims of a meddling policy, which, before ten years had expired, thrust them out of their country, and reduced them all to the condition of state prisoners, with only one exception, and he too is charged with offences, the retribution for which is even now, while we write, on the point of falling on him. A whole shelf of parliamentary papers has been filled with criminations and vindications of the part played by the Indian Government in producing these results. Our connexion with Sindh has also been productive of much literary fruit of other sorts. There are histories (so called), and memoirs, and books of travel, and controversial essays, of all sizes —from the grandiose *romance* of *the Conquest of Sindh* by Sir W. Napier, in which his brother is the Rinaldo, and Lord Ellenborough the Charlemagne, down to the petty pamphlets of subalterns, modestly celebrating the share they took in different operations. For less solid readers there are Mrs. Postans, who has published entertaining Letters, and a Lieutenant Burton, who has made the Sindh and Beloochee literature his particular study; and we have now before us a third edition of 'Dry Leaves from Young Egypt, by an Ex-Political'—a performance at once amusing and instructive, and which is dedicated to Colonel Outram

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Outram, himself the author of two grave volumes of 'Commentary,' evoked by the representations of Sir William Napier. Yet, notwithstanding this literary deluge—nay perhaps in a great measure owing to it—we will undertake to say that there are very few even of the reading men of England who have a clear apprehension of the real course of all our proceedings as to Sindh.

When the younger Burnes had delivered his elephantine steeds at Lahore, he went on to Simla, where he found the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, occupied with instructions, recently received from home, to endeavour to establish a commercial treaty with Sindh, for the purpose of opening the navigation of the Indus to the productions of the United Kingdom, that so they might make their way to the markets of central Asia, which were described as mines of wealth. The information brought by Burnes was useful in the consideration of the mode of carrying out these instructions. There could be no doubt that the principal motive with the authorities of England for enjoining this policy at the particular juncture, was a growing apprehension of the designs of Russia, already dominant in Persia, and the desire to anticipate those designs by establishing relations with the courts and countries lying between India and Persia. It was pointed out to Lord William that a commercial treaty with states constituted like the courts of Hyderabad and Khyrpoor—(which were a mere collection of independent chiefs and princes, each master of a separate territory and exercising in it sovereign right, while the nominal head of the whole was little better than a president in an assembly of equals)—would be only so much waste paper, unless there were resident political officers to see to the execution of the engagement, and to remonstrate when any article might be infringed; that it would be much better therefore, even for trade purposes, to establish in the first instance specific political relations, and to let commerce follow under accessory stipulations; and that this was evidently the wiser course at the juncture, seeing that the real motive for opening communications with Sindh was political. Lord William Bentinck acceded at first to the wisdom of this suggestion, and directed the instructions, even to the Persian letters to the Ameers, to be prepared accordingly; but, when they were taken to him for signature, he coolly said he should like to see how the thing looked the other way, and directed that another set of instructions and letters should be prepared, confined to commerce and the opening of the navigation. They were accordingly so prepared, and the two sets remained with him, in separate boxes, for three months, while he was making up his

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his mind which to send off. He decided for the commercial set only the day before he arrived at Roopur for his meeting with Runjeet Sing. Although he had no doubt that a political connexion was the more eligible object to which to direct his efforts, he yet hesitated, in the relations which existed between himself and the ministry here, to exceed the precise letter of his instructions. If the communication with India by steam had then been open, the three months Lord William thus took in deliberating would have sufficed for a reference to England and a reply.

In April, 1832, the commercial treaty, having been negotiated by Colonel Pottinger, was signed by the Ameers. The navigation of the Indus was conceded in the following terms:—

'The British Government has requested a passage for the merchants and traders of Hindoostan by the river and roads of Sindh, and the Government of Hyderabad acquiesces on three conditions. 1st. That no person shall bring any description of military stores by the above river or roads. 2nd. That no armed vessel or boats shall come by the river. 3rd. That no English merchants shall be allowed to settle in Sindh.'

The Government of Hyderabad was to arrange a tariff of duties, and engaged so to levy them as to occasion no custom-house delays. This concession, for such it evidently was in terms, as well as in spirit, was made without any equivalent on our side, but was a very imperfect arrangement, that left everything to be settled by further negotiation, before any use could be made of the river Indus and the commercial facilities professed to be opened. In 1834 the duties or tolls of the navigation were adjusted, after a long negotiation, on the following basis, viz.: 19 rupees by the *tatta khurwar*, or ass-load, was to be levied for the entire route up the Indus to Loodiana on the Sutlej; of this toll 8 rupees were to be paid to the Ameers of Hyderabad and Khyrpoor, while 11 were to be divided between the Bhawalpore chief, Runjeet Singh, and the Company. In order to prevent altercation as to the size of boats, it was afterwards agreed to assess all boats at 30 khurwars, as a fair average, and so to levy 240 Tatta rupees for every boat making the voyage up or down. A British agent, *not an European gentleman*, was to reside at the Bundur, or port at the mouth of the Indus, to check the account of these tolls; and any goods landed from boats which had paid the rate, were further to be liable to all the local custom duties of Sindh. It is manifest that the Ameers of Sindh yielded in this instance under friendly feelings, though with reluctance, an object on which they were led to believe the British Government set great value.

In 1833-34 the refugee king, Shah-Shooja, was encouraged to set

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set on foot an expedition for the recovery of his dominions in Afghanistan. He collected a force, under the very eye of the Governor-General, at our own military station of Loodiana; and, receiving an advance of stipend to assist the enterprise, marched down the Sutlej into Sindh, in progress to Kandahar. On his arrival in Upper Sindh, he revived an obsolete demand of tribute, which the Ameers, being worsted in action, were obliged to compromise; and they were made to provide, likewise, supplies and a free passage through their country for the Shah's rabble army. The Shah was defeated at Kandahar, but was nevertheless hospitably received in his retreat through Sindh to his former place of refuge within the British territory. To us the Ameers naturally felt indebted for all the mischiefs thrown on them by that ill-omened expedition; and this was our first return for the friendship of which they had given signal proof on two occasions. But they never reproached us for the countenance we had given to Shah Shooja; and our relations with Sindh were at this time confined to the adjustment of tariffs, and to squabbles about custom-house exactions, or detentions suffered in the navigation of the Indus. As for benefit derived to commerce from the treaties thus concluded, we believe no one but a professed 'Indophilus' ever dreamed of such a thing. Some merchants of India were tempted—we may rather say instigated—to try an adventure:—but although 'cooked' statements of the trade of the Indus were ostentatiously paraded, it was by and by manifest that all hopes in this direction had been disappointed.

Thus matters stood until the eventful year 1838, when the approach of the Persians to Herat, and their siege of that city, frightened Lord Auckland out of every sense of justice and fair dealing. Capt. Burnes was his agent at Kabul, where Dost Mohammed and his brothers were ready to throw themselves into his arms, if he would but give the slightest assurance of support in case of need from the British Government. A little money and a few stand of arms were all that was then desired; but Burnes was rebuked severely for encouraging the expectation, that even this limited aid from us would ever be available to them in extremity. Our Governor-General had at this time before his eyes the treaties of 1809 negotiated with Persia by Sir John Malcolm and with the Afghans by Mr. Elphinstone. In both engagements was an article promising strict neutrality in any war between the two states. The ground upon which this stipulation was afterwards overruled —viz. that the Persians were acting, in their expedition against Herat, under European influence, and were even aided by Russian officers, which was exactly the danger that both treaties of 1809

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1809 were made to provide against—had not then occurred to the head of our Indian Government.

The siege of Herat proceeded. There was danger of its falling every day, and Dost Mohammed was urgently asking Capt. Burnes what he was to do in the peril of such a contingency? Burnes was compelled to be cold and silent, and to promise nothing but advice; when suddenly a Russian agent, Capt. Vickovich, arrived at Kabul, and offered to Dost Mohammed a guarantee against Persian aggression after Herat should fall. Dost Mohammed, in the most friendly spirit, showed this offer to Burnes, telling him that if he could afford any hope of aid from the British Government in case of need, he would far preferably accept it, and reject the Russian overture. Burnes, however, was compelled to hold up his hands and to say that his instructions would not permit him to encourage the least expectation of the kind. 'Then I must close with Russia, and you must take your leave,' said Dost Mohammed; and thus our agent was dismissed, but with much kindness and courtesy.

The Governor-General felt himself to be checkmated by this turn of events, that brought to his door the very Russian influence which it had been his especial aim to resist and keep out of Afghanistan. What could he do to avert this danger? In an evil hour he listened to the suggestion to espouse the cause of Shah Shooja, and to restore him to his dominion in Afghanistan, by the march of a British army. Never was anything more ill-judged than this hastily-adopted plan. It would have sufficed for every end the British Government could legitimately have in view, to have proclaimed, that the time was arrived for extending British influence westward, for purposes of defence, and then to have collected an army on the Sutlej in support of the negotiations set on foot, when the tender of money and arms in very moderate supply would have won to our cause every Afghan tribe from the Indus to the further waters of the Helmund.

The Persians failed before Herat—which removed the immediate danger. Our Governor-General had, however, pledged himself to Shah Shooja, and had included Runjeet Sing with him in a tri-partite treaty of aggression and conquest against Afghanistan, and this scheme must nevertheless be carried out. Now there are but two ways of approaching Afghanistan from India—one through the Punjaub and the other through Sindh. The base of the military operations must be laid in one or other country; and Sindh, the Ameers of which had given proofs of such a friendly spirit, was selected to be made the sacrifice upon this occasion. A large British force marched down the Sutlej in November, 1838, while another landed from Bombay at

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at the mouths of the Indus; and the helpless Ameers were compelled, by the joint action of these armies, to accept the hard terms dictated, which placed the whole resources of their country at the disposal of British officers.

In April, 1838, some months before this Afghan expedition was determined upon, the Ameers at Hyderabad had been brought to sign a treaty, allowing the residence of a British political officer at that city, for the settlement of their differences with Runjeet Sing—and Colonel, now Sir Henry, Pottinger was the resident then appointed. On the 26th of June, 1838, the famous tri-partite treaty was concluded between the British Government, Runjeet Sing, and Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk, without the participation of the Ameers, or any communication made to them through the recently appointed resident. In the fourth article of this treaty it was provided that the Shah's right over Sindh and Shikarpoor should be arbitrated and adjusted by the British Government; while, in the sixteenth article, the Shah agreed to relinquish his claims of supremacy over Sindh, and all arrears of tribute, upon payment by the Ameers of such a sum as the British Government might determine. But out of that sum fifteen lakhs of rupees were to be paid to Runjeet Sing, which was an alarming indication of the extortion meditated. Colonel Pottinger was now directed to negotiate arrangements with the Ameers upon this basis, and to demand from those of Hyderabad only, twenty lakhs of rupees (200,000*l.*) on account of arrears of this obsolete tribute. He was further instructed to tell the Ameers 'that his Lordship expected from them, as sincere friends and near neighbours, some ostensible display, in the present exigency, of their attachment to British interests, and some concession on their part to the *reasonable* wishes of the British Government and its allies.' Therefore, the fort of Bukur, on an island of the Indus, was to be required from Meer Roostum, the Khyrpoor Ameer, for a depôt; and Shikarpoor was to be asked from the Hyderabad Ameers, as a base to the intended military operations westward.

One cannot wonder that Colonel Pottinger found considerable difficulty in negotiating these terms. Up to the end of October, no advance had been made in the settlement of them with either family of Ameers; and the demand for arrears of tribute was met by the production of a full acquittance under Shah Shooja's seal, written, for greater validity, on a page of the Koran. When Pottinger reported this, he was told that the question of Shah Shooja's claims appertained to the envoy at the court of the Shah, and that he had no concern with it, but, under his instructions, must require the acceptance of the terms offered to the Ameers. The chiefs still hesitated, whereupon

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accusations and menaces were resorted to. They were accused of treachery for sending 'a slavish Ureeza' to the Shah of Persia, and an insulting letter, as it was called, to Shah Shooja, reminding him of his acquittance in the Koran.

The Governor-General's secretary was in October directed to write as follows:—

'It occurs to the Governor-General that it might materially facilitate any negotiations which may eventually be called for with Meer Sobdar, as head of the Hyderabad family,* were that chief informed that we have received overtures from a descendant of the Kalora dynasty, now residing at Bickaneer. His Lordship has reason to know that the individual in question has many powerful adherents in Sindh, and it is not impossible that *his pretensions may be favourably regarded by the British Government*, should it be found that *no* member of the reigning family is disposed to accede to the arrangements which are deemed absolutely indispensable to the safety and tranquillity of our Indian possessions.'

The permanent acceptance of a subsidiary force, and the provision of supplies for our armies in the expedition in progress, were now added to the money demand and surrender of Shikarpoor and Bukur. To enforce the acceptance of these terms, Lord Auckland, we see, scrupled not to resort to the threat of restoring the old Kalora dynasty, exiled sixty years before, and to support this threat by the movement of two armies, from the north and south, each more than sufficient to overpower all resistance. What could the poor Ameers do when so pressed and so menaced? Meer Roostum submitted at once; he signed the treaty presented to him by Burnes, and, paying the money demanded, gave up his fort of Bukur to the Bengal army as it advanced. The Hyderabad Ameers, however, did not yield until General Sir John, afterwards Lord Keane, arrived before the gates of their capital.

On February 5, 1839, the Hyderabad treaty, containing these conditions, was signed, and the first instalment of ten lakhs, on account of Shah Shooja's claims, was paid before the 13th of the same month. Besides accepting a subsidiary force of 5000 men, in co-operation with whom the Ameers engaged to furnish 3000 when required, they were to disburse an annual tribute of three lakhs, and to give up altogether the toll settled to be paid to them on boats navigating the Indus. They likewise bound themselves to submit to our arbitration, upon all points of difference between themselves, or with neighbouring states. Thus the

* Although Sobdār was son of Fateh Ali, the eldest brother, yet Nur Muhammad, the son of Murad Ali, the youngest of the Chār Yār, as the four brothers were called, was regarded as the Rais or Chief of Lower Sindh. The Governor-General, therefore, was not quite accurate in calling Sobdār 'head of the Hyderabad family.'

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independence of Sindh was destroyed, and its resources were placed during the war entirely at the disposal of the British officers. Unpalatable as all this must have been to the Ameers, who had for sixty years been enjoying the luxury of being let alone, the change of their circumstances was susceptible either of aggravation or the contrary, as the British political agents appointed to the two courts might be well or ill disposed. We will say this of Colonel Pottinger, that he very unwillingly enforced these hard terms; and when appointed afterwards agent in Lower Sindh, he did his best to conciliate the Ameers, and to reconcile them to their new position. He was generally the advocate of their claims, and while endeavouring to obtain for them relief from any palpable injury occasioned by the presence of our armies, sought invariably to mitigate the mortifications of their humbled pride. But to Khyrpoor—where Meer Roostum had merited even more favour by his prompt and unqualified submission—a man of a far other stamp was appointed first British political agent. Mr. Ross Bell was a Bengal civilian, of the Delhi school, haughty and unconciliatory, with absurd notions of his personal and official consequence. The author of 'Dry Leaves from Young Egypt' was for some time an assistant under this functionary, and he tells us that the first display of temper on his part was the refusal of a chair to Meer Roostum's head and favourite minister, Futeh Mohammed Ghoree, which elicited the natural remark, 'What! is he the angel Gabriel?'

Mr. Ross Bell was accompanied into Sindh by native adventurers and dependents, hangers-on of the Delhi administrative establishments. With these, Ali Morad, the ambitious brother of Meer Roostum, came early into close understanding; and all Mr. Ross Bell's acts, in consequence, exhibited a partisan feeling for the interest of this chief, and a prejudice against the head of the family, and the minister to whom he had given his confidence. Sad, indeed, was the condition of Meer Roostum, when assailed by domestic treachery and intrigue, and deprived, by reason of this prejudice, of the natural resource of a fair hearing from the agent of the power which controlled his destinies, and adjudicated his differences and disputes with those around him.

And here we would remark, that one great—nay, we may say, the principal—value which these 'Dry Leaves' will possess in the estimation of most readers is, the insight they afford into the details of official employment under a political agent, and into the interior working of that system which has filled, especially of late years, so many blue-books. The veil is withdrawn from many a mystery, and characters are exhibited in their real frailty and imperfection. But we are dealing with the British policy

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towards the Ameers of Sindh, and have no desire to dwell on the faults or foibles of individual subalterns.

Mr. Ross Bell, after a short career, died of the Sindh fever; and Major Outram, who had succeeded Pottinger in Lower Sindh, was then vested with the political charge of the entire country. This officer has left a very different reputation amongst men of all classes in both divisions of the province. Severely indeed was the fidelity of the Ameers, both at Hyderabad and Khyrpoor, put to trial when the Afghans were in arms against us to a man, and the reports of disasters, and many clear evidences of weakness, combined with a fellowship in religious feeling with our enemies, to excite them to turn against us, and make an effort to recover their independence. We sincerely believe that we owe to the respect both families of Ameers entertained for our then agent, and to the wisdom and prudence of his measures, the retention of Sindh at this juncture in nominal allegiance; whereby we were enabled to make its resources available for the support of the force in Kandahar, without which this force, being isolated like that of Kabul, not only would have been in no condition to retrieve our reputation by its march on the scene of our calamities, but would have felt the utmost difficulty in a retreat. Undoubtedly, during this awful crisis the Ameers more than once hesitated, and held consultations, and communicated with those who endeavoured to instigate them to break with us; but who in their situation could be expected to do otherwise? Was it not enough to soothe the minds of our august leaders that these unfortunate men were, after all, restrained from joining the enemy? Was no consideration to be shown for associated chiefs, who *de facto* rendered us aid when they might have destroyed us? Was no allowance to be made for the many inducements by which they were tempted to the opposite course? No sooner, however, was our position retrieved by the triumphant return of our armies to Hindostan—no sooner were we independent of any reliance on the Ameers for help—than we turned on these our only helpers in extremity, and commenced a course of policy which ended in their speedy ruin and expulsion from their native land. Outram, the officer in the position of peril during the troubles of Afghanistan, and who might be expected therefore to take an exaggerated view of the intrigues and cabals in which the Ameers at one time engaged, and of which he would necessarily be the first victim, described them 'as caused by a distrust of our intentions; and, with one exception—the attempt of Meer Roostum's minister, Futeh Mohammed Ghoree, to embroil us above the passes through the agency of Mohammed Sherif—as of a petty

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petty character, such as ever abound at Oriental courts.' Again, on the 21st of May, 1842, he wrote of the Ameers that he 'did not think such changeable, puerile, and divided chieftains were ever likely to enter into a very deep or dangerous conspiracy.' This, be it observed, was at a date proximate to Colonel England's repulse, and before either Sir G. Pollock or General Nott had received permission, or had been provided with the means, for an advance on Kabul.

But let us pass on to the time when the return of our armies from Afghanistan had silenced every voice that was raised against us in Sindh, and for ever stopped the disposition or desire to cabal for our injury. Outram had some time antecedently proposed to commute the tribute of 3 lakhs, settled by the treaty of Hyderabad as to be paid by these Ameers, for the permanent transfer to us of Kurachee, Shikarpoor, and Sukkur—and he thought the evidence we possessed of the intrigues in which they had engaged was sufficient to warrant the dictation of these terms, which, if accompanied by a relinquishment of all present and future pecuniary claims, would not, he conceived, be unacceptable to them. But Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, who arrived in February, 1842, and who in June had proceeded up the country and taken upon himself the entire direction of these affairs, deemed the terms too moderate, and directed a cession of territory east of the Indus, for reward of the chief of Bhawulpoor, to be further exacted from the Ameers. Subz-ul-kot had rather recently been wrested by them from this chief—its restoration therefore was not an unreasonable demand to make in retribution for their faultering somewhat in allegiance. This, we presume, was all that Lord Ellenborough contemplated, or intended to require from the Ameers by his instructions to Outram above referred to; but by a hasty order, subsequently issued on November 3rd, 1842, he directed the cession to be demanded of all the territory extending from Bhawal Khan's frontier to Roree, which doubled the mulct to be exacted for these intrigues, and raised the annual sacrifice to nearly 8 lakhs and a half of rupees, out of a revenue in the whole not reaching 30 lakhs. The Governor-General was evidently misinformed in respect to the geographical limits of the Bhawulpoor claim; but Sir Charles Napier—who had succeeded Colonel Outram at this time, uniting the military command with full political powers—though the probable misconception was explained to him, made no reference to ask what the Governor-General really wished by these second orders, till after he had brought matters to the crisis of the battle of Meeanee and capture of Hyderabad.

But this is a minor point in the career and proceedings of

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of this officer. General England's division of the Kandahar army had already descended the passes into Sindh, so as to be out of all danger, when Sir Charles Napier first arrived to take upon himself the joint functions vested in him by the Governor-General. He had never before served in India, and knew none of its languages, and very little of the customs or habits of the people; but he appears to have gone into Sindh predetermined to embroil matters and produce a crisis. On passing through Hyderabad, on his way to Sukkur, the head-quarters of the army of Sindh, he made four peremptory demands from the Ameers there, without troubling himself much to inquire whether the strict letter of the treaties they had signed warranted his enforcement of them. At Sukkur he found a letter from Lord Ellenborough, announcing the intention 'to inflict upon the treachery of any ally who had evinced hostile designs against us during the late events, so signal a punishment as should effectually deter others from similar conduct;' but it was added, 'the Governor-General would not proceed in this course, without the most complete and convincing evidence of guilt in the persons accused.' Upon this Sir Charles Napier determined to act. He sought diligently for the proofs required. There was produced to him a letter with the signature of Meer Naseer Khan, of Hyderabad, addressed to Beebruk Boogtee, chief of a robber tribe, and purporting to be written while he was in actual hostility with us. Another letter, produced as intercepted, bore the seal of Meer Roostum, and urged Rajah Sheer Sing of Lahore to join in measures of a hostile character. Both these letters were at once alleged to be forgeries. With respect to the one to Beebruk Boogtee, there was no likelihood that such a communication should ever have been addressed to him by Meer Naseer; and the grounds given by our Ex-Political for concluding it to be unauthentic, in pages 231 and 232 of the 'Dry Leaves,' seem to us unanswerable. The letter to Sheer Singh came to hand through Ali Morad, whose intrigues it was designed and fabricated to support; the subsequent conduct of this chief leaves no doubt that he was familiar with the practice of forgery. There was a third 'intercepted letter' addressed to Dewan Sawun Mul of Mooltan, but this was all along, it seems, allowed to be of doubtful authenticity—and like the others is now known for a forgery.

Sir Charles Napier, upon measuring the seals with his compasses, and receiving the philological illumination of his assistant Captain Brown, who is expressly stated by Colonel Outram to have been unable to read Persian, the language of both letters and seals, assumed at once the guilt of the Ameers. He determined to hold *all* the Ameers responsible for the breach of faith which he

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he conceived the letters to establish; for he 'would not be played off like a shuttlecock, and told, this was done by one Ameer, that by another, and so have a week's inquiry to find out who was responsible for the aggression.'

He began with Meer Roostum, the Khyrpoor chief, an old man of eighty-five, of whose amiable disposition every British officer ever brought into relation with him has spoken most highly. Rumour had told this Ameer that, friendly as he had uniformly endeavoured to prove himself, the British Government yet intended to make on him some further demands. In the words of Sir William Napier, 'All becoming vague was magnified, and the reinforcement of Sukkur by General England's column led them (the Ameers) to imagine that the demand would be very great.'

There had been a feud raging for some time amongst the Khyrpoor Ameers. Meer Roostum naturally wished to secure the succession to his eldest son Meer Mohumed Hoosein. This, however, was opposed by Ali Morad, who, as next living brother, claimed a superior right to the chieftainship by the custom of the family, as evidenced by the course of succession at Hyderabad. This feud had shortly before reached the point of a regular battle at Nounuhur, where the faction of Ali Morad obtained the victory, and a hollow treaty was then concluded, the conditions of which, settling the territorial rights of the respective chiefs, were, for greater solemnity, written on the fly-leaf of a Koran. The rival princes, however, still retained their partisans in arms, and it was represented at Sukkur that in fact the purpose of both was hostility against us. Sir Charles Napier thereupon moved rapidly with a body of troops towards Khyrpoor—a measure not at all calculated to allay the alarm he knew to be felt there. When Meer Roostum solicited a meeting for purposes of mutual explanation, it was for some unaccountable reason peremptorily refused; nor would Sir Charles, either by letter or by message through an assistant, state the nature of his intentions, or do anything to relieve this chief from his anxiety. Ali Morad, his treacherous brother, did his best all the while to work on his fears, and make the old man believe that even his person would not be safe if he trusted himself at an interview with the General. Nevertheless he sought it earnestly; and only after being refused this means of stating his readiness to submit in all things to the wishes of the British Government, did he yield to his brother's insidious suggestion to trust *him* with the whole negotiation.

Captain Brown, an old assistant of Mr. Ross Bell, who was still surrounded by the Delhi native officials, with whom Ali Morad was in good understanding, was at this time the confidential adviser

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adviser of Sir Charles Napier. Through this channel Ali Morad contrived soon to obtain influence. Having procured the commission to negotiate on behalf of Meer Roostum, and for the Khyrpoor family in general, he represented the old chief to the General, as intriguing to deprive himself of his rights, and fomented the belief that he only was faithful, and that his rivals were armed and prepared for resistance. He thus obtained from the General an assurance that Meer Roostum would not be permitted to invest his son with the turban to the prejudice of the brother's claim, and, receiving an exhortation to be faithful, was led to hope, by the very terms in which this was conveyed, that an anticipated investiture was within his reach by causing a forfeiture for infidelity.

Using Sir Charles Napier as the tool and instrument of this base intrigue, he induced him still to refuse Meer Roostum an interview, and took a writing to that effect from the General, which contained, besides the refusal to see the old man, a recommendation to him to abide in all things by his brother's advice. He then made his victim understand this exhortation as an injunction to abdicate in his own favour. Unwillingly Meer Roostum consented, and the terms of abdication were settled in a family conclave, and written in a Koran — Meer Mohumed Hoosein, the son, alone continuing absent, and refusing to be a party to the arrangement.

The false brother, not content with having succeeded thus far, still urged to Meer Roostum the danger of coming near the General, who desired, he said, to make him prisoner, and thus induced his aged brother to fly to the desert for security. This flight Sir Charles Napier construed as an act of confirmed hostility, warranting the forfeiture of all the Chief's estates and property. With the full concurrence of Ali Morad, nay even at his instigation, the scheme of forfeiture was carried out with a sweeping hand. The possessions of all the Khyrpoor Ameers were seized for the British Government, with exception of those of Ali Morad, to whom was assigned, besides his patrimonial estates, a separate appanage for the turban. In the settlement of these assignments the record inscribed in the Koran at the time of Meer Roostum's abdication, viz. on 29th of December, 1842, was received as conclusive evidence of both titles, and Ali Morad was placed in possession of all the villages and pergunas there inscribed as belonging to him, either by right of inheritance, or as attached to the turban. It was represented, even before Sir Charles Napier left Sindh, that this record had been falsified, but no endeavour was made to ascertain the truth of that allegation while the General remained. Ali Morad, it appears, had changed the

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the word 'deh,' meaning village, into 'perguna,' meaning district, besides making other additions. Fearing that the alterations would be detected, he subsequently caused the whole fly-leaf of the Koran to be abstracted, and a new leaf, fairly written, to be inserted in its place. Finding or recollecting that a copy of the original had been taken for deposit amongst the official records of the province, he was compelled by bribery and intrigue to procure that that also should be changed so as to be made to correspond.

The discovery of this fraud, and its full establishment, after a fair trial before a British Commission, is the cause of the recent degradation of Ali Morad, and of the measures now in progress in Upper Sindh. The whole villany of Ali Morad, and his consummate treachery to his brother, are now matters of undoubted history, yet it was at the instigation of this chief, and to carry out his views, that Sir Charles Napier adopted his violent proceedings against Meer Roostum and the other Khyrpoor Ameers. To the Governor-General and to the authorities and public of this country he represented the forced abdication, and the confiscations which followed, as a just punishment inflicted on a faithless ally. In charity to Sir Charles, we must suppose that he was the dupe of Ali Morad's artifices. Even granting, however, that the mischief sprang from his inability to discriminate between the honest man and the villain,—between the fidelity of a well-meaning, open-hearted friend, and the designs of an unprincipled intriguer, seeking for power, even at the price of the ruin of every member of his own family—the result has been most damaging to the British reputation, not only in India, but wherever the report of these transactions has spread.

So much for the punishment of the Khyrpoor Ameers. Having effected this seizure and confiscation, with a promptitude and vigour that in a better cause would have won our admiration, Sir Charles hurried down to call the Ameers of Hyderabad to a similar reckoning. Colonel Outram was still there as British negotiator, but the harshness of the demands made since Sir Charles had arrived in Sindh induced these Ameers to doubt our real intentions, and even to distrust this negotiator. The arrival at Hyderabad of the aggrieved Roostum confirmed all the Ameers in the belief that even submission would give them no security against a General so disposed: hence the resolution to gather adherents—hence the cabals and consultations which produced the outbreak that drove away Colonel Outram, and brought on the battle of Meanee. It is not our purpose to describe this battle at length, nor to follow closely the after proceedings. The plunder of the

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the palaces at Hyderabad, even to the women's wardrobes and jewels—the imprisonment of every member of the family and every faithful adherent of the Ameers—their shipment to Bombay and ultimately to Calcutta, where many died—are not all these matters of notoriety, that have been talked and written about till the public is nauseated with the discussion? No one believes at this day that the Ameers of Sindh, by their conduct before, or during, or after the Afghan outbreak, deserved more than friendly advice and warning. We doubt if the Governor-General originally intended more; yet what have they received through Sir Charles Napier's ungovernable determination, at whatever cost of confounding the innocent with the guilty, to achieve a conquest!

It is time to say something more of the volume quaintly entitled 'Dry Leaves from young Egypt.' Its author is a Bombay officer, highly distinguished as an Oriental scholar, whose command of the Persian language, with other qualifications, led to his selection for political employment in Sindh, at the time when our army was advancing through the Boolan Pass to Kandahar. He gives the history of his travels and personal adventures in the form of a lively journal—the notes for which must have been kept from day to day. He was on duty at Shikarpoor when the Murree outbreak gave the first taste of disaster that we experienced after the triumphant march of our troops from the Bengal frontier all the way through Kandahar to Kabul. His account of Lieutenant Clarke's death and Major Clibborn's defeat, and of the impressions the news created as it spread, is very graphic, and we doubt not quite true. His official career in Sindh closed very soon after that event; a residence of two years and a half in the climate of Shikarpoor and Kutchee, at a time when in no part of that territory was there a comfortable house, having produced its too general effect, in destroying his constitution, and compelling a recourse to a sea voyage for restoration. He descended the Indus in the height of the rains, at the same season that he had sailed up, and stopping at Hyderabad, where he assisted at Outram's conferences with the Ameers after the death of Meer Noor Mohammed, continued his voyage down to Tatta, and thence crossed westward to Karachee, and took passage in a steamer to Bombay in the month of September 1841. He thus avoided the greater anxieties of the period of the Afghan outbreak, and was not a witness to the injuries inflicted on the Ameers by Sir C. Napier; but he is the warm advocate of their cause, and the last chapter of his book is an appeal on behalf of Upper Sindh, in which the case of the Khyrpoor Ameers is stated with a force that it is not possible to resist. As

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As we have said before, however, we believe the cause of the Ameers to require at this day no advocacy. The Court of Directors have uniformly felt and admitted that these chiefs were grievously injured, and no one out of the Napier family, unless it be Lord Ellenborough—who, though guarded in his original instructions, yet approved and ratified the General's proceedings—would now say that they were just, or indeed consistent with those instructions. The recent conviction of Ali Morad, after a fair trial, and the measures taken and now in progress for his punishment, have set that part of the question at rest for ever. If, however, there be any who would wish for a clear summary of the case of the hardly used Ameers, including the outrageous treatment suffered by their women and dependants, we especially commend the feeling speech of Lord Jocelyn, who has spared no pains to master a most painful subject.

Still it by no means follows, because a territory was gained by violence and injustice, that therefore it can be given up again, as our Ex-Political scarcely hesitates to call for. The act of restoration may lead to greater injustice, involving many more in ruin, and placing lives and property in greater jeopardy, than the first injustice towards the reigning family whom we displaced. There is in all these cases an interest of the population, and of those whom our system induces to settle, and clothes with rights under the guarantee of law, and of proclaimed institutions, that, once created, never can be abandoned. It will be urged that the recent proceedings against Ali Morad have placed fresh territory in our hands, which might even now be appropriated in jageers without injury to any one's rights;—and the able advocacy of Lord Jocelyn, at this particular juncture, seems to point to some such arrangement as to the land, or at least its revenues. In respect to the territory, the question is certainly open; but if grounds of political expediency are to have any sway in its determination, we should still say that the wiser course would be to assign the revenue, and to let the administration follow the fate of the rest of Sindh, and be made to conform to the system generally introduced. We doubt indeed if it would be for the interest of the Ameers themselves to re-establish them as petty chiefs within their ancient territory; for, upon any occasion of outbreak, they would be made, from their position, to take a lead in the disturbance, and so would become the first victims; and no prudence could save them from the suspicion of fomenting disaffection. They have lost their sovereign rights, like many other rulers of Hindoostan of much higher family and pretensions, yet may live happily in any city of India of their own selection, enjoying the luxuries of life, and, as nobles of a race

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race with historical recollections, secure of the respect due to their rank and to their misfortunes. Their condition, improved under the sense of retributive justice, which has at length forced its way to the hearts and convictions even of those who in the first instance sanctioned these proceedings, will be far more enviable than the feelings of those who were the instruments for inflicting the wrong.

It is beyond doubt that, like all Asiatic princes, the poor Ameers looked upon themselves as sovereigns by divine right—each owning no obligation to administer the territory he possessed, otherwise than as a property for his own profit and pleasure. But most of the Ameers appear to have been moral, and even religious, men, with a desire to earn a good repute: all were remarked as possessing exceedingly good manners, and some of them very amiable dispositions. The attempt of Sir C. Napier to represent them as a parcel of profligate, reckless intriguers, drunkards, bang-smokers, and opium-eaters, is to our mind the least justifiable part of all this genius's very questionable sayings and doings. The evidence in the Ameers' favour collected in the Appendix to the speech of Lord Jocelyn, is far from being the whole. One meets ever and anon persons who have seen service in Sindh, and, as far as we have observed, all such of our officers as had intercourse with these chiefs, concur in recognizing more especially the virtues of Meer Roostum and Meer Sobdar. But the proceedings against the Ameers were not suggested nor justified by charges affecting their personal characters. Those charges were only thrown in as a make-weight afterwards, to prejudice readers of this country against the victims of our oppression and extortion.

The whole affairs of the East India Company are about to undergo once more a deliberate Parliamentary scrutiny. We do not expect that the fate of Sindh will *now* be overhauled with anxious minuteness by the Committees for the general investigation; nor does the noble mover for the recent papers connected with it indicate any intention to demand a separate Committee on this melancholy subject. Yet it will be impossible, that in an inquiry made for the very purpose of determining what classes of administrators may be most fitly trusted for the future, the manner in which those employed in Sindh were led blindfold into a course of measures of which the nation is now ashamed, should not receive, at some stage, its own modicum of attention.

We have spoken freely of Sir Charles Napier; but let it not be imagined that we would ascribe all the wrongs of the Sindh Ameers to any one person, or to one class of officers exclusively. The injuries they suffered did not begin with Sir Charles.

Three

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Three Governors-General in succession, Lords William Bentinck, Auckland, and Ellenborough, had all their share in the ruin of Sindh. The first negotiated the commercial treaties, and then sent down Shah Shooja to plunder and extort from his new ally; the second inflicted on Sindh the misery of its selection as a base of military operations for the execution of his designs in Affghanistan, and, in their prosecution, wantonly trampled on the independence of the country; the third, lending a credulous ear to tales of intrigue and disaffection—charges really involving little criminality if true—let loose a wild soldier to satiate his rude hands with violence, and to beggar alike the innocent and the guilty.

Lord William Bentinck indulged in visionary hopes of commercial prosperity, in which the rulers of Sindh were to participate. He had that excuse for intermeddling with the affairs of the province, but he sent no British functionaries to humble its rulers by incessant demands, degrading to their national spirit of independence. That step in advance was the act of his successor, and resulted from the false move against Affghanistan, which was said to create a necessity for obtaining the command of the resources of Sindh. Nor even if that enterprise were meritorious, and its exigencies undeniable, could these justify the means by which this Governor-General made those resources available to his purposes, and sent his residents and agents to overawe and over-ride the native sovereigns. It will be pleaded that if the negotiators were not always well chosen, that is a sort of accident for which a Governor-General is entitled to have much allowance made, for he cannot have a fore-knowledge of the characters of all whom he must occasionally be called upon to employ. We must say, on this point, that the manner in which Mr. Ross Bell behaved towards Meer Roostum, and his minister Futeh Mahommed Khan Ghoree, and lent himself to the wicked intrigues of Ali Morad, must early have been seen and checked, if the supervision at head-quarters had been effective. This, however, was a temporary evil, from which the death of Mr. Bell completely relieved the Ameers; for after the appointment of Colonel Outram, whose milder counsels and habits of direct intercourse had reconciled them to the presence of a British agent, they had no complaints or grounds of dissatisfaction, except such as arose from the necessity of furnishing the aids required by our armies in Affghanistan. It must also in fairness be admitted that Lord Auckland had no desire to violate the integrity of Sindh, or to trench on the independence of its Ameers, further than was requisite to carry out his views upon the regions beyond. It was Lord Ellenborough who took up the idea

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idea of visiting the duplicity of hesitating allies with severe punishment, and who picked out Sindh and its rulers to be made an example in the face of other powers. But he still required, as a condition, that guilt should first be clearly established; and there can be no doubt, that, had Colonel Outram continued political agent, the Ameers would have met with fair consideration, and the mulct inflicted would have been commensurate with the specific errors susceptible of proof. The ruin of Sindh was consummated by the supercession and removal of Outram, and by the choice of a Napier to be vested with unlimited discretion in carrying out the Governor-General's views of conditional retribution.

This appointment was one result of a change of system, for which the new Governor-General took to himself at the time no small credit, and for which he is exclusively responsible. Lord Ellenborough went out to India impressed with a strong prejudice against the method, always previously pursued in that country, of selecting for political and administrative functions separate persons from those vested with the military command. Is such a separation of authority wise? or shall India be subjected in future to mere military occupation, and be governed only by military law? That is the point. The 'political' officers, employed extensively by Lord Auckland, were men selected for supposed competency for civil charge, because possessed of the same qualifications that are required from civilians. Of their competency, on the general average, for the duties committed to them, there was never any question, and several cases of most marked merit rise promptly to our recollection; but because they were mostly military men, there was an unworthy jealousy felt by many of their own profession, who saw their juniors transferred in this manner to situations of superior authority, and with emoluments much exceeding their own. It was a popular thing at the mess of regiments to ascribe every failure to the fault or shortcomings of these *politicals;* but was it for a Governor-General either to participate in, or play into and encourage such a feeling?

The appointment of Sir C. Napier, a division general of the Queen's service, first to the charge of political relations, and afterwards to be Governor of Sindh, is still trumpeted by a few as an evidence of the wisdom and superior efficiency of this system of united military and civil control. Most assuredly it produced a result, in the conquest of the province, which, under the other system, never could have been consummated; but if it be found, as we think now must be fully admitted, that with Outram and his assistants, the superseded politicals of Sindh

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every idea of anything like a consideration for native habits and feelings departed at once and disappeared;—if, in the opinion of all impartial judges, ten years after the events, the *Conquest* achieved by one Napier and sung by another, must be set down as a course of harsh and barbarous aggression, for which reparation is due, and the only difficulty now is in what form to award it;—how then will stand the question, whether it was wise or not to combine all powers in one rough English General? The system here exemplified would expose every part of our frontier, and our relations with every native chief, to the danger of being similarly embroiled; and if the Indian Governments admitted the obligation of uniting these extensive powers, and vesting the discretion of their exercise with the chance officer of the military roster, who might succeed to the command of the troops, it would part for ever with its means of controlling the conduct and proceedings of such a subordinate.

The question before us is quite distinct from that of reserving political and administrative functions exclusively to members of the civil service—that is, to specially educated civilians. No one claims for this class of servants of the East India Company the monopoly of the qualifications for important public employ. Wherever these exist amongst servants upon whose fidelity and integrity the governing body has a sufficient hold to guarantee the public interests, let the Government be free to select them. If they are found in the military profession—whether in the higher or lower grades of it—let them, in God's name, be made available. It is high talent that we most want in India, and it would be an unworthy course to refuse employment to the fittest man, because it might so happen that, in the routine of military service, a senior officer might be brought into the situation to receive advice from him, and to be required to submit even to his direction, in matters not strictly professional.

A few words more upon the local peculiarities of Sindh. The Indus is the source of all the claims it possesses to be in any respect a desirable acquisition. But for this magnificent river, Sindh would be—like the deserts of Makran to the west, and the desolate Thur which separates it from Hindoostan to the east—a region in which the wild ass and the camel only could find subsistence. But the great body of waters sent forth from western Tibet, and from the snowy Himalaya, finds through the province a channel to the Indian Ocean; and the inundations of the tropical monsoon, and of the summer meltings of those perpetual snows, fertilize a wide tract on either side of their course, in a manner precisely similar to that which has ever marked the land of the Pharaohs. The name of 'Young Egypt' was hence given to Sindh by the earliest of our fellow-subjects who found

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found themselves there in the character of Josephs, laying i stores of grain for the wants of our marching armies—and it ha retained this name, until it has found a place in conspicuous typ on the title-page of the book we are reviewing.

The Indus, so like the Nile in many respects, brings down much larger body of water, and yet, by reason of the force o the torrent, and of the sands and shoals over which it flows, i much less easy of navigation. The river will of course alway be a highway of commerce, not only with cities and stations o its banks, but with Upper Hindoostan and Central Asia; but i wants the great desideratum of a navigable channel at its mouth opening a port for ships. Karachee, which is beyond the delt of the Indus to the west, is the only emporium at which sea borne commerce can find its exchange for products of the interior and that is but a bad port, difficult of access at all times, an most dangerous during the south-west monsoon, when the whol coast of the country is a lee-shore, exposed to the violence of th wind and sea. The mouths of the mighty Indus are universall barred by the action of this monsoon. In this respect the Ganges has an immense advantage; and so long as large ships can un load at Calcutta, there is no fear of the commerce of India bein withdrawn from that quarter for the sake of the nearer route t certain upper provinces afforded by the Indus.

Our Ex-Political, crossing the desert from Deesa, and pro ceeding through Kutch to Tatta, went by water to Hyderabad in the month of July, when the river therefore was at its highest He made this voyage in three days, assisted, of course, by th southern winds which prevail at that season. By the same aid he made a journey of forty miles in one day from Hyderabad t Mazinda; he tells us this distance 'occupied the fleet of boat under Major B——, of H.M. 2nd Infantry, twenty-five days;' bu his own party 'avoided the main stream, which was too violent t be stemmed, and sailed up several narrow branches from it;' a plan available only during the season of inundation.

Between Mazinda and Sehwan there is a tract through which the river flows in a narrow channel with great impetuosity, and is stated to have a depth of *sixty fathoms!* The *facilis descensus* here suggests a ready method of mail communication:—

'It is not uncommon to send a letter down the river by a water courier. This person places the epistle in the folds of a huge turban, and, divesting himself of his other apparel, steps into the stream, with a large skin inflated with air. To the legs are fastened two hoops, into which our friend inserts his nether members, and, taking the full-blown hide lovingly to his bosom, floats down with the current to his destination. It has a droll effect, meeting a great Turk's head thus hastening on its mission, and bobbing up and down with every undulation of the river.'

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At Sehwan our author left the main stream—the current there, and above, being even more formidable than that he had found in the narrow channel. By the Aral he made his way to the Manchar Lake, a pestilent, weedy shallow, terribly infested with mosquitoes and every other noxious animal, or thing. From this lake the Nara, a winding stream running parallel to the Indus for more than one hundred miles, and which formed perhaps its ancient bed, carried him nearly to Larkhana in Upper Sindh; but he was ten days occupied in sailing or towing up the Nara, and then entered a canal, to avoid still the main stream. Where this canal joins the great river, he says

'The current is more violent than I have yet seen it; and trunks of trees, bushes, and dead cattle are whirled furiously along in it.'

Next day, August 10th, he says—

'My other boat came up during the night, and as soon as it dawned attempted the rapid, but was driven back. We then got out of the boats and towed them out of the canal down the stream to some little distance, in the hope of crossing, and thus eluding in some degree the fury of the current. We crossed, and just as we reached smooth water the boats grounded, within a few yards of a tremendous lahar, or rapid; at last we got them off, and they drove across the lahar. As we entered the enormous surges, dark and crested with foam, the crew set up a shout to their patron saint.'

Abundant hazards are known to those who have made the passage up the Ganges at the same season—but though both rivers present many perils to steamers, we have reason to think those of the Indus much the more formidable. This point, however, is about to be well tested—the Company having ordered a set of river-steamers, to be constructed of iron, drawing little water, for the purpose of establishing a regular communication for traffic and for passengers between Hyderabad and Lahore. It is a very long voyage from Tatta to that city, or to Ferozepoor, and it must be a rich cargo, and the prospect of large profit, that would tempt an adventure of merchandise on speculation, by an ordinary river-boat, up such a stream. Its relative merit, compared with the Ganges, as a route of communication with the Punjaub and Upper Hindoostan, is about to be put to a fair and immediate trial; for the Court of Directors, in anticipation of the establishment of steam-vessels for the voyage, has determined to send, by Karachee and the Indus, the recruits and reliefs for the European regiments employed in that quarter. We shall therefore soon learn whether the route is preferable to the Ganges for such a purpose, on the score of time, of facility of navigation, and last, but not least, of salubrity.

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ART. V.—1. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. 4 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1852.
2. *Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers.* 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1852.
3. *A Biographical Notice of Dr. Chalmers.* By the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, M.A., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh. 4to. 1849.

THERE is some tough reading in Dr. Hanna's book. It is by far too bulky for its subject, important as we admit the subject to be. It is one-sided likewise, as indeed the reader had every right to expect that it would be, and seeks to effect its purpose sometimes by means even more objectionable than a *suppressio veri*. Nor do we think that even in regard to points fairly stated, it always states them well. At the same time we readily acknowledge that Dr. Hanna is a writer of considerable ability, and we give him entire credit for sincerity in the zeal which he blazons. But our business is more with the subject of the biographer's filial admiration, than with his own merits, literary, theological, or otherwise.

Chalmers was born at Anstruther, a small town in Fife, on the 17th of March, 1780. His father, a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant there, attained to the dignity of Provost. His mother was the daughter of a wine-merchant in the neighbouring borough of Crail. They were a respectable couple in their station, industrious, frugal, and of good report. Their union proved to be more than ordinarily fruitful: they had not fewer than nine sons and five daughters, of whom one only died in childhood.

Thomas—the sixth branch from the parent olive—was sent to the parish-school when only three years of age. Neither his father nor his mother, it appears, could find time to instruct him at home; and the nurse, to whose care he was committed, behaved cruelly to him: so the little urchin shouldered his satchel unrepiningly, and went forth day by day with his elder brothers. But the rector's sight had almost wholly failed, and the usher was indolent. The future doctor mounted from class to class regularly till he reached the highest, and passed out of that as ill-instructed a boy as probably ever came from the hands even of a Scotch dominie.

The family had furnished more than one minister to the Kirk; and that calling, as might be expected, was held in great esteem in the house. Indeed, the provost, being himself a ruling elder, inherited much of the spirit of his clerical ancestors; and young Thomas was encouraged in the choice which he seems very early to have made of a profession. Accordingly, on attaining his twelfth

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twelfth year, he was entered as a student at St. Andrew's, and took his place under the Professor of Humanity—that is Latin. But here his defective training told sorely against him. He could not construe the easiest of the class-books: he was quite unable to follow the eloquent Dr. Hunter in his prelections. He lost heart, and became a complete idler. Golf, foot-ball, and fives engrossed a much larger portion of his time than Ruddiman; and all the hours not given up to play were spent in desultory reading—the mere indulgence of a teeming fancy—as is proved by the fact that, though of course in those early days tales and legends took fast hold upon his memory, he could not recollect how the words which conveyed them to his mind were formed. Chalmers never wrote a hand which even a printer could decipher without labour and sorrow. His orthography in those early days would have shocked Aunt Tabitha or even Winifred Jenkyns.

Though terribly unlettered, Chalmers was not a coarse-minded or rude boy. His temper was mild; his disposition singularly amiable; all his companions liked him; and a lad whom the future Lord Campbell and Dr. Leyden selected for their friend must have had more to recommend him than a mild temper and an amiable disposition. The truth is, that an intellect naturally fine and patient of labour was still running to waste for lack of guidance. As a mere infant, Chalmers exhibited unmistakeable evidence of an imaginative temperament. His father used to read the Bible to his children on a Sunday evening; and, being a Calvinist of the stern old school, read as often at least out of the Old Testament as out of the New: among all his auditors there was not one on whom the touching stories of the patriarchal and Levitical times made half so deep an impression as on little Thomas. It is told of him that having listened to the tale of Absalom's death and David's sorrow, he suddenly disappeared, and was found, after considerable search, walking backwards and forwards excited and absorbed, and repeating to himself the words, 'Oh my son Absalom! oh Absalom, my son, my son!' He was then not quite three years old. Had proper pains been taken with him in school, and beside his mother's knee—though we probably should not have had to notice the biography of a leading divine—it might very possibly have been our duty to review the career of a distinguished scholar, not impossibly of a pre-eminent poet.

After spending two winters in a class with which he could not keep up, Chalmers became at the commencement of his third session a student of mathematics. That he had any natural bias for the investigation of abstract truth we must take the liberty to doubt. His writings give no indications of a mind prone to

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grapple closely with an argument, and dissatisfied with conclusions that rest upon other than geometrical proof. But the science was new to him, and, which perhaps gave to it additional attractions, he saw that it was equally new to his class-fellows. Now at last he could hope to start fair; and his energies awoke. From being the idlest he became the most industrious boy in the class. Every task was mastered; every exercise completed and shown up. Dr. Hanna says that this was his intellectual birth-time. Perhaps it was; but more than the birth of intellect marked it. It led the way by a very simple process to habits of thinking on the most important of all subjects, which had well nigh made shipwreck of a noble nature, and were not cast aside without much suffering many years afterwards.

The concluding quarter of the last century, with perhaps the first decade or something more of the present, will long be remembered as a season of much religious and political scepticism in both sections of the United Kingdom. In England, it is true, the philosophy of the French Encyclopedists made little way, except within a particular circle. There might be, there always is, a vast amount of practical infidelity among the rabble; and Priestley and Godwin did their best to propagate, in classes above the rabble, doctrines not more wholesome. But our seats of learning were uncontaminated; and the clergy, however careless they might be—(and of their too common carelessness there can be no doubt)—neither entertained in private nor publicly taught views subversive of revealed truth or hostile to established government. The case was different in Scotland: there an ill-regulated taste for metaphysical inquiry led multitudes of all ranks into the adoption of views which had no other connexion with the deductions of their favourite science than arose out of an exaggerated admiration for the genius of David Hume. Moreover the terms of intimacy on which that arch-infidel and other gentlemen of his colour lived with the moderator of the General Assembly, and the leader of the Church, were not without the worst effects upon the clergy—among the younger portion of them especially. They saw that to attain to eminence in their profession, very rigid opinions on points of faith were not necessary. The ambitious turned their attention to almost any subject, whether of literature or of science, rather than to theology; and of their pulpit oratory the tone became by degrees as decorous as the stiffest admirer of Blair and the fathers of the moral school could desire. Meanwhile the clerical aspirants for professorial chairs—and in a church with hardly any prizes strictly her own such aspirants are numerous—sought their chairs like philosophers, and not seldom like philosophers made use of

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of them. Their public prelections were rigidly confined to the discussion of the sciences which they engaged to teach; their private conversation, to which only the cleverest pupils were admitted, took a much wider range. There ethics and politics were handled with a freedom which could not fail to make an impression upon the ingenuous minds of their auditors, who, whatever might have been their home training, seldom quitted such symposia unchanged. We should be sorry to malign either the living or the dead: but it is our deliberate opinion, that with the exception of France, there was not a more infidel country on the face of the earth than Scotland sixty or seventy years ago; and we further believe that she was mainly indebted for this bad distinction to the active exertions of her professors, and the indifference, disguised under the title of moderation, which generally distinguished the teaching of her more accomplished and influential clergy.

Professor Vilant had become almost wholly *functus officio* when Chalmers entered the mathematical class; it was in consequence taught by the Rev. Dr. James Brown, a skilful teacher, but a free-thinker as well in religion as in politics. The son of a miller near St. Andrews, he had worked his way by industry and talent, and not long previously been presented by the College to the living of Denino, about four miles off. Dr. Brown was much taken with young Chalmers's zeal in his mathematical studies. He invited him to his house, introduced him to his two most intimate friends, the late Sir John Leslie and Professor Mylne, and soon succeeded, with their assistance, in delivering him from all the prejudices in which he had been brought up. The Calvinism of the back-shop went first by the board, and the Toryism which sustained it followed. Chalmers devoured Godwin's *Political Justice*, and yearned for the coming regeneration of the world. He cast aside his Bible, and gave himself up to the contemplation of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Supreme First Cause. He entered the mathematical class a thoughtless, idle, imaginative boy; he passed out of it a transcendental philosophist and a democrat.

Though the direction which his thoughts had taken was no fortunate one, much was gained for him by putting them in motion at all. He learned by degrees to reduce them into shape, and to arrange the results upon paper. He was his own instructor in this art, adopting such models as came first to hand; Godwin, and the two professors under whom he sat, were his masters. He became a member likewise of a debating club, wherein political subjects were discussed; and by and by joined a theological association, where he greatly distinguished himself.

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himself. This was after his admission into the Divinity Hall, where he took his seat for the first time in November 1795, and within which he continued to show himself regularly till 1798. Yet all this while his creed was as far removed from that of the Apostles as it could well be. As was to be expected, the prelections of the worthy Dr. Hill interested him very little. He was ready enough to discuss with any one the doctrine of philosophical necessity, and verged nearer and nearer every day to Pantheism. But neither the evidences of Christianity nor the theological system of Calvin (to which Dr. Hill mainly directed the attention of his pupils) had any charms for him. He read mathematics and chemistry, while others read divinity; yet both his public prayers and his class exercises attracted more notice than those of any other student.* He seemed to have sprung all at once to the full measure of his intellectual stature, and became, as a matter of course, conceited, arrogant, and vain.

It was a common practice with divinity students to enter during vacation time as tutors into the families of country gentlemen, and to look for preferment through their interest; which at the period we treat of was potential and rarely refused. Chalmers, partly with a view to establish a connexion for himself, partly that he might relieve his father from an immediate expense, sought and obtained a situation of the sort in the spring of 1798; but the laird and lady seem to have been very silly people. They evidently did not know what was due to themselves, far less to the tutor of their sons. But his letters to his father, while suffering under probably absurd enough treatment, breathe a spirit scarcely worthy of his mental stature, and his biographer's comments on the whole transaction make things worse. The climax is that Chalmers quitted the place after five months' trial, and never sought for another. He returned to College, completed his course in the Divinity Hall, applied to the Presbytery of St. Andrew's to be admitted to his trials; and, though not quite nineteen years of age, carried his point. It was a highly irregular act on the part of the Presbytery, which, from time immemorial, had received no candidate under twenty-one. But Chalmers had a friend in the body who raked up an old Church statute, which he persuaded his colleagues to read according to his own peculiar interpretation; and on the assurance of this gentleman that the candidate was 'a lad o' pregnant pairts,' the 'lad' took his place in the

* It is the custom in Scottish colleges for the students of divinity to conduct the public worship of the class by turns, and each, as he assumes this office, is supposed to extemporise a prayer. Chalmers, awake to the beauty and the force of the Lord's Prayer, used invariably to paraphrase it.

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Sessions-house. He passed with credit; and on the 31st of July, 1799, received 'a licence to preach the gospel.' It is rather curious that, entertaining the opinions which he did, Chalmers should have taken this step. No doubt the step was not, like ordination to the diaconate among us, irrevocable. The licensed preacher, or probationer, of the Kirk is still a layman. He is not so much as entitled to prefix the term Reverend to his name; and may at any moment return into civil life. But that Chalmers ever thought of stopping short at the point where the probationer's licence carried him, there is nothing whatever to indicate. The truth seems to be that the transcendentalism which used to fill his mind when a boy with lofty visions of divine things, had subsided by this time into commonplace scepticism. He had no faith in anything, not even in the fixedness of moral right; and was prepared to earn a livelihood, either by preaching ethics, should a kirk fall to his share, or by turning his talents, of which he entertained a sufficiently exalted opinion, to any other account that might present itself.

Immediately after receiving his licence Chalmers set off to visit his eldest brother James at Liverpool. The journey, on foot, occupied a fortnight. On the 25th of August he preached for the first time in the Scotch church at Wigan; and on the following Sunday delivered the same discourse in a chapel at Liverpool. James—a sharp, eccentric man—wrote thus to his father:—

'It is impossible for me to form an opinion of Thomas as yet; but the sermon he gave us in Liverpool, which was the same as we had in Wigan, was in general well liked. His mode of delivery is expressive, his language beautiful, and his arguments very forcible and strong. His sermon contained a due mixture both of the doctrinal and practical parts of religion; but I think it inclined rather more to the latter. The subject, however, required it. It is the opinion of those who pretend to be judges, that he will shine in the pulpit; but as yet he is rather awkward in his appearance. We, however, are at some pains in adjusting his dress, manner, &c., but he does not seem to pay any great regard to it himself. His mathematical studies seem to occupy more of his time than the religious.'

Chalmers had expected to meet four of his brothers at James's house, and proposed to instruct the youngest—a sailor—in the principles of navigation. But the pupil did not arrive till October; and the lessons were scarcely begun when the prospect of some appointment—of what nature we are not told—recalled Thomas to Edinburgh. The appointment he did not secure: but he took lodgings, and made Edinburgh his head-quarters for two years. He supported himself entirely by teaching; and attended the lectures of Dr. Hope on Chemistry; Dr. Robison on

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on Natural Philosophy; and Dugald Stewart on Moral Philosophy. Of Robison he entertained the highest opinion, as did all who enjoyed the benefit of that admirable man's acquaintance. Stewart took his fancy less, and Hope he appears to have disliked and despised—probably that successful professor gave less attention to his papers than he conceived them to deserve.

It is said by persons who are not likely to be misinformed, that the private life of Chalmers during a portion, at least, of his residence in Edinburgh was far from correct. Dr. Hanna is entirely, perhaps naturally, silent on the subject, but if he were aware of the fact, he ought in our opinion to have stated it frankly. For he acknowledges that Chalmers was by this time a disciple of Mirabaud as well as of Godwin, and Mirabaud did not so much as pretend to inculcate a strict moral code. But, whatever might be the extent of Chalmers's corporeal dissipation, his mind became by degrees better regulated under the wise teaching of Dr. Robison. Before the clear and unanswerable reasoning of the Christian philosopher Mirabaud's wretched materialism gave way, and Chalmers so far regained the place from which he had fallen, that a belief in the existence of a spiritual God, and in the responsibility of man in a future state, settled itself once more in his understanding.

In the spring of 1801 a negotiation was opened, through an old college friend, with a view to his settlement as assistant to the minister of Cavers, a retired parish in Teviotdale. Chalmers preached there;—and, his discourse being approved of by the unsophisticated congregation, the incumbent agreed to give him the post. Before entering upon his new duties, however, he paid a visit to St. Andrew's, where he found or fancied reasons for believing that his father's services, in support of the Hopes and Dundases, had met of late with an unworthy return. The virtuous indignation of a friend of the people stirred within him. He felt more and more the urgent need of 'political emancipation for the masses;' and being unable to restrain himself, wrote to the minister of Cavers, his future chief, what we must be permitted to designate a very silly letter. Meanwhile new and better prospects opened before him. The death of one of the St. Andrew's professors bid fair to occasion a vacancy in a parish of which the College was patron, and Chalmers, like a prudent youth, made interest to secure the reversion. He had many friends among the professors, and a promise was made, that, if any such contingency befel, he should not be forgotten.

For eleven months, or thereabouts, Chalmers officiated as assistant to Mr. Elliot, in Cavers. The greater part of the time he resided in the neighbouring manse of his friend Mr. Shaw, at Roberton;

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Roberton; latterly he occupied lodgings in Hawick. He seems to have made himself sufficiently popular with all classes, and won the hearts of the farmers in particular by the hearty and jovial manner in which he threw himself into their carousals. But his wishes aspired all the while to a position of a different order. Dr. Brown had been removed to a chair in Glasgow, and the gentleman who succeeded to the care of Professor Vilant's class was about to resign it; Chalmers lost no time in canvassing for the assistantship, and he gained it. Forthwith his undivided attention was turned to the preparation of mathematical lectures. He withdrew from society, and laboured so assiduously at Hawick, that September 1802 found him ready for his course in St. Andrew's.

In October the parish of Kilmany fell vacant, and in the following November Chalmers was presented to it. He entertained no scruples then on the subjects of plurality and calls. He knew that for half the year it was physically impossible that he could reside in Kilmany, but his thoughts were much more occupied with visions of literary distinction than with anxiety about the spiritual wants of any. We hear of no opposition made at the moment, but opposition arose by and bye, and Chalmers seems to have had his own impetuous and overbearing temper to thank for it. The truth is, that with the 'intellectual birth' of which Dr. Hanna speaks, there came a prodigious change in the whole moral bearing of the man. He became suddenly conscious of power which he lacked judgment to control, and lost his balance entirely. Nothing would serve him but to strike out new and startling methods of teaching. He treated the boys in his class as if they had been the free citizens of a free republic; he made himself extremely popular among them, but it was at the expense of the popularity of his colleagues; and when the venerable professor under whom he served presumed to grant certificates without consulting him, he seized the first opportunity of a public examination in the college hall to rate him soundly. Dr. Vilant was astonished, and the rest of the authorities scandalized, nor can any one be surprised to learn that from that time forth the favour of the Senatus Academicus was withdrawn.

Chalmers was ordained to the parish of Kilmany on the 12th of May, 1803. He had counted, as we have intimated, on being permitted to retain office as assistant professor, but he was deceived. Dr. Vilant at once gave him notice that after the close of the session his services would be dispensed with; and assigned as a reason that his manner of conveying instruction to the students was unsatisfactory. This was to wound Chalmers in

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in two very sensitive parts at once. He was removed from an occupation which he liked, and driven back upon duties that were uncongenial to him, and—worse still—his abilities were called in question. The college had declared war against him; he resolved to march, like another Hannibal, into the enemy's country. In a word, it soon became known that, on the return of the students to St. Andrew's, the young minister of Kilmany intended to open mathematical and chemical classes there on his own account. His father, among others, wrote earnestly to dissuade him from doing so—and his answer is highly characteristic of the man at this period:—

'I believe the measure will be opposed by a certain party of the St. Andrew's professors, but I am sure they will not be able to ruin the success of my intended proceedings without having recourse to dishonourable practices. These artifices I shall be obliged to expose for my own vindication, but my chief anxiety is to reconcile you to the idea of not confining my whole attention to my ministerial employment. The fact is that no minister finds that necessary. Even at present I am able to devote as much time and as much attention to other subjects as I will be under the necessity of doing next winter; and, after all, I discharge my duties, I hope, in a satisfactory manner. With regard to non-residence, that is to last only for six months. I have never been called to any incidental duty through the week but once, and I have the assurance of my two neighbours that they will attend to every ministerial office that may be necessary. Your apprehensions with regard to the dissatisfaction of the parishioners are, I can assure you, quite groundless. I feel the footing on which I stand with them, and am certain that no serious or permanent offence will ever be excited.'

The winter came, and with it the great campaign of science opened. Both town and gown were thrown into a ferment. Hard words passed, orally and in writing, with threats of prosecution, and we know not what besides; but the impetuosity of the lecturer carried the day; his rooms were crammed. It was to no purpose that the professors changed their lecture hours with a view to empty the private class-room of their rival. Chalmers met them at every turn, quietly changed his hours in like manner, and retained the whole of his pupils. At last, audacity and superior talent prevailed. The Senatus found that it could do nothing—and the rivals one by one made overtures of peace; but another and more formidable enemy advanced upon the rear of the victor. The Presbytery threatened to take the matter up, and to proceed against Chalmers on a charge of neglecting his parish. We regret not to transcribe the whole of the paper which Chalmers prepared to give in as his defensive. It is as perfect a specimen of egotistical rhodomontade as ever came

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came under our observation; but the concluding sentences are all that we can give:—

'Compel me to retire from my classes, and you give a blow to the religious interests of my parish which all the punctualities of discipline will never restore. You render me the laughing-stock of the country: you cover me with infamy; you render me the object of public contempt and public execration. Compel me to retire, and I shall be fallen indeed; I would feel myself blighted in the eyes of all my acquaintances; I would never more lift up my face in society; I would bury myself in the oblivion of shame and solitude; I would hide me from the world; I would be overpowered by the feelings of my own disgrace; the torments of self-reflection would pursue me; they would haunt my dreams; they would lay me on a bed of torture; they would condemn me to a life of restless and never-ceasing anxiety. Death would be to me the most welcome of all messengers; it would cut short the remainder of my ignominious days; it would lay me in the grave's peaceful retreat; it would withdraw me from the agitations of a life that has been persecuted by the injustice of enemies, and still more distracted by the treachery of violated friendship.'

Whether this awful storm in a puddle struck the Presbytery with terror, or that they thought it better to avoid a collision which might bring past irregularities to light, the evidence does not show: but the threatened proceedings against Chalmers never came on, except in the shape of a resolution by one minister, which nobody supported, and Chalmers continued to lecture throughout the session of 1804, as he had done in 1803, to large classes and with great credit to himself.

Between this date and the close of 1806 Chalmers seems to have led a life of much mental exertion and physical eccentricity. Not satisfied with lecturing in the winter at St. Andrew's, he took it into his head to lecture to his parishioners at Kilmany during the summer: more, as it appears, to the amazement than the edification of his audiences.* We find him next Lieutenant and Chaplain to a regiment of volunteers. But the most important of his proceedings was his candidature, first, for the professorship of mathematics at St. Andrew's, and next for a similar post in the University of Edinburgh. He was defeated on both occasions; but his Edinburgh struggle, if it accomplished nothing else, was the cause of his first appearance before the public as an author. The death of Dr. Robison having vacated the chair of natural philosophy, Mr. Macknight, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and for some years Dr. Robison's assistant, made interest for the

* Among other experiments the powers of some bleaching liquid were exhibited, which led to the following colloquy between two old women. 'Our minister,' said one, 'is naething short o' a warlock; he was learning the folk to clean claes *but* (without) soap.' 'Eh, woman,' replied the other, 'I wush he would learn me to make parritch *but* meal.'

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place in opposition to Mr. Playfair, who, though ultimately successful, appears for a while to have anticipated a different result. Playfair (also a parish minister) used all legitimate means of canvass, and addressed over and above a letter to the Lord Provost, in which he not only alleged that there were few Scottish clergymen who had attained to any eminence in mathematics or natural philosophy; but that the vigorous and successful pursuit of these sciences was incompatible with clerical duties and habits. This was an insult not only to himself, but to the whole of his order, which Chalmers could not brook. He drew up and printed a pamphlet in which he lashed the reverend philosopher in a style of which, only a few years later, he was heartily ashamed.

In the December of this year one of his brothers—the gallant commander of a letter of mark — died of consumption. The contemplation of his peaceful end operated, according to Dr. Hanna, in awakening in Thomas's heart better thoughts of that religion which he still taught without much believing it. This may be true; but of anything like a conversion, in the sense which Dr. Hanna would apply to the term, we can discover no trace. That his republican propensities, which in fact appear never to have been very inveterate, wore away as the French revolution held its course, there can be no doubt. He had long ago returned to the full Tory creed of his parentage, and now hated Buonaparte with all the intensity of a good Volunteer officer. But as to religious doctrine his opinions remained in that state, which, robbing a man of all the comfort that arises out of a stedfast faith, keeps him still theoretically sensible of the moral beauty of Christianity, and convinced of its perfect adaptation to the wants of human nature. Indeed his mind was too full of secular projects — he was too anxious to win a name for himself among the choice intellects of the day—to leave much room for higher considerations, except when forced to entertain them; and hence it came about that, though extremely popular in his parish both as a man and a preacher, he does not seem to have succeeded in forming the characters of individuals, or rendering the general tone of society more pure and spiritual than it had used to be. At the same time his life was not a useless one. Whatever came under the observation, either of his senses or his understanding, he examined thoroughly. He took a lively interest in national affairs, and earnestly desired to contribute his quota to the general instruction of the public mind. With this view, after an agreeable journey through the heart of England, including a visit to Oxford and Cambridge, and three weeks in London, not one hour of which was wasted, he

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he returned to Kilmany, and sat down to the composition of his treatise on 'The Extent and Stability of National Resources.' The subject was not new to him, for he had been an early student of Adam Smith and other authorities in political economy. And taking the Tory side of the question, he handled it extremely well, bating only this point—that he gave the preference to direct over indirect taxation. Mr. Spence's pamphlet, entitled 'Britain Independent of Commerce,' got the start of him, however; —and as the two writers not only travelled over the same ground, but took, as far as they went, the same views, the later publication, though unquestionably of higher intrinsic worth, met with less attention than the former. Chalmers printed his book in Edinburgh, and sent copies to London, for which he secured the active patronage, among other old friends, of the great rising genius of his own district, David Wilkie. But though the author watched every review, and did his utmost to stimulate the sale, it never came to a second edition. He was a good deal mortified—but not discouraged from further exertion.

We have now arrived at a stage in the history of this remarkable man, of which it is not too much to say that it constituted the hinge on which the tendencies of his whole moral existence turned. On the 27th of August, 1808, his sister Barbara, to whom he was greatly attached, died; and the smitten sorrower began almost immediately to take a deeper view of the things both of time and of eternity. He felt no disposition to withdraw into privacy; quite otherwise. Indeed, he appeared in the following spring for the first time in the General Assembly, and made a telling speech on the augmentation of poor benefices.* But secular objects began to take a secondary place in his meditations, and the distinctive truths of Christianity more and more

* If Chalmers had lived to the present time, and continued true to the Church of his fathers, he would have found other and graver ground of complaint than the poverty occasioned to many of his brethren by the holding back of their just dues. Whatever benefit the free-trade system may have accomplished for other orders of men, it has operated cruelly upon the ministers of the Established Church of Scotland. *Their* salaries depend, from year to year, upon the *fiars*, or average price of grain. They can demand the market value of so many bolls of meal, and no more; and the fall in the price of agricultural produce has already deprived them, in many instances of a full third, in no case of less than a fourth, of their incomes. Think of educated gentlemen reduced from 300*l.* or 150*l.* a year, to 200*l.* and 100*l.* respectively! We believe that, as yet, the clergy of the Church of England are less seriously affected. They have had a seven years' average to come and go upon; but this term of grace, like that of their brethren in Scotland, is pretty nearly expended, and when it dies out, we shall without doubt hear more of their sufferings. It was very cruel first to force upon them a commutation of tithes, of which the fairness depended upon the maintenance of the market value of wheat by protective laws, and then to repeal those laws without providing for any possible benefit to be derived from an extended cultivation of any kind, or from any other source whatsoever.

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to be brought forward in his pulpit. His journal also exhibits tokens of a growing desire to conform in his personal habits more than he had heretofore done to the precepts of his Master. Perhaps it would be to try any honest diarist by too severe a test, were we to draw a strict estimate of his moral condition from the entries which he makes. But undoubtedly there are expressions in the journal of Dr. Chalmers which lead to the persuasion that both now and to a late period in his life the animal propensities were more than ordinarily strong in him. From the year 1808, up well nigh to the abrupt closing of the book, we find constant lamentations over the turbulence of the flesh, with earnest, and we doubt not, effectual prayers for strength to put it down. From a somewhat overweening estimate of his own powers, and an irritable impatience of contradiction, he seems never to have entirely freed himself. But he undoubtedly strove to master these weaknesses; and, when conscious of having fallen into them, deeply lamented it.

He was in the first stage of this transition state when another incident added strength to the religious impulse. His uncle, Mr. Bellanden, a retired master of the navy, a man of great piety and worth, was found one evening in his bed-room dead, in the attitude of prayer. A panic fell upon the household, from which Chalmers did not escape. He fancied that he too was to die soon and suddenly; and the idea grew into something like conviction when a fever laid him prostrate. Then, indeed, he communed with his own heart, and spared it not. Writing to a friend from Fincraigs, a farm-house to which he had withdrawn while the manse at Kilmany underwent repair, he thus expresses himself. How different is the tone of this letter from the flippancy and egotism of earlier specimens!—

'My confinement has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time; an impression which, I trust, will not abandon me though I again reach the heyday of health. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary, the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connexion with a higher state of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions and projects, and convulsive efforts, which terminate in nothing. I have been reading Pascal's Thoughts on Religion: you know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalised by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science, but who could stop short in the brilliant career of discovery; who could resign all the splendours of literary reputation; who could renounce, without a sigh, all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the Gospel. This, my dear sir, is superior to all Greek, to all Roman fame.'

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Some time before this Chalmers had agreed to assist Dr. (now Sir David) Brewster in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia; and among other papers undertook one upon Trigonometry. He now wrote to entreat that the article 'Christianity' might be entrusted to him; and proposed to reside three or four months in St. Andrew's, in order that he might have constant use of the college library. His request was acceded to, and he sat down to the self-imposed task with all the ardour of one scarcely less anxious to gather conviction for himself than to convince others. That he succeeded perfectly there is no room for doubt. Making notes all the morning, like a student anxious to overtake the truth, he gave up his evenings to a course of reading which seems to have moulded the stuff acquired by the understanding into a living principle. Wilberforce's Practical View, Pascal's Thoughts, Scott's Force of Truth, Baxter on Conversion, and Young's Night Thoughts appear to have been greatly esteemed. Writing to his brother Alexander in 1820, he says:—

'I stated to you that the effect of a very long confinement about ten years ago upon myself was to inspire me with a set of very serious resolutions, under which I wrote a journal, and made a laborious effort to elevate my practice to the standard of the Divine requirements. During the course, however, I got little satisfaction, and felt no repose. I remember that somewhere about the year 1811 I had Wilberforce's "View" put into my hands, and, as I got on in reading it, felt myself on the eve of a great revolution in all my opinions about Christianity. I am now most thoroughly of opinion—and it is an opinion founded on experience—that on the system of "Do this and live" no peace, and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be attained. It is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Where this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. The righteousness which we try to work out for ourselves eludes our impotent grasp; and never can a soul arrive at true and permanent rest in the pursuit of this object. The righteousness which by faith we put on secures our acceptance with God, and secures our interest in his promises, and gives us a part in those sanctifying influences by which we are enabled to do with aid from on high what we never can do without it. We look to God in a new light; we see him as a reconciled father: that love to him which terror scares away re-enters the heart, and with a new principle and a new power we become new creatures in Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Had Chalmers been more familiar with our best divines, or more at home in the niceties of the learned languages, he would have known that such expressions, when used under the impulse of feeling, however pure, are likely often to mislead. Indeed, it is the misfortune of the party to which he henceforth attached himself, that by the undiscriminating use of terms, which are just

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just and proper only in the sense applied to them by the inspired writers, they offend the judgments of the earnest and the thoughtful almost as much as they abuse the credulity of the ignorant. Men do not succeed now, any more than long ago, in 'putting on the righteousness which is of faith,' except after continuous self-control, vigilance, and prayer: for it is 'the narrow way,' as we read, 'that leads to life,' not the broad and easy path of mere impulses. In like manner, though the expression 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' be strictly apostolic, it is one which neither an apostle nor anybody else could safely address, except to persons who had given some evidence at least that 'they were pricked at the heart'—if they did not, like St. Peter's auditors on the day of Pentecost, go farther and demand, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Repentance—change of mind—μετανοια—*must* precede faith, wherever men are living in practical forgetfulness of the obligations under which, as members of Christ's Church or family upon earth, they have come. At the same time we are far from accusing either Chalmers, or the authors from whom he mainly derived his views, of the smallest desire to countenance the impious absurdities of Antinomianism. The utmost extent to which they go is to yield, in their own persons, too much to feeling; and to lead others, by their manner of expressing themselves, it may be, into a worse error. They are perfectly right in attributing all the praise to God—all the merit to the atonement. But while they speak of the righteousness that is of faith, and rejoice in the justification that comes freely in Christ Jesus, they would do well to remember that the same authority which establishes these truths establishes another, namely, that each individual man is required 'to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling,' and 'to labour that he may make his calling and election sure.'

From this time forth Chalmers was an altered man. He ceased to prosecute mathematical researches. Chemistry he abandoned, except as a subject for social discussion; and devoting himself to the work of his calling, visited, preached, conversed, and wrote, as if the single object of his exertions were to advance the moral and religious welfare of his fellow-creatures.

In the year 1811 he began to write for the 'Christian Instructor,' an Edinburgh magazine, of which the late Dr. Andrew Thomson was editor. There was an asperity in Thomson's criticism which outraged, from time to time, the less atrabilious nature of his contributor; yet Thomson had many manly and generous qualities—on the whole they worked in a very friendly spirit together—and the 'Christian Instructor' made its way with a considerable

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a considerable section of the public. But perhaps the most interesting episode in Chalmers's history at this time was his correspondence with Mr. James Anderson, the son of a banker in Dundee, who, when a youth of eighteen, had been fascinated by his reputation as a man of science, and sought his acquaintance. The young man's advances were met with cordiality; and a friendship as romantic as any of which even classic tradition makes mention, sprang up between them. At first their letters discussed literary and scientific subjects merely; by and by religion began to mix itself up with these things, and Chalmers, in explaining the change which had been wrought on himself, touched a new spring in the moral being of his friend. Dr. Hanna's selection from this correspondence will, we suspect, be regarded by many as the most deeply interesting chapter in the book before us; and the sad blighting of hopes called forth at its opening will not detract from its merits.

The course of life begun in 1810 and continued through 1811, was steadily followed out in 1812. His theological reading extended itself, and embraced, among other books, Lardner's Jewish and Heathen Testimonies, Prideaux' Connexion, Macknight's Credibility, Hannah More's Practical Piety, Buchanan's Researches, The Life of Doddridge by Orton, and Paley's masterpiece, the Horæ Paulinæ. This is rather a strange medley no doubt, yet in one respect it suited well the peculiar temperament of the mind engaged:—for there could be no system, no groundwork indeed on which to rest one, in desultory study like this; and Chalmers was the last person in the world to systematize on matters of faith. But better things were added. Chalmers read the Bible carefully in English, and began to study the New Testament in Greek. It was the first time he appears to have undertaken this labour, and it soon became a labour of love. Many years afterwards, when referring in his correspondence to the process now going on in his own mind, and which he was then desirous of seeing stirred in another, he says:—

'But there are other books which might be as effectually instrumental in working the desirable change; and in defect of them all there is the Bible, whose doctrines I well remember I then saw in an altogether new light, and could feel a power and a preciousness in passages which I formerly read with heedlessness, and *even with disgust.* I do think, that without disparagement to human authorship, which in many instances is in the highest degree helpful to the inquirer, still the main road to light and comfort, and a solid establishment in the way that leadeth to life everlasting, is the reading of the Scriptures with prayer.'

The British and Foreign Bible Society, which had been struggling

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gling into existence during some years in England, made about this time its views and principles known in Scotland. They were zealously embraced by Chalmers, who wrote pamphlets and got up local associations in its support. Meanwhile his exertions, both in the pulpit and by frequent pastoral visits at their own homes, to bring his people to a sense of their position as professing Christians, were unintermitting. His hospitalities, likewise, though simple—perhaps rude—were unbounded; and he acquired over a continually widening circle of acquaintances, an influence which seemed to become firm in exact proportion to the Christian purposes which it was meant to serve.

In August of this year Chalmers was married to a Miss Pratt — a propitious union, founded on sober and elevated sentiments. His life, from this date up to the early winter of 1814, was perhaps as happy as can well be the lives even of good men. As a preacher he grew continually more effective. He spoke from the heart, with an eloquence and power which told equally upon the unlettered peasant and the fastidious scholar; and the effects showed themselves, not alone in the crowded state of his church, but in the daily turning of sinners from the error of their ways. Dr. Hanna has recorded details of the impression made upon two country lads by one of his appeals, which will well repay perusal. Neither was his pen idle. He defended, in the Christian Instructor, the cause of missions to the heathen against the merciless onslaught of Sydney Smith in the Edinburgh Review; and, at the earnest request of the proprietors of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, consented to correct and bring out as a separate publication the article 'Christianity,' which had attracted so much notice in its original shape. His studies began also to be turned a good deal to the subject of pauperism—on which he seems to have at an earlier period taken up a strong impression in favour of Malthus's views — but of this matter hereafter. His family correspondence refers to little else than the religious impressions to which he was himself subject, and which he desired to communicate to others; while his contributions to the periodical press all tended in the same direction, namely, to elevate the religious principle, and to combat such objections as either directly or indirectly, were brought against the authority of the Bible. Among other works which he reviewed in the 'Instructor' was Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, which, appearing at this time in an English dress, created a great sensation in Edinburgh. And to Chalmers belongs the merit of having first endeavoured to accomplish that reconciliation between the discoveries of geology and the Mosaic account of the cosmogony which

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which is now universally accepted as complete, both by philosophers and divines.

His fame as a preacher had by this time spread far beyond the limits of Kilmany; and the tone of his later writings was rapidly removing whatever prejudice his more youthful escapades, both in conduct and opinion, might have created against him. By and by a vacancy occurred in the Tron Church of Glasgow; and it occurred to certain members of the Town Council, the patrons, that it would be well to present him to the living. A good deal of negotiation and coquetting followed; but the result was that several esteemed citizens were deputed to steal, so to speak, upon Chalmers's privacy, and to judge for themselves whether his ordinary style of pulpit eloquence were as effective as general rumour described it. One and all, they returned from their reconnoissances perfectly satisfied, and a powerful discourse delivered at the funeral of the minister of Beadoch, in Perthshire, consummated the triumph of the orator.* But a good deal remained to be done: Chalmers—to his honour be it told—declined to give any specific pledge that he would accept the benefice, were it even offered, and positively refused to strengthen by any canvass of his own the hands of his supporters. His friends, however, were earnest and indefatigable; and in spite of 'the Duke of Montrose, Sir Islay Campbell, the College interest, and the late and present Provosts,' they by and by carried their point. The matter being thus arranged, Chalmers no longer hesitated. All his wishes had been on the side of the translation throughout; indeed, the very record which he committed to paper of the balancing of arguments in his own mind, shows that with him, as well as with most men, the pure ore of principle did not escape some slight intermixture of alloy. The letter also which he addressed to a Mr. Tennant of Glasgow, while as yet the issues of the contest were doubtful, will bear more than one interpretation. In form, it is a refusal 'to help on, by any declaration or step,' the result which his correspondent was seeking: in substance, it is as able a canvassing document as ever proceeded from the pen of one who is expected to say *Nolo episcopari;* and being widely circulated, it produced among the town-councillors the effect which, without doubt, it was expected to do. But conceding all this—allowing, as we think his best friends must do, that Chalmers could not but desire, on many accounts, to be removed to a wider sphere, it is past dispute that for

* Mr. Honey, the minister here alluded to, an old college friend of Chalmers, on an occasion of shipwreck off the coast at St. Andrew's, made his way, in the dead of winter, through a furious surf, and saved a whole sloop's crew; the exertion was too great for his strength, and a two years' decline ended in the good man's death.

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the people of Kilmany he entertained a sincere affection; his parting from them was a very painful duty to himself: to his poor parishioners it was the severance of their heart-strings.

Chalmers's first sermon in the Tron Church of Glasgow was delivered on the 30th of March, 1815. It riveted the attention of a crowded audience, and established at once the popularity of the preacher. More than one light spirit was then first reached, rebuked, and overawed. Week after week sustained and heightened the impression made. He soon won the hearts as well as the admiration of his new flock, and he never lost them. We can make no attempt to delineate in full his mode of life and course of labour during the eight years of his ministrations in this great city. But certain leading objects which he sought to accomplish, and the means which he devised of achieving them, stand quite apart from the ordinary tenor of a pastor's career, and must not be passed without some, however inadequate, notice.

Before Chalmers removed to Glasgow he was fully aware of the general state of feeling which pervaded that great mart of commerce, and of the parts which the Clergy were expected and accustomed to enact in society. The religious principle appears to have nearly lost itself in mere formalism. Most people, at least among the better orders, took their hebdomadal places in church —but as they were not drawn thither by any desire of spiritual edification, so the effects of these Sunday exercises were very little visible in their proceedings during the week. They bought and sold—schemed and speculated—ate, and drank, and slept—with characters which rose and fell according to their successes or mishaps in business. The Clergy were quite incapable of making head against this evil. Some of them had long laboured beyond both their strength and their means—and Dr. Hanna should not have omitted to say so distinctly: —but their numbers were totally inadequate, and many inconvenient, not to say bad, customs had been forced upon them by their parishioners. They were kept employed in matters which ought not to have been thrown upon them. As managing committee-men on almost all occasions of secular improvement they played a conspicuous part. No charitable scheme, whether public or private, could be carried on without them; and in such sewerage and scavenging as then occupied men's attention they were great. But in, it seems, the majority of the parishes even the routine visits of Minister and Elders had fallen into disuse — so that the poor were quite neglected, except when the pastor himself dispensed to them from his scanty revenue, or they came for their dole out of some benevolent fund. The more important parishes had so completely outgrown the educational arrangements made by the constitution

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tion of the Church, that a vast majority of the children of the working classes were growing up in worse than heathen ignorance. Meanwhile, the citizens—not content to throw the burthen of public business upon the pastors — insisted on their attendance at all symposia, whether public or private. No birthday dinner could be eaten, no civic feast occur, but that the city clergy must be present; and from the unbounded hospitalities of individuals the absence of the minister of the parish would have been considered as a personal slight. Men so situated could hardly find time either for private study, or the decent discharge of their official duties; and not a few, in utter weariness of heart and spirit, were found to have neglected both.

Before he quitted Kilmany, Chalmers expressed his determination to break through these customs at all hazards. He adhered to that determination. For a brief space, and with the single view of not giving offence, he accepted the invitations of his parishioners and opened his doors to their visits at all hours; but as soon as he could make the citizens understand that it was their good, and not his own, which he was seeking, he withdrew from the vortex of social intercourse, and never entered it again. He largely increased, instead of diminishing his own influence by the proceeding.

Again, after attending for a good while to every *secular* call, and sitting many an hour at a time in grave deliberation as to whether a gutter should be shut up or left open, he resolved to break loose from this species of thraldom in like manner, and he adopted a very original method of making his people aware of the fact. On the 13th of October, 1816, the Doctor—for he had now received that degree in Divinity from the Glasgow University — gave out as the text of his morning's discourse the words 'Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, Is it reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables?' This was followed by such a minute detail of the multiform exactions that were made upon the time of the ministers of Glasgow—of the calls to which they were subjected, within doors and without—the papers they were required to sign, the schedules to fill up—that curiosity soon grew into wonder, with a considerable tendency to the ridiculous. Nor will our readers be much surprised at the varied effect of a discourse which contained, among others equally peculiar, the following passage:—

'I have already said much of the interruption and the labour which the public charities of the place bring along with them; and yet I have not told you one half the amount of it. I have only insisted on that part of it which takes a minister from his house, and from

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from which the minister, at the expense of a little odium, can at all times protect himself, by the determinate habit of sitting immoveable under every call and every application. All that arrangement which takes a minister away from his house may be evaded—but how shall he be able to extricate himself from the besetting inconveniences of such an arrangement as gives to the whole population of a neighbourhood a constant and ever moving tendency towards the house of the minister? The patronage, with which I think it is his heavy misfortune to be encumbered, gives him a share in the disposal of innumerable vacancies, and each vacancy gives rise to innumerable candidates, and each candidate is sure to strengthen his chance of success by stirring up a whole round of acquaintances, who, in the various forms of written and of personal entreaty, discharge their wishes on the minister, in the shape of innumerable applications. It is fair to observe, however, that the turmoil of all this electioneering has its times and its seasons. It does not keep by him in the form of a steady monsoon—it comes upon him more in the semblance of a hurricane; and like the hurricanes of the atmosphere, it has its months of violence and its intervals of periodical cessation. I shall only say, that when it does come, the power of Contemplation takes to herself wings and flies away. She cannot live and flourish in the whirlwind of all that noise and confusion, by which her retreat is so boisterously agitated. She sickens and grows pale at every quivering of the household bell, and at every volley from the household door, by which the loud notes of impatience march along the passage, and force an impetuous announcement into every chamber of the dwelling place. She finds this to be too much for her. These rude and incessant visitations fatigue and exhaust her, and at length banish her entirely; nor will she suffer either force or flattery to detain her in a mansion invaded by the din of such turbulent and uncongenial elements.'

The discourse thus begun in the morning, was resumed and carried through in the same spirit of mixed irony and pathos in the afternoon, and it effected its purpose. From that day forth, Chalmers ceased to be at the beck and call of every applicant for the insertion of a name in the Town Hospital books; and meetings summoned to decide whether pork broth or ox-head should be administered in that admirable institution saw him no more. But Chalmers had cut out work for himself, and for others too, far more in the spirit of the calling to which he had devoted his energies.

We have spoken of the decay, both of ministerial and diaconal superintendence, among the poor of too many districts in Glasgow. Chalmers determined to revive both in the Tron parish. Attended by one of his Elders, he began in January 1816 a course of action which, on the most moderate computation, he perceived would require at least two years to render it complete. There were about twelve thousand souls within his bounds, and he determined

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mined to visit each family in its own domicile. It was a tremendous task, and could not have been got through at all, had he attempted more in the first instance than to address a few kindly words of inquiry and good will to the various households, as he stood on the threshold of each. 'Doctor,' said an old and pious widow, 'you will surely not leave me without offering up a prayer.' 'If I were to pray in every house I enter,' replied he good humouredly, 'it would take me ten years to get through the work'—and so with characteristic impetuosity he rushed from house to house, dragging a reluctant and very weary Elder after him. But he soon discovered that this method of proceeding would accomplish little. He bethought him of enlisting on the side of Christian benevolence the sympathies of a younger and less apathetic class of persons than had heretofore supplied elders to the Kirk in that city, and he succeeded. Having paved the way by a skilfully arranged speech, which he delivered at an anniversary meeting of the Glasgow Bible Society, he caused the names of certain parties, in whom he reposed confidence, to be proposed to the Kirk Session; and on the 20th of December, 1816, they were ordained to the eldership. On that occasion the Doctor delivered to them a charge, in which will be found embodied the leading principles of that scheme for the management of the parochial poor, of which we shall presently speak at some length. But it may be well if, ere going farther, we remind our southern readers of the nature and duties of the eldership in Scotland.

The Elder, sometimes confounded with the churchwarden and sidesman among ourselves, is quite different from both. He has no charge whatever of the fabric of the church, nor has he any control over the pews. His functions are partly spiritual, partly material. His ordination—for such is the term, and the hands of his pastor and the other elders are laid on his head at his induction—without conferring on him the character or authority of a minister, entitles him to visit from house to house, and to pray and read and expound the Scriptures with the inmates. Thus far he becomes a semi-spiritual person, while in his lay capacity he takes his turn to stand beside the plate into which the offertories of the congregation are thrown, and afterwards helps to distribute the alms so collected. 'Till Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow,' says Mr. David Stow, the able superintendent of the Training Institution for Schoolmasters, 'parochial Christian influence was a mere name; it was not systematic—it was not understood; there was not the machinery for the moral elevation of a town population. The people were let alone. Some of the elders of the Tron Church were excellent men, but their chief duty was to stand at the plate, receive the free-will offerings of the congregation

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tion as they entered, and distribute them to the poor by a monthly allowance. Their spiritual exertions were but small, and almost exclusively confined to a few of the sick.' Chalmers revised all this. He assigned to each of his young elders a district, and exhorted and charged him to look after it; and as the best spirit animated his hearers, a new light was not slow in breaking over some of the most benighted portions of the city. We strongly recommend to the consideration of our own London clergy whether or not a device analogous to that which Chalmers rendered so effectual might not by them be adopted. Far be it from us to undervalue the help that is rendered to religion by Scripture-readers and Ladies' Visiting Associations. In a great majority of cases we believe that Scripture-readers are sincere and pious men, and more than one instance occurs to us in which the poor have owed to such ministrants all that they ever knew of the Bible. But, as a class, the Scripture-readers are not fitted to acquire or permanently to exercise an influence over a parish for good. They are too much taken from an order in society which is little, if at all, raised above the humblest; their acquirements rarely enable them to go beyond the mere reading of the English text, and that sometimes imperfectly. Now we are humbly of opinion that if the co-operation of the laity is to be appealed to at all—and without the co-operation of the laity we confess that to us any continuous effort to Christianize society seems impossible — we must not rely upon hired agents taken from among the poor. Chalmers well says, 'I know of nothing which would tell more effectually in the way of humanizing our families than if so pure an intercourse were going on as an intercourse of piety between our men of reputable station on the one hand, and our men of labour and poverty on the other. I know of nothing which would serve more powerfully to bring and to harmonize into one firm system of social order the various classes of our community.' He thus expands his view:—

'I know not a finer exhibition, on the one hand, than the man of wealth acting the man of piety, and throwing the goodly adornment of Christian benevolence over the splendour of those civil distinctions which give a weight and a lustre to his name in society. I know not a more wholesome influence, on the other, than that which such a man must carry around him when he enters the habitations of the peasantry, and dignifies by his presence the people who occupy them, and talks with them as the heirs of one hope and of one immortality, and cheers, by the united power of religion and of sympathy, the very humblest of misfortune's generation, and convinces them of a real and longing affection after their best interests, and leaves them with the impression that here at least is one man who is our friend; that here at least is one proof that we are not altogether destitute of consideration amongst

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amongst our fellows; that here at least is one quarter on which our confidence may rest—aye, and amidst all the insignificance in which we lie buried from the observation of society, we are sure at least of one who, in the most exalted sense of the term, is ever ready to befriend us, and to look after us, and to care for us.'

There may be—there doubtless is—some poetic exaggeration in this picture, particularly if we compare it with the working of the visiting societies which are usual here in England, and with their results. But let us not forget that in a large majority of cases our visitors are not *men* of a better station;—and the question is—can *women* of pure minds and cultivated feelings be quite in their proper place among the slums and back alleys of the Seven Dials? They either never encounter at all the male portions of the households which they take under their charge, or else they suffer for it. But *men* could face the contaminations which in the beginning of such a career are sure to meet all who intrude into the haunts of misery and vice, and in the end—if earnest in the work—would root them out. Nor let us be told, in times so pregnant with change, that it is contrary to the spirit and constitution of the Church of England to secularize the office of the ministry. Is that office not secularized by the support which it derives from the labours of the Catechist and the Scripture-reader? Would it suffer more damage if we borrowed from the Kirk an institution which seems to unite in itself the functions of the Lay-visitor and the Scripture-reader, and, from the social position of the individuals on whom the duties would devolve, holds out the assurance that the work would be far better done? This is too grave a subject to be touched upon without much reflection: and we feel bound to express our conviction that the Church of England must either strengthen herself by increased reliance on the zeal of her lay-members, or — in spite of all her, as we think, unrivalled merits — she will be unable to maintain her position in the country, which, if she went to the wall, would inevitably undergo a root-and-branch revolution. She must, we say, take in the lay-strength that she might command, and not in one but in every possible way. Take, for example, the question which now so much agitates the clerical mind—the revival of synodical action. Is any person in holy orders so little informed of the state of public feeling as to suppose that the Houses of Convocation will ever be permitted to meet for the transaction of serious business so long as their Constitution shall remain as it now is? But give to it the modification which a judicious intermixture of the lay element would afford, and the whole bearings of the case are changed. We can perfectly understand the reluctance

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reluctance of the responsible servants of the Crown to submit its supremacy in causes spiritual to be canvassed by exclusive assemblies of clerks. As a body the clergy are not men of business, and their tenacity on points where the rights or privileges of their own order seem to be affected surpasses that of women. But let lay lords, in fair proportion, either nominated by the Crown or chosen, like the Scotch and Irish representative peers, by their own body, sit with the bishops, and lay-commoners co-operate with clerks in the House of Proctors, and the objections of those whose duty it is to be jealous of the prerogatives of the Crown would—or ought to—fall to the ground. In fact, some arrangement of this sort appears to be quite as much due to the dignity of the Crown as to the rights of the Church; for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and the measure of Roman-Catholic Emancipation entirely changed the position in which both Church and Crown had previously stood towards the legislature. So long as it was necessary, to entitle him to a seat in either House of Parliament, that a man should at least profess to be in communion with one or other of the established Churches, both Crown and Church had all the security against unjust laws in the government of the latter which they could reasonably desire. But now, when all religious tests are abolished, it seems not only equitable, but necessary, that, as far at least as questions of doctrine and discipline are concerned, the Church, subject to the Crown's approval, should legislate for herself. *The Church*, however, has another and higher sense than the common application of the term It is one thing to give to *the Church* a right to legislate on these heads; it is quite another to commit the power exclusively to her Clergy; and the clergy will do well if they take the earliest opportunity of proving that the former is the object which they seek in the agitation now going forward.*

And so, we are inclined to say, it would be both just and politic to act in all arrangements subordinate to the highest. Why might not every diocese have its synod, every archdeaconry its sub-synod, and every parish its court of session—the decisions of each court being subject to an appeal to the court above—all ultimately looking to Convocation and the Crown? We venture to assert that the revival of a system of action like this, which is

* We cannot pretend to discuss, incidentally, a question so important as is involved in the revival of Convocation. But on one head our mind is quite made up. A convocation which should meet when Parliament met, and continue sitting while Parliament sits, would destroy any church in the world in one session. The field of labour is too limited; and when men invested with certain powers meet day after day, having no real business to transact, they seldom fail to make business to their own and the public hurt.—If ever Convocation is to be called into active life again, it must be in a new form; and as a body which shall meet not regularly, but on such occasions only as may demand the grave consideration of the Church.

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entirely consonant with the usages of the third and fourth centuries, would do more to attach the laity of England to the church of their fathers than all the efforts of all Tractarians, whether High Church or Low Church, put together; and we further believe that the work of the ministry itself would be done with ten-fold greater effect, because, in every sidesman or elder, chosen on account of his piety and moral worth, the clergyman would find a zealous and intelligent co-operator.

Chalmers's next step was to establish Sunday-schools for the hitherto neglected children of the poor. And here again he looked about for earnest volunteers, who soon gathered round him in sufficient numbers. He divided the parish into districts, and, hiring a room in each, he opened it for school purposes, and placed it under the general superintendence of one of his unpaid teachers. The districts varied in size according to the condition of the inhabitants, some comprehended only single *closes*, others ranging over several streets:—but the schools were all conducted on the same principle. No young person was admitted unless he were able to read the Bible with tolerable fluency. Thus the disheartening labour of teaching the alphabet was spared, and the opportunity afforded of at once entering upon the sense and purpose of the Scriptures, and the institution of the Christian scheme. It was the custom of the Society to hold periodical meetings, when results and methods were compared. At the end of two years 1200 young persons appeared regularly and cheerfully in these district Sunday-schools, where with excellent discipline the greatest kindness was shown to them; and it was the more valued that it never came in the shape of gifts, prizes, or even of medals. Another most important link was thus formed between the people and their pastor, for the voluntary teachers were soon invited to act as assistants to the elders. They visited the parents of the children, and the benefit to all parties was immense.

Notwithstanding Chalmers's now unrivalled reputation and authority in the place, his schemes found no immediate favour among the wealthier even of his own parishioners. These took occasion to signify their aversion to a new and systematic interference with the proper domestic culture of the young. A good deal was said, too, about requiring the laity to undertake the duties of the clergy, and a general spread of fanaticism was predicted as the inevitable consequence of the effort, should it succeed. Chalmers encountered this hostility in his own way. He delivered from his pulpit such a vigorous defence that at all events the mouth of the reprover was shut. The work went on, and its beneficial results were ere long patent and undeniable.

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The fame of these proceedings was not confined to Glasgow. Chalmers's reputation had by this time risen to a pitch beyond that which had ever before been reached by any Presbyterian minister in Scotland. Neither his parochial visitations nor the Sunday-schools interfered with the growth of his eloquence, or with his appeals to the press. There was a custom in Glasgow which imposed upon the clergy the duty of preaching by turns in the Tron church on Thursday. Chalmers entered into it heartily, and there delivered the Astronomical Sermons which were collected and published in 1817. Crowds went to hear him. Merchants and clerks deserted their desks—students in the college absented themselves from their classes—operatives quitted their looms—that they might listen to one who spoke so eloquently of the wonders of Creation. It happened that at this time the principal charge in the collegiate church of Stirling became vacant, and the Magistrates offered it to Chalmers. His acceptance would have at once added considerably to his income, and relieved him from a pressure of labour which already began to overburthen him; but he unhesitatingly declined. He believed that there was a peculiar line of duty chalked out for him, and he would not abandon it.

It was at this period that for the third time he visited London. On former occasions he had come and gone unnoticed, save by a few private friends; but now it was a very different case. His Astronomical Sermons had been read by all the leading wits of the day. Canning was in raptures—Sir James Mackintosh full of them. Bobus Smith—*frater haud impar* of the immortal Sydney—permitted himself to be carried away with the stream. Besides these, Wilberforce, Romilly, Huskisson, Lord Binning, Lord Elgin, Lord Harrowby, and many more of rank and influence, forthwith sought him out. They formed part of his congregation wherever he preached, and vied with one another in their anxiety to do him honour in society. If the balance of a judgment so beset did lean for a moment to one side, who will wonder? Yet there is nothing to show that any lasting impression was made upon the character of the man. He never ceased to be the same impetuous, enthusiastic, earnest—perhaps vain yet simple-minded—person, that he had been from the hour when study, in the anticipation of sudden death, fairly awoke the religious principle within him.

The management of the poor had long been to Chalmers a favourite object of inquiry; and in 1817, after his return from London, he undertook to write an article on it for the Edinburgh Review. In this eloquent though somewhat verbose performance there were abundant traces of that perplexity of

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of ideas into which a hasty devouring of blue-books had thrown him. Out of chaos, however, arises order; and Chalmers, after unmitigated abuse of the English poor-law system, sat down to devise some expedient of his own by which pauperism might be met independently of all compulsory rating whatever. This affair constitutes another marking feature in his career.

Though the law of Scotland, like that of England, had always recognised the right of the destitute to be supported, the practice of levying rates for the purpose was, in 1818, so nearly ignored in practice, that except among the border districts, where the influence of English example told, not twenty country parishes acted upon it. Voluntary contributions at the church doors made up the ordinary fund out of which relief was supplied. Where the population was scanty, this system of parochial management worked well. Individuals might, and often did, suffer great privations; but the spirit of independence was kept alive; and while the assessed parishes of England were paying on an average about 1000*l.* annually for the maintenance of the poor in every 1000, in the unassessed parishes of Scotland the expenditure never rose above 50*l.*, and often fell as low as 10*l.*

This was the case in rural districts, and it sufficed; in crowded towns, except where valuable *mortifications* supplied the gap, assessment had been found unavoidably necessary.

In Glasgow, although the indigent were required to apply to the elders of their districts, it did not rest with the elders to grant relief. All that even a particular Kirk Session could do was to place the name on its own poor-roll, and present this monthly to the committee of the Town Hospital. The collections at the church doors, as well as the proceeds of the assessments, were all handed over to this Hospital, which thus became the general almoner for the city. It was not likely that, under such a system, any great pains should be taken to inquire into the cases of individuals, who did not become chargeable so much to their own parishes as to the town at large; and fresh names were the more readily taken on the roll, that in exact proportion to the growth of pauperism in any particular district, the fund placed at the disposal of the Kirk Session became relieved; for it was part of this anomalous system that the proceeds of the compulsory rate were applied only where the Kirk Session made it appear that the poor had outrun the extent of the voluntary collections.

'We know not,' says Chalmers, 'how it was possible to devise a more likely arrangement for lulling the vigilance of those who stood at the outposts. To station one body of men at the entrance of pauperism, and burden them only with the lighter expenses of its outset, from which they have a sure prospect of being relieved by another

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another body of men, who stand charged with the trouble and expense of its finished maturity, there could scarcely have been set a going a more mischievous process of acceleration towards all the miseries and corruptions which are attendant on the overgrown charity of England.'

It had come to be Chalmers's fixed opinion that neither in town nor in country can *ordinary* pauperism ever get ahead of the wise distribution of voluntary alms. But then, to accomplish this, he explained that town parishes must be subdivided, that more churches must be built, and that to each Kirk Session must be left the uncontrolled disposal of its own funds. He had returned but a short time from London when, as a step preliminary to all others, he began to agitate strenuously for a large increase of churches.

Preaching and publishing, and addressing public meetings and private circles continually, at last he so far prevailed, that to a new church, already in progress, the city authorities agreed to annex a distinct population, and to leave the entire management of pauperism, as well as in educational things, to the minister and kirk-session. An offer of this new charge—the parish of St. John—followed as a matter of course; and the terms on which he accepted it are clearly explained in a letter to the Provost.

After dwelling on the necessity for a strict enforcement of the law of residence as between the new parish and the others in the city, so that there might be no intrusion or confusion of paupers, he thus guards the expression of his confidence in the adequacy of a body of elders to provide, from the voluntary alms of the people in a parish, for all legitimate claimants:—

'I beg to be distinctly understood that I do not consider the revenue of the kirk session to be at all applicable to those extraordinary cases which are produced by any sudden and unlooked-for depression in the state of our manufactures. Nor, if ever there shall be a call for pecuniary aid on this ground, do I undertake to provide for it out of our ordinary means, but will either meet it by a parochial subscription, or by taking a full share of any such general measure as may be thought expedient. Your lordship will not fail to observe that if the new cases of pauperism accumulate upon us at the rate at which they have done formerly they would soon overtake our present collections. And yet my confidence in a successful result is not at all founded on the expected magnitude of my future collections, but upon the care with which the distribution will be conducted,—a care and an attention which I despair of ever being able to stimulate effectually, till I obtain an arrangement by which my session shall be left to square its own separate expenditure by its own separate and peculiar resources. At the same time I can also, with such an arrangement, stimulate more effectually than before the liberality of my congregation; and with this two-fold advantage. I am hopeful, not merely of being able to overtake the

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the whole pauperism of St. John's, but of leaving a large surplus applicable to other objects. What I propose to do with the surplus is, to apply it, as we are able, to the erection and endowment of parochial schools, for the purpose of meeting our people, not with gratuitous education, but with good education, on the same terms at which it is had in country parishes.'

Chalmers wrote this letter on the 3rd of August, 1819. On the 9th, having withdrawn, for relaxation and sea air, into Fife, he received a communication from Sir George Mackenzie and Dr. Brewster, entreating him to allow his name to be introduced into the list of candidates for the chair of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, just rendered vacant by the death of Playfair. This was a sore temptation; for amidst all his triumphs as a preacher, author, and political economist, Chalmers had never been able to wean himself from the desire of finally reaching the position of professor in one of the universities. But he resisted it manfully, and used the opportunity as means whereby his views, in regard to the management of St. John's parish, might more strenuously be enforced. He had still many difficulties to surmount — many mortifications to suffer—but in the end he prevailed. On the 26th of August he preached his first sermon in St. John's church, as minister of that parish.

Of the success which attended his scheme during the three years and a half that he superintended it, there can be no question. The population amounted to 10,000 souls. The expenditure on the poor, when he entered upon his ministration, including sessional relief and relief from the town hospital, did not fall short of 1400*l.* He took all the sessional poor in hand at an annual outlay of 190*l.*; all the town hospital pensioners for 90*l.*; and reduced the general expenditure to 280*l.* per annum. But his collections at the church door never fell short of 480*l.*, so that he had a fund at his disposal, amounting annually to 200*l.*, wherewith to execute his more general purposes for the benefit of the parish. The liberality of his people seemed to expand in proportion as the views of their pastor triumphed. After endowing a parochial school to the extent of 500*l.*, the session of St. John's still retained in hand a balance of 800*l.*, which had flowed in from various sources, and was rendered applicable to every conceivable emergency. But the grand result unfortunately confirmed an opinion, which had been expressed with unnecessary acrimony during the progress of the experiment, that as only Chalmers could have set such a machine in motion, so no hand except his own would ever be able to keep it in work. The truth is, that he had by this time gained such a perfect ascendency over the minds of a little knot of devoted admirers, that there was no amount

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amount of personal exertion which they hesitated to undergo at his bidding. Chalmers's system is, we doubt not, too familiar to the recollections of the great majority of our readers to render a minute description necessary here. Its chief merit lay in a wise distribution of labour, and the exercise of untiring vigilance on the part of agents, who, having each a limited district to superintend, soon made themselves acquainted with the real condition of its inhabitants. But they were agents of a sort which nothing less than devotion to an individual, rather than to a cause, ever brings into play. And it is very certain that long before he withdrew from the field Chalmers himself had begun to doubt whether, in the face of a constantly growing population, the struggle could be permanently sustained. At all events, the fact is indisputable, that his departure was followed by so strong a tendency to collapse, that after a few years of sickly existence the child of his proudest affections died.

Meanwhile, the success which attended his early endeavours inspired him with an earnest desire to bring over the legislature and the people, in both sections of the United Kingdom, to his opinions. He therefore entered into correspondence with all the Poor Law Reformers of the day. He made a tour of England for the express purpose of visiting its workhouses, and examining on the spot the plan by which individual parishes managed their poor. Wherever he came he was a welcome guest, whether in the castle or the parsonage. In London his reception was, if possible, more cordial than in 1817, and he added many estimable names to the list of his friends. But the result was not so decisive as he expected. Even Malthus, though he heartily agreed in condemning the lavish distribution of relief, and the whole theory on which it rested, could not be brought to believe that the St. John's system would be found sufficient for the general requirements of Britain.

The reader will perceive that for some time back our sketch has been rather of the public than of the private life of Chalmers. We have taken no notice, for example, of the interesting communications which he kept up with more than one religious patient, particularly with a Mr. Thomas Smith, a young man who sought and found in him a guide to peace and a lively faith before he died. Neither have we paused upon the epistolary intercourse between him and Wilberforce, Clarkson, and other philanthropists. Besides his astronomical sermons, he had now published two series of Parochial Discourses, of which the circulation was most extraordinary. He was in the midst of his papers on 'The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns' when George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, and he on that occasion

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occasion was received in a distinguished manner at the King's levee. He had watched beside his father's dying bed, and laid the head of the old man reverently in the grave, and his journal shows that there was present to him at all times, and under every change of circumstance, a deep sense of God's love and of his own responsibility and waywardness. At last a prospect of comparative repose was presented to him. The parish of St. John's grew too large; he was pressed by the heritors to accept an assistant, and made choice of the afterwards celebrated Edward Irving. But all would not do. An additional church became absolutely necessary, and he found it impossible to effect that purpose except as a mercantile speculation. It was very painful to him to issue a prospectus wherein the building of the church was proposed to be undertaken by shareholders of 100*l.* apiece; and still more bitter was his disappointment when, after the edifice arose, neither argument nor entreaty could prevail upon the authorities to allow it the same privileges which had been conceded to the new parish of St. John's. It became, in fact, a chapel of ease, with a minister standing towards the incumbent of St. John's in the same position in which Chalmers formerly stood towards the Town Hospital. His whole theory of pauper management was thus struck at, and the tie that bound him to Glasgow snapped asunder.

In February, 1817, Chalmers had refused the invitation of the magistracy of Stirling to remove thither. In January, 1822, he had declined, in like manner, the offer of a church in Edinburgh; but when, in November of the same year, a proposal was made to him to accept the chair of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's, a different feeling was stirred. He knew that rest from parochial toil was become necessary. He met Principal Nicoll in Edinburgh, and finding that the best spirit towards him prevailed within the walls of the college, he consented to be put in nomination. On the 18th of January, 1823, he was unanimously elected, and at once, and without consultation with any one, accepted the appointment.

The removal of Chalmers to St. Andrew's gave a complete change to the colour of his existence. He seemed, during his last year at Glasgow, to be filling up by redoubled exertion the measure of his usefulness as a minister; and the solemn manner in which he bade farewell to his deacons, his Sunday-school teachers, his Kirk session, and the members of his congregation generally, will not be forgotten so long as any member of the latter body survives. We find him, henceforth, besides ably conducting the business of his class, laying himself out to take a part in church politics, without however relaxing in his endeavours to recommend to general adoption his own theory of pauper

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management. But his labour was now with the head only; and, being voluntary, it was incessant. He soon became a prodigious favourite with his pupils, whom he treated at all times with the most generous confidence. He did not get on quite so well in the Senatus Academicus.

The year 1824 found the Rev. Doctor sitting in the General Assembly, as Elder for the borough of Anstruther. He had long ere this thrown the weight of his influence out of doors into the scale of the evangelical party. On the present occasion he spoke and voted to sustain a decision of the presbytery of Glasgow against the admission of Principal Macfarlane to the High Church in that city—which living had usually been held by his predecessors in the academical dignity. The distinguished presentee triumphed by a large majority of votes; but the general course of the debate had no tendency to impress the defeated section of the house with any overwhelming sense of their weakness. They determined to persevere in a general attack upon pluralities as a principle, and accordingly, in the session of 1825, the question was resumed with vigour, and lost by a majority of twenty-six only. This was somewhat ominous of greater things to come. Yet, as far as our present purpose is concerned, perhaps the most striking incident in the debate was a little skirmish between Chalmers and one of the speakers on the opposite side. The latter—Dr. Hanna does not give his name—closed his address by quoting from an anonymous pamphlet a statement to the effect, that 'after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure, for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage.' All eyes were instantly turned upon Chalmers. But the doctor was nothing abashed. Having risen to speak to some other part of the question, he embraced the opportunity manfully to declare that they were his words which the adversary was quoting. 'Verily,' continued he, 'I believed that my unfortunate pamphlet had long ere now descended into the tomb of merited oblivion. But since that gentleman has brought it forward in the face of this house, I can assure him that I feel grateful.' He then referred to the early blasphemies and contrite end of Lord Rochester, and, acknowledging that his was a position analogous, in some measure, to that of the penitent wit, he concluded in these words:—

'I now confess myself to have been guilty of a heinous crime, and stand a repentant culprit before the bar of this venerable house. I was at that time more devoted to mathematics than to the literature of my profession; and feeling grieved and indignant at what I conceived an undue

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undue reflection on the abilities and education of our clergy, I came forward with that pamphlet to rescue them from what I deemed an unmerited reproach, by maintaining that a devoted and exclusive attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant to the proper habits of a clergyman. Alas, sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in saying that the sentiment was wrong, and that in the utterance of it I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude, and the proportions of magnitude! But then, sir, I had forgotten *two magnitudes*. I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity.'

The line which Chalmers henceforth took up was that of a reformer of abuses in the church and in the university system of Scotland. He urged the General Assembly to pass a law whereby better attendance at the Divinity Hall should be required of candidates for the ministry. He combated pluralities, and after long delay carried his point. But his great aim was to multiply churches and ministers, and to render each independent of all the rest, as well in civil as in ecclesiastical affairs. His success in collecting subscriptions was very great. So early as 1827 funds were provided for building twenty new churches in Glasgow alone. But neither would the heritors recommend nor the Civil Courts allow the assignment to each of a separate district and jurisdiction, so that the multiplication was of chapels of ease only, of which the incumbents derived their incomes entirely from pew-rents, and were not, as respected membership in Church Courts, admitted to the status of parish ministers. The consequences were unfortunate.

By the old law of Scotland the right of presentation to chapels of ease was secured to the patrons of parishes within which they might be built. Once, and once only, this law had been set aside, when Government agreed to build and endow chapels in the Highlands, on condition that the Crown should have the patronage of them. But on the present occasion it was judged inexpedient to expend any portion of the public money in church-building, and the Crown could have no pretence whatever for interfering with the rights of parochial patrons. The party with which Chalmers acted took advantage of this short-sighted policy, and abused it. They raised a cry that it would be impossible to collect funds, unless some voice in the choice of ministers were given to the parties subscribing; and they succeeded in carrying an Act of Assembly, whereby the patronage of chapels of ease was vested in a majority of pew-renters. No arrangement could have been more specious in appearance, or more pregnant with mischief. It introduced every possible element of discord into the Church; for between

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two functionaries placed in the same district, under circumstances so different, and with powers so unequal, no sympathy could arise. The presentee, strong in his position as member of a Church Court, could hardly fail of seeing in the elected of the people an inferior and a rival. The elected of the people was prone to pay back the pride, real or imagined, of the presentee, with interest. The one affected to despise, the other courted, the applause of the people. The one became a stickler for Church laws as they were—and especially for the established doctrine as to the rights of patrons;—the other hated both, and did his best to bring them into general discredit.

Whatever might be the case in other quarters, by Chalmers neither the evils of which we are now speaking, nor the obvious results to which they opened a way, appear to have been observed. He saw nothing in the new law, except a means of multiplying places of worship throughout the land, and accepted cheerfully the laborious office of Convener to the Committee of Church Accommodation which the Assembly proceeded to appoint. But he had other matters to trouble him.

Among many grounds of difference between his colleagues in St. Andrew's and himself, two deserve some notice. The first affected the attendance of students at St. Leonard's — the old Church of the University; the second turned upon a practice of no older date than 1784, under which certain funds, originally applied to building purposes, were divided once a year by the professors among themselves. Chalmers desired, in the former case, to get rid of an ancient statute, and to leave the young men free to worship wherever they chose. In the other he entertained such serious doubts of the propriety of late arrangements, that he declined accepting his dividend when audit-day came round. There was much heart-burning on both subjects, as may be supposed. But perhaps what he most especially rendered himself distasteful by was the zeal with which, after a brief sojourn, he threw himself into the work of creating a deeper religious feeling in the place. He opened his parlour every Sunday evening to the students of the Moral Philosophy Class, to whom he read and explained the Scriptures. He put himself at the head of a Missionary Society, into which a large number of the students from all the classes entered. Great alarm was expressed lest a spirit of fanaticism should be evoked, which might work more of evil than of good to the Established Church; and the Magnates of the University refused so much as to grant the use of the College Hall for the Society's meetings. It is but fair to add that though dissatisfied to the last with the line which he had taken in regard to Church attendance and the Candlemas dividend, he

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many of his brother professors fell in by degrees with his views on the subject of Christian instruction to the poor of St. Andrew's and the University Missionary Society. Some even worked with him.

Meanwhile the papers on the Christian and Civic Economy of large towns were continued. A third volume appeared in 1826; and in the spring of the following year he received a pressing offer of the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the new University of Gower-street. We should have been better pleased, for his own sake, had Chalmers's reply contained a somewhat more decided refusal than it does. It is not agreeable to find one so earnest in his personal conviction that there can be no sound foundation for a moral life except in the faith of Christianity, coquetting, so to speak, with a body which openly, and without disguise, professed to act upon a principle diametrically the reverse. But this was Chalmers's weakness. He lacked the moral courage which enables men to speak the truth plainly and without disguise in all situations, and so he left the London University in doubt whether he regarded the omission of a theological course from their scheme as a defect or an excellency. But if he did not sternly reject, he, at all events, evaded the offer, and the project fell to the ground.

It was a peculiarity of Chalmers that, let his occupations be what they might, he always managed to have time enough for travel. In 1826 he revisited London, where his former assistant, Mr. Irving, was rising into fame—and, among other novelties, made the acquaintance of Coleridge. The conversation of that wonderful man seems to have had no charms for him; and of Irving he now took the just dimensions. In 1827 he made a trip to Ireland, and was greeted on his return with the unsolicited offer of the valuable Crown living of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. But, though he declined a parochial charge, he could not bring himself to refuse the Professorship of Divinity, to which the town-council of Edinburgh unanimously elected him. Certainly, one of the first notices which we find in his journal, subsequent to his nomination to that office, does not speak in very decisive language of his own fitness to discharge the weighty duties connected with it. 'November 9.—Have begun to read a little of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew each day.' A Professor of Divinity who begins with getting up daily a lesson in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, must find himself sorely beset when in the course of his lectures some difficulty, not to be solved without critical skill, happens to arise. But Chalmers trusted, perhaps, as much to the want of scholarship in his auditors as to his own genius; and we never heard that his method of conducting the important

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important class over which he was called thus suddenly to preside failed to give satisfaction.

By this time the political current had set in at head-quarters in the drift which it still continues to follow—having at last brought us to a point beyond which sincere friends of the monarchy scarcely venture to look. In 1828 the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, and in 1829 the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill passed into law. Chalmers was favourable to both arrangements, and resisted, in the General Assembly, the motion to petition against them. But to the next move in the same course—the Reform Bill of 1830—he offered all the resistance in his power. Meanwhile, however, between the triumph of the Duke and the breaking up of his administration, Chalmers was called to London, in order that he might be examined before the Committee on the Poor Laws, of which Mr. Spring Rice, now Lord Monteagle, was chairman. As usual, he mixed in the very best society—the great in intellect as well as in station vying with each other to show him kindness. It was on this occasion that George IV., on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, was pleased to mark his sense of the merits and services of the great Presbyterian divine, by nominating him to be one of his Majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland.

We find Chalmers appointed in 1832 to the honourable office of Moderator to the General Assembly. By this time the Reform Bill had become the law of the land, and a large party in Scotland, rendered giddy by that success, began eagerly to press for more. And as the Scotch either are or profess to be as much moved at all times by religious as by political considerations, first the law of patronage and then the connexion between Church and State became frequent objects of attack. By and by the assailants, cheered by all the signs of the times, grew more bold; and a society for bringing about the dissolution of all religious establishments was formed. It had no more decided enemy than the Moderator. He well knew, and had often taught, that, however judicious it may be to throw individuals on their own voluntary exertions for the supply of wants of which the pressure is direct, it is both injudicious and morally wrong to leave the religious training of a nation to private care. For in exact proportion to the extremity of their need, men neglect religious instruction, so that, in every state where the system of voluntaryism prevails, it is by the few who stand comparatively in little need of pastoral superintendence, not by the corrupt many, that the ministers of religion are supported. Chalmers was, therefore, a strenuous advocate for the maintenance, wherever it still existed, of an Established Church, and for the setting up of one wherever it was wanting. But, either because he had

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had already gone too far with those who were helping him in his great church-building schemes, or that the constitution of his mind was so illogical as to be unable to follow premises to their obvious conclusion, he hesitated to resist the movement which began thus early and undisguisedly to be made towards the overthrow of the rights of patronage in his own Church. We think a letter of February 1833 shows that he was not without some misgivings. It was in answer to certain questions put by Mr. Grant, now Lord Glenelg:—

'I should deprecate any specific legislation on the subject of patronage—and am disposed to regret that the Lord Advocate did not give his consent to a special committee for taking it into consideration. This is the only practical measure which I would venture to suggest; and I do think that by this means the Legislature may attain to a solid and comprehensive view of the question in all its bearings—which would be much facilitated by the testimony of many of our clergymen, who, I know, are bestowing their anxious thoughts upon the subject. However patronage is to be modified, there is one principle which I think the Church ought to abide by, and that is its own ultimate power of deciding (even after a presentation is laid upon the table) whether, viewing all the circumstances of the case, it is for the Christian good of the population of that parish that the presentation should be sustained. The concurrence of the Ecclesiastical Court has been too much lost sight of for half a century as an indispensable element for the validity of every induction.'

The principle here laid down is perfectly sound and just. Before conferring the sacred character, the functionary, or Court, which alone has authority to do so, ought to be fully satisfied of the eligibility of the candidate in all that relates to moral worth, soundness of faith, and competent scholarship. But is it quite easy, when dealing with a society constituted like the Church of Scotland, to say wherein this sacredness of character consists, or to determine exactly to what court or functionary the right of conferring it belongs? Neither in theory nor in practice is the institution of a priesthood recognized in the Kirk. She has her ministers, and all men style them Reverends; indeed a few, such as the Deans of the Chapel Royal and the Principals of Universities, are called Very Reverends—and the Moderator of the General Assembly is, we believe, addressed as Right Reverend. But still we must respectfully ask what is it that confers upon a layman his status as a minister of the Established Church? Certainly not the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery *per se*—for the Presbytery has no power to lay on hands except upon conditions; but the admission of the individual to a benefice, with cure of souls attached, which begins with presentation, is carried on by trials, and consummated, and nothing more, by what, in the

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the language of the Kirk, is called ordination. On the other hand, the Church of England, the old Episcopal Church in Scotland, the Episcopal Churches of the United States, of India, and of the British colonies, all recognise the existence of a priesthood, which stands quite apart, in itself, from either the possession of a benefice or a cure of souls. The sacred character belonging to it is conferred only by the laying on of the bishop's hands; and, except by sentence of a church court, can never be erased. In practice our English bishops, before they ordain, require their candidates to exhibit what is called a title; and the reason is, that a bishop ordaining without a title is bound to maintain his poor deacons or priests till they shall be otherwise provided for. But the title has nothing whatever to do with the conferring of holy orders, which in the colonial churches are conferred every day, as they may be conferred at any moment in our own church, on persons who neither have nor ever expect to obtain any legal cure or benefice whatever.

Again, though it be perfectly true that with us the Bishop is entitled, and by the Canons required, not to admit to a benefice within his diocese any priest of the soundness of whose doctrine or the purity of whose life there is cause to doubt, it is not pretended either that the granting of letters of induction or the withholding such letters affects in any way the spiritual character of the presentee. The presentee was an ordained minister when he came before his diocesan with the deed of presentation in his hand. He continues to be an ordained minister, whether the diocesan agree to complete the deed by granting letters of induction, or refuse them. But the Bishop, if he refuse, must be prepared to assign his reasons, and to have their validity tested before a higher tribunal; for the right to present to a benefice is a civil right, of which the law is justly jealous: it must not be barred except upon grounds which shall bear the closest investigation. The particular court to which in England this right of supervision is entrusted, may or may not be appropriate in its constitution. That is a question with which at present we have nothing to do. But that some such court is necessary, no thinking man can doubt, any more than he will be persuaded that it interferes, or can interfere, with the *spiritual authority* of the Bishop in the proper acceptation of that term. In Scotland the case is quite otherwise. There presentation is as much an ingredient in the composition of the sacred character as ordination. The Presbytery cannot ordain without it. If it refuse to ordain, having no reasonable ground of refusal, it interferes at once with an important civil right, and throws back the rejected presentee on his status as a layman.

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But the views of the party which was now carrying Chalmers along with it went far beyond the mere negation to the clergy of a priestly character. At the best, the minister of a Scottish parish is but the moral and religious teacher of his people. His Church can see no mystery in her sacraments, and recognises no divine authority in any particular class of men to dispense them. With strange inconsistency she declaims about sacred things and the keys; yet holds up to ridicule the idea of an 'Apostolical Succession.' The business of her *office-bearers* is to preach, and one of the main purposes for which Presbyteries, Synods, and the General Assembly exist, is to take care that both the preaching and the lives of these gentlemen shall edify the congregations committed to their charge. Hence at all stages in her existence the Church of Scotland has invited her lay members to object, if they see reason, to presentees before they shall be ordained to particular parishes—and we believe that there is not on record an instance of an obnoxious presentee having been forced by the civil power upon a parish after his case has been fairly tried before the Presbytery and judgment given against him. But the demand of the party—now identified with the word *Veto*—was, not that the parishioners should have the right of objecting to a presentee, assigning the reasons, and leaving the Presbytery to decide upon them; but that the bare refusal of a majority to accept an individual as their pastor should constrain the Presbytery, no questions being asked, to reject him. This sufficiently provided for the work of obstruction. What was to follow? Were the people, after rejecting the patron's candidate, to name one of their own—and was the Presbytery bound to accept *him* as they had rejected his predecessor? This would throw all power, spiritual as well as secular, into the hands of the laity; for ordination granted on compulsion is the work not of the party ordaining, but of the party compelling to ordain. Thus the minister would avowedly, as well as virtually, take rank with any other lecturer chosen by a voluntary association to instruct them. Or was the ancient law of lapse to hold good, and, the patron's nominee being kept at bay beyond the legal time, was the right of presentation to devolve upon the Presbytery or the General Assembly? Here we have as complete a revolution effected in the management of the secular affairs of a church as ever was sought and carried through by the Bishop of Rome in the most rampant days of popery. It appears to us that from this dilemma, as we have just stated it, there is no escape; and that Chalmers was not wholly blind to the nature of the difficulty in which his more wily allies by little and little involved him, there is ample proof even in the narrative of Dr. Hanna.

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We are far from disputing that there had often appeared a most blameworthy absence, among the patrons of Scottish benefices, of due regard to the spiritual wants of the people in the nomination of ministers. Both there and here the abuse of church patronage was great—and the Evangelical party in the Kirk would have deserved the gratitude of the nation had they striven to correct an evil which cannot long hold out against the weight of public opinion honestly applied. Indeed this was manifestly the desire of Chalmers in 1833, when, a few days before the Assembly met, he called a number of influential clergymen and elders together for deliberation. 'His suggestion,' says Dr. Hanna, 'was, that without resorting to its legislative, the Church should employ its judicial authority in effecting purer appointments. It had been by a series of individual decisions that *the call* had been reduced to a nullity: by a series of opposite decisions let it be restored to significance.' In other words:—the people, discouraged by the contemptuous treatment awarded to their objections, have ceased to inquire into the characters or to attend to the trial discourses of the gentlemen nominated by patrons to minister among them. Let the Church reassert her legitimate authority, calling upon her lay members to offer objections—wherever there shall seem to be ground—and by giving to such objections all the weight which they may deserve; but as to attempting, by any legislative proceedings in the Assembly, to over-ride the Acts of Parliament which secure to patrons their rights, the Church will act at once unwisely and unlawfully if she adventure on anything of the sort.—It would have been well for the Kirk, as well as for the lasting reputation of one of her brightest ornaments, had Chalmers possessed moral courage enough to adhere to this decision.

Whether he put forth the whole of his powers in pressing the adoption of these views upon his friends we cannot tell. It is certain that they were not adopted, and that he himself—strange to say—was prevailed upon to take the lead in proposing to this very Assembly of 1833, a resolution materially opposed to them. But still, Dr. Chalmers's resolution (which Dr. Hanna, for reasons best known to himself, has not reprinted even in an appendix) breathed a spirit very different from that which pervades the famous Veto Act of 1834. It appears also that it was not concocted without the advice and assistance of Mr. (now Lord) Cockburn—then Solicitor-General for Scotland under Lord Melbourne's Government—and that the Government was willing to purchase a little passing popularity, even if the price should be the entanglement of the Church of Scotland in very serious difficulties. What Dr. Hanna has omitted we

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we shall take the liberty to supply. Here is Chalmers's resolution:—

'That the General Assembly, having maturely weighed and considered the overtures now before them, do find and declare that it is, and has ever been since the Reformation, a fixed principle in the law of the Church, that no minister shall be intruded into any pastoral charge contrary to the will of the congregation; and considering that *doubts and misapprehensions* have existed on this important subject, whereby the just and salutary operation of the said principle has been impeded, and in many cases defeated, the General Assembly further declare it to be *their opinion* that the dissent of a majority of the male heads of families resident within the parish, being members of the congregation and *in communion with the Church at least two years previous to the day of moderation*—whether such dissent shall be expressed with or without the assignment of reasons—ought to be of conclusive effect in setting aside the presentee (under the patron's nomination) *save and except where it is clearly established by the patron, presentee, or any of the minority*, that the said dissent is founded in corrupt and malicious combination, or *not truly founded in any objection personal to the presentee in regard to his ministerial gifts or qualifications, either in general or with reference to that particular parish*; and in order that this declaration may be carried into full effect, that a committee shall be appointed to prepare the best measures for carrying it into effect accordingly, and to report to the next General Assembly.'

By this proposition the Assembly was requested to express an opinion upon a particular case, and to devise means of meeting a particular difficulty; but it neither placed the patron at the mercy of a mob, nor denied the right of the Presbytery to determine on the qualification of a candidate for the ministry. Now this is a very different thing from decreeing and determining that such and such a course shall hereafter be followed, and that any deviation from it on the part of the Presbyteries shall be visited with Church censures. Compare with it 'The Overture and Interim Act on Calls,' proposed and carried by Lord Moncrieff next year in an Assembly of which Chalmers was not a member, and judge of the candour of Dr. Hanna, who would fain persuade his readers to believe that the one was a mere repetition of the other. The words of 1834 are:—

'The General Assembly declare, That it is a fundamental law of the Church that no pastor shall be intruded into any congregation contrary to the will of the people; and in order that the principle may be carried into full effect, the General Assembly, with the consent of a majority of the Presbyteries of this church, do declare, enact, and ordain that it shall be an instruction to Presbyteries that if, at the moderating in of a call to a vacant pastoral charge, the major part of the male heads of families, members of the vacant congregation, and in

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in full communion with the Church, shall disapprove of the person in whose favour the call is proposed to be moderated in, such disapproval shall be deemed sufficient ground for the Presbytery rejecting such person, and that he shall be rejected accordingly, and due notice thereof forthwith given to all concerned; but that if the major part of the said heads of families shall not disapprove of such person to be their pastor, the Presbytery shall proceed with the settlement according to the rules of the Church;—and further declare that no person shall be held to be entitled to disapprove, as aforesaid, who shall refuse, if required, solemnly to declare, in presence of the Presbytery, that he is actuated by no factious or malicious motive, but solely by a conscientious regard to the spiritual interests of himself or the congregation.'

The proceedings of the General Assembly, though extremely interesting to the members of that body, were not in 1834 watched with very curious eyes even in Edinburgh, much less in London. The Veto Act passed, and the order of the universe received no shock. Chalmers, who, as we have just said, took no active part in pressing it forward, seems, like the majority of persons out of doors, to have been blind to its inevitable consequences. He had been requested by the Bishop of London to contribute to the Bridgewater Treatises, and produced a work 'On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man,' of the merits of which we expressed our opinion soon afterwards (*Q. R.*, vol. 50, 1833). He next made a tour of the cathedrals of England, and by and by, in his still ardent zeal to decry the voluntary principle in Church matters, lectured to crowded audiences in the Hanover-square Rooms. Meanwhile literary distinctions of all sorts poured in upon him. The French Institute elected him into their body; Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Much flattered with the former compliment, he made an interesting excursion into France —but nothing diverted him from his great object. He was determined to fill Scotland with churches and chapels in communion, at least, with the Establishment; and the erection of upwards of 220 followed upon the incessant exertions which he made. But clouds were gathering in the horizon, and almost imperceptibly he suffered himself to be encircled by them.

A few months after the passing of the Veto Act the Earl of Kinnoul presented to the parish of Auchterarder, in Perthshire, Mr. Young, a licentiate, and therefore fully eligible in law to go on to ordination. It does not appear that in the first instance any active opposition was offered. Mr. Young preached on two successive Sundays; the attendance, said to have been small, was not hostile; for though only two parishioners when invited came forward to sign the call, not one, *suo motu*, protested.

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protested. The Presbytery, dissatisfied with this state of things, invited opposition, and soon got it; out of three hundred heads of families two hundred and seventy-eight objected, and the Presbytery declined to sustain the call. The case was appealed, as matter of course, to the Synod of Perth and Stirling, and afterwards to the General Assembly, which, in 1835, repelled the objections taken to the decision of the primary Court, and instructed the Presbytery to 'proceed in the matter in the terms of the Interim Act of last Assembly.' Our readers in general must well recollect the startling incidents which followed. The Court of Session was applied to by patron and presentee for redress; it decided against the Presbytery, and the Presbytery falling back upon the General Assembly for support, that body directed its law officer to carry the question into the House of Lords. The decision of the Lords fully maintained that of the Court of Session; and Lord Chancellor Brougham, in delivering his opinion, very distinctly stated that the Presbytery which should persist in disobeying the decree of the Court of Session would expose itself to 'the consequences, civil and other, of disobeying the positive and clear order of a statute.'

According to Dr. Hanna, Chalmers had never cordially approved of the Veto Act; he even meditated a motion for its repeal, desiring to substitute a general declaration against the principle of intrusion, with a resolution to deal with particular cases as they should occur; but the language of the Chancellor and the other *learned* Peers impressed him with such a settled dread of worse things, that he made up his mind to adopt the law as his own, and to co-operate for the maintenance of it with its original promoters. Lord Melbourne was written to, and, at his suggestion, it was resolved to send a deputation from the Committee of General Assembly to London. But Dr. Hanna, who takes care to inform us of this, goes considerably beyond the line of historical fact when he adds that 'it was with the express concurrence and sanction of Government that the Veto Law had been originally passed.' The Lord Advocate (Jeffrey), in a letter cited (May, 1833), goes no farther than to say that, in the opinion of the writer—who carefully guards himself from being understood as speaking officially—'the Government must be much gratified by the Assembly's adopting such a resolution' as Chalmers had brought forward that year, and failed to carry. However, we cannot say that either by the Whigs, or the Conservatives who by and by ejected them, were Chalmers and his brother delegates very handsomely used. The Auchterarder case was not slow in provoking others of a like description. In 1835 the Crown presented a Mr. Clarke to the living of Lethendy; the people

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people vetoed the presentation, and the Presbytery rejected the presentee; and by and by, in 1837, still more complicated difficulties arose. A Mr. Edwards having been presented to Marnoch, the Presbytery of Strathbogie, on receiving a well-signed deed of veto, refused to put him on his trials. The trustees of the patron (a minor) presented another man—whereupon Mr. Edwards applied for and obtained an injunction from the Court of Session against the induction of this individual. The consequences brought matters to a crisis. Not willing to incur the risks of disobedience to the civil power, and perhaps disliking both the principle and operation of the Veto Act, a majority of the Presbytery of Strathbogie made haste to amend the decision. Mr. Edwards was put upon his trials, accepted, and regularly inducted as minister of Marnoch. Such occurrences could not fail of exciting the deepest interest. The Church had set herself in direct opposition to the State. She had passed a law which affected private rights in civil life to a large extent, and she refused, on religious grounds, to amend it. To detail the appeals and remonstrances that followed, the decisions of Courts, the reclamations of Presbyteries, and the efforts made by the majority in the Assembly to get a bill brought into Parliament for the confirmation of rights which that majority had resolved, at all hazards, to maintain, would require far more space than we have at our disposal. For the Assembly, emboldened by the apparent apathy with which at first its attempt to set the ecclesiastical above the civil power was received, had of its own accord conferred upon the ministers of chapels of ease all the privileges which the constitution gives only to parish ministers; and the voices of those new intrants, who perfectly well understood their position, were loud against concession in any shape. That Chalmers grieved over the confusion which he had contributed to bring on, all his letters, as well as his journal, show. Unfortunately he had accepted the ostensible lead in a party of which many were more adroit as well as far-seeing than himself. He was but an instrument, in these controversies, of Dr. Candlish, Dr. Gordon, and one or two more, who, not perhaps anticipating that their projects would be so resolutely opposed, had made up their minds, at all hazards, to render the Church dominant or to destroy it; and led him on, by little and little, to a point whence there was no honourable retreat.

The majority of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, by whom Mr. Edwards had been inducted, fell at once under the censure of the Committee of Assembly. They were required to re-consider their decision: they refused to do so, and sentence of suspension issued against them. They took no notice of such suspension, farther

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farther than to apply to the Court of Session for a decree prohibiting the minority from acting as a presbytery without them, and to prevent ministers sent down by the Assembly from officiating within their bounds. That the granting of the latter of these prohibitions was a flagrant outrage on the principle of ecclesiastical liberty cannot be denied.

The Assembly having failed in finding support from the Whigs, turned, through its committee, to the Tories, and a great deal of correspondence took place between Dr. Chalmers, on one part, and Sir George Clerk and Lord Aberdeen on the other. It is evident, even from the few letters which Dr. Hanna has judged it expedient to publish, that the wish at least to compose the differences which had unhappily arisen was very strong on all sides. Chalmers did not scruple to express his readiness to give up the Veto Act, in letter; and Lord Aberdeen went as far towards supporting it in spirit as a statesman could well do. Indeed, his lordship, in his anxiety for peace, went on one occasion further than seems to have been quite prudent, considering the purposes which he had in view. Writing to Dr. Chalmers on the 1st of February, 1840, he says:—

'In order to prevent farther misapprehension, I will explain by an imaginary case in what manner I understand the proposal, and the mode of its operation. It is agreed that in all cases the people objecting to a presentee shall assign the reasons of their dissent, be they what they may. Now, let us suppose that any number of persons should object to a presentee because *he had red hair*. This would, no doubt, be a very bad reason; but if they persevered in their hatred of red hair, and the presbytery found it consistent with their sense of duty, and the dictates of their own consciences, they might give effect to the presentation by rejecting the presentee. But then the reason of dissent on the part of the people, as well as the rejection by the presbytery, would be recorded; and if the superior Church Courts should confirm the decision, the matter would then terminate. It is to this publicity, and to the common sense and justice of mankind, that I look for a security against arbitrary and capricious proceedings in any quarter.'

Had the imaginary case of the *red hair* been omitted, the real purport of this letter would have been obvious to all the world. It advocated the necessity of assigning reasons in all cases of veto, and imposed on the presbytery the responsibility of deciding as to their weight. But the selection of an objection so very little likely to occur, and the conceding to the presbytery of a right to accept it as valid, was very unfortunate for the noble Earl's argument. The non-intrusion party understood the matter in the sense which they preferred, and complained, with some show of reason—we do not say with more than some show—of having been deceived.

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But we must hurry forward to the closing chapters in this memorable history, which, if we could only forget that there was, in point of fact, no cause worthy of the effect produced, would be quite sublime. The Government was changed in 1841—but things went on from bad to worse, and in May, 1842, the General Assembly met under a settled impression that a crisis was near. From the presbytery of Strathbogie a double return had been made; and there presented themselves, in order to be entered on the roll, two sets of members,—one elected by the minority which had paid obedience to the decree of the Supreme Court, another chosen by the recusant majority—themselves lying at the moment under Church censures. Without the slightest hesitation Mr. Dunlop—an active partisan of the legal order——moved that the return of these latter should be disregarded; and in opposition to Dr. Cook, who affirmed that the Assembly ought not to treat the returning parties as deposed members, Dr. Chalmers said:—

'Moderator, this is the first time in my life that I ever heard it asserted that the dissent of a minority superseded the sentence of a court passed by an overwhelming majority. The proposition is in substance, that those deposed by the General Assembly of 1841 shall nevertheless be allowed to sit as members in the General Assembly of 1842. Why, sir, the proposition is so very monstrous, so fully comes in conflict — so palpably and immediately comes in conflict—with a first principle, that I cannot hold it to be a case for argument at all. But that such a proposition should be made, that such a proposition should even be thought of, is a very instructive fact.'

Of course, the fact which the eloquent speaker alluded to was the state of anarchy into which the Church had fallen, and the determination manifested by her enemies to rob her of what he and his adherents considered to be the last relics of independent authority. And so entirely was the spirit of the meeting enthralled by his appeal, that the young barrister's motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. But the struggle did not end here. No sooner was the Assembly met for the transaction of business than the representatives from the recognised presbytery of Strathbogie informed the house that interdicts from the Court of Session had been served upon them, prohibiting them from taking their seats as members. The announcement was received in silence. The Assembly directed that the names of the interdicted members should be inserted in the roll, thus identifying the acts of these gentlemen with those of the Church and forthwith entered upon proceedings against such ministers as had exhibited a too ready acquiescence in the decrees of the civil courts. Besides other examples made, all those ministers who

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who held communion with the recusants of Strathbogie were suspended from the exercise of their judicial functions as members of Church Courts till the meeting of the March commission of the following year.

Had the Assembly stopped short at this point—had there been discretion enough in the majority to adhere to the terms of the original dispute—it is by no means impossible that even yet grounds of honourable compromise might have been found. We are ready to repeat that neither from Whigs nor Tories had the Church of Scotland received such treatment as might have been expected. Lord Melbourne's supercilious levity was most offensive;—Lord Aberdeen's courteous gravity was no sufficient offset for what was regarded as cold over-caution; while Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham either were, or appeared to be, so overshadowed by the terror of priestly domination, that all attempts to bring the Church's case in its simplicity before them failed. Still nothing that had occurred in such quarters will justify the proceeding into which the Assembly now hurried. A resolution was moved to the effect that patronage lay at the root of all the evils under which the Church laboured, and that therefore patronage ought to be abolished. Then, even more clearly than on previous occasions, the Church and the State came into direct and vehement collision. The Act of 1712 gave back to patrons the rights of which, during a season of political and religious confusion, they had been deprived—and for a hundred and thirty years the Church itself had acquiesced in the arrangement. Now the Church, speaking by the voice of her representatives, pronounced the law to be iniquitous: 216 members supporting the resolution, while 147, and no more, opposed it. And, finally, as if to throw up an impassable barrier between herself and the civil power, the Church adopted as her own a document proposed by Dr. Chalmers, and denounced, in her 'Claim of Rights,' as tyrannical and impious, everything that had been done throughout the last century, whether by the Court of Session or the Legislature, to regulate or control the right of patronage and the manner of institution to benefices.

The transmission of this document to Sir Robert Peel, through the hands of the Lords Commissioners, was the last official act of the Assembly of 1842. Not one of the party which achieved the triumph anticipated that any good to the Church would result from it. But they had freed their own consciences, and returned to their respective parishes strengthened to meet any possible consequences. 'The Church's principles' (says Dr. Hanna) 'were thus faithfully declared; her final purpose thus solemnly announced; she committed her ways to God, and waited

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the evolutions of his will.' Chalmers crossed over to Ireland, and spent his summer in apparent tranquillity, amid the exquisite scenery of Carlingford Bay. It was, however, in fact, a season of much toil and anxiety. His correspondence was incessant, and he threw his whole heart into a labour—in his case—of conscience, undoubtedly. Mr. Campbell of Monzie's Bill, to which the more moderate of the party had looked forward with hope, was arrested ere it came to a second reading, on a technical objection. Mr. Maule urged the Prime Minister to remove this objection, by consenting, in the name of the Crown, to the introduction of the measure. But Sir Robert Peel declined to do so, and the Bill was lost. Worse things followed. Lord Kinnoul and Mr. Young raised an action of damages against the Presbytery of Auchterarder, as compensation for injury sustained by patron and presentee in consequence of the rejection of the latter, and obtained a decree. The finding of the Court of Session was confirmed on appeal, and the point was settled—that in the opinion of the highest civil tribunal, the obligation to 'receive and admit,' except on good cause shown to the contrary, still lay upon the Presbytery, and was *a civil obligation*, of which the violation was punishable under the common law of the land.

The announcement of this decision of the House of Lords was received by Dr. Chalmers and his friends gravely, but in a resolute spirit. All equally felt that their battle-field was narrowed; but while some suggested the fitness of an immediate secession, others—and Dr. Chalmers took the lead among them—still recommended delay.

'I have no idea,' says the Doctor, in a letter to one of his sons-in-law, '*of instant* resignation. We must not go out in driblets, but in a compact and entire body; and one step clearly, in my view of it, remains to be done ere this great compact movement should take place. To go out now would be receiving our doom as an establishment from the civil court; or at the bidding of a mere fellow and co-ordinate with ourselves—for the House of Lords, in its judicial capacity, is nothing more. We should not quit the establishment till we have obtained from Parliament a deliverance, whether by an adverse proposition, or a refusal to entertain our cause.'

But though thus fighting for delay, Dr. Chalmers had contemplated no other result than one. He therefore suggested that, previously to the meeting of next Assembly, a Convocation of 'all the right-minded clergy' should be held; and this plan being at once adopted, a circular, signed by thirty-two influential persons, invited the whole of the 'Evangelical Ministers of Scotland to meet at Edinburgh on the 17th of November.'

The Convocation met on the day appointed, at seven o'clock in the

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the evening, in a small chapel (Roxburgh Chapel) in an obscure part of the Old Town. Four hundred and fifty ministers were present, a larger number than in Scotland ever had met in council before, and Dr. Chalmers was called to the chair. The proceedings were solemn and decorous. Declining the assistance of law agents, and with doors closed, these 450 ministers discussed among themselves the state and prospects of the Church, and concurring in the views of their chairman, that their business was 'to fix the point beneath which it was impossible for the Church to act,' came to the following Resolution:—

'That as the principle involved in these decisions—[various decisions of the Court of Session and House of Lords]—and particularly in the recent Auchterarder judgment, is that of the supremacy of the civil courts over those of the Established Church in the exercise of their spiritual functions, so the members of the Convocation declare that no measure can in conscience be submitted to, which does not effectually protect the Church against the exercise of such jurisdiction of the civil courts in time to come.'

It was felt by all who listened to the terms of this Resolution, that every one who appended his signature to the deed, pledged himself to abandon his living, and to secede from the Establishment, in the event of a perseverance by the Government in its present line of policy. To Chalmers, indeed, this issue had so long been evident, that he was already prepared with a plan for the organisation of an independent Church, and for the raising of funds out of which places of worship might be erected, and a maintenance provided for their ministers. No sooner was the vote carried, than he requested and obtained permission to read the document in question. His brethren listened respectfully, as they were ready to do to anything proposed by him; but not ten, we are assured, out of the whole body, regarded it otherwise than as 'the visionary anticipation of a too sanguine imagination.' Yet it became, well nigh verbatim, within a very few months, the charter of a religious society, which has already built 800 churches, maintains 800 ministers, and is adding from day to day to their number.

The signatures attached to the vote of Convocation amounted on the first day to 270. These rose by and by to 333; and Chalmers exclaimed—'Then we are more than Gideon's army—a most hopeful omen.' His joy, however, was that of one who counts not upon any immediate deliverance from a difficulty, but on the courage of himself, and of a devoted band of associates, to dare all, and if need be to suffer all, for conscience sake. It is to be regretted that there should have been suffered to mix itself up with this feeling a bitter spleen

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against a party in the Church of England, which was contending for a principle not unlike that for which Chalmers and his friends were willing to become martyrs—as well as a disposition, scarcely more creditable, to conciliate dissenters, whom, but a few years previously, the Doctor had gone considerably out of his way to vituperate. For the Puseyism of which he entertained so much horror rests upon precisely the same general assumption which pervades all the speeches, as well as the recorded resolutions, of the founders of the Free Kirk—namely, that in matters of faith and church discipline the civil power has no right to interfere; with this remarkable difference however in the two cases, that Puseyism confines itself strictly to points of doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline, while the Free Kirk contrives so to intermingle questions of temporal benefice and spiritual teaching, that no casuists, except her own, have ever been able to disentangle them.

The resolutions of the Convocation, being embodied in a Memorial, were transmitted to her Majesty's Cabinet, and after a brief delay the answer arrived. Though bearing the signature of Sir J. Graham, it cannot be described as either a very logical or a very courteous document. It took no notice whatever of the *Memorial;* but, adverting to certain Addresses which the General Assembly had transmitted to the Crown, entered into a detailed examination of occurrences long gone by, and wound up by declaring that to yield to the Church's demands would 'lead directly to despotic power.' Never, surely, was a great cause argued on both sides with more unwise *finesse.* If their reasoning was subtile, however, the acts of the belligerents were straightforward enough, and one by one they hurried on the catastrophe.

Among other effects produced by the recent attacks on patronage, the return into the bosom of the Church of a body of dissenters known as the *Associated Synod* deserves especial notice. It was a consummation highly prized by the Evangelical party, who lost no time in voting the ministers of the Synod to be members of the Presbyteries within which their respective meeting-houses stood; and took steps to attach a territorial district to each. One of these ministers, Mr. Clelland, of Stewarton, had been received as a lawful member into the Presbytery of Irvine, and the Presbytery was further engaged in allocating to him a pastoral district, when the Court of Session interfered. Against the interdict issued it was competent to the Assembly to appeal, as it had done in the Auchterarder case; but—the House of Lords being now considered as decidedly a hostile tribunal—it was resolved to go at once to the Legislature.

A petition

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A petition, drawn up by the Commission of Assembly, was accordingly presented to the Commons on the 7th of March, 1843; and Mr. Fox Maule—(now Lord Panmure—ever a fervent and steady ally of Chalmers's)—moved that the House should resolve itself into a Committee, to consider the grievances of the Kirk. Mr. Campbell of Monzie, Sir George Grey, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. P. M. Stewart, spoke in favour of the motion. Sir James Graham, resisting it, called upon the House to put an extinguisher at once upon the expectations of the Church, 'because he was satisfied that such expectations could not be realized in any country in which law, or equity, or order, or common sense prevailed.' Lord John Russell—more tender in speech—coincided in all Sir James Graham's opinions; while Sir Robert Peel expressed his hope that 'an attempt would not be made to establish a spiritual or ecclesiastical supremacy above the other tribunals of the country; and that, in conjunction with increased attention to the duties of religion, the laws of the country would be maintained.' The debate occupied two nights, but the result was never for a moment doubtful. Mr. Maule's motion was lost by a majority of 240 votes to 76.

It is not necessary to continue our narrative further in detail. While Dr. Cumming wrote pamphlets to prove that there would be no secession—or that if it did occur the numbers of seceding ministers would be very small—while Dr. Leishman assured Lord Aberdeen that the whole affair would end in smoke—while those apparently best informed even among the citizens of Edinburgh affirmed 'that not forty would go out'—little short of four hundred brave hearts set themselves to prepare for an issue which they felt to be inevitable. Each explained to his congregation the point at which the controversy had arrived, and prayed for Divine support. But forthwith, under the guidance of Chalmers, a machinery of wider agitation was prepared. Associations were entered into, and public meetings held, collectors appointed, and, six months before the Free Church had any existence, considerable funds had been gathered in, both for the erection of places of worship and the maintenance of ministers. And then, and not till then, Chalmers and his friends of the Convocation drew breath, like men ready for the final act of all. Writing to a correspondent in America on the 19th of April, 1843, he says—

'Our crisis is rapidly approaching. We are making every effort for the erection and sustentation of a Free Church, in the event of our disruption from the State, which will take place, we expect, in four weeks. I am glad to say that the great bulk and body of the common people, with a goodly proportion of the middle classes, are upon our side, though it bodes ill for the country that the higher classes

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classes are almost universally against us. Notwithstanding this, however, we are forming associations for weekly payments all over the country; and I am glad to say that they amount, by this day's post, to 408. We expect that by the meeting of our General Assembly the country will be half organized, and are looking for a great additional impulse from the disruption, when it actually takes place. I am hopeful that ere the summer is ended we may number about a thousand associations, or as many as there are parishes in Scotland, so that unless there be an attempt to crush us by persecution, I have no fear of our getting on. But the Lord reigneth, and He alone knoweth the end from the beginning. Let us look to His providence and grace, without which there can be no security from without, nor vital prosperity within.'

The day of trial at length arrived. On the 19th of May the Assembly had been appointed to meet. From as early as four o'clock Edinburgh was astir; and, as the morning advanced, the grave countenances of all who met and conversed in the swarming streets showed that for no gala purpose had they quitted their shops and their offices. Towards noon the great gallery in Holyrood House was thrown open, and the Marquis of Bute, Lord Commissioner, received the most crowded levee which had been witnessed for years. Just as it was at the fullest, a portrait of William III. which hung opposite to the spot where the representative of majesty stood, got loosened and fell heavily upon the floor. 'There goes the Revolution settlement,' exclaimed a voice from the throng; and the words were received as if some prophet had spoken. There was profound silence throughout the gallery for several moments.

At the close of the levee the Lord Commissioner proceeded to St. Giles's Church in his state coach, drawn by six horses; a magnificent cortége followed, and cavalry escorted them. There was a sermon, according to custom, by the Moderator of the last Assembly: and the frequent allusions made to things past and things about to come fell like so many warning notes upon the ears of the audience. By and by the members of Assembly proceeded in a body to its Hall, which was crammed to suffocation, except in the space railed off for their own occupation. Dr. Welsh, the out-going Moderator—a divine of great personal authority—took the chair, and soon afterwards the Lord Commissioner entered. He was received with every mark of respect—Moderator, members, and audience all rising to greet him; after which a prayer was offered. And now expectation, which had already been wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, became positively painful, when the Moderator rose and said:—

'Fathers and brethren, according to the usual form of proceeding this

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this is the time for making up the roll. But, in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our rights and privileges—proceedings which have been sanctioned by her Majesty's government, and by the legislature of the country; and more especially in respect that there has been an infringement on the liberties of our constitution, so that we could not now constitute this court without a violation of the terms of the union between Church and State in this land, as now authoritatively declared, I must protest against our proceeding further. The reasons that have led me to come to this conclusion are fully set forth in the document which I hold in my hand, and which, with permission of the House, I will now proceed to read.'

It will be enough to transcribe the close of this document:—

'We protest that in the circumstances in which we are placed it is and shall be lawful for us, and such other Commissioners chosen to the Assembly appointed to have been this day held, as may concur with us, to withdraw to a separate place of meeting, for the purpose of taking steps, along with all who adhere to us—maintaining with us the Confession of Faith and standards of the Church of Scotland—for separating in an orderly way from the Establishment, and thereupon adopting such measures as may be competent to us, in humble dependence on God's grace and the aid of the Holy Spirit, for the advancement of his glory, the extension of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and the administration of the affairs of Christ's house according to His holy Word; and we now withdraw accordingly—humbly and solemnly acknowledging the hand of the Lord in the things which have come upon us because of our manifold sins and the sins of the Church and nation: but, at the same time, with assured conviction that we are not responsible for any consequences that may follow from this our enforced separation from an Establishment which we loved and prized, through interference with conscience, the dishonour done to Christ's crown, and the rejection of his sole and supreme authority as King in his Church.'

Dr. Hanna tells the sequel in these striking sentences:—

'Having finished the reading of this Protest, Dr. Welsh laid it upon the table, turned and bowed respectfully to the Commissioner, left the chair, and proceeded along the aisle to the door of the church. Dr. Chalmers had been standing immediately on his left. He looked vacant and abstracted while the Protest was being read; but Dr. Welsh's movement awakened him from the reverie. Seizing eagerly upon his hat, he hurried after him with all the air of one impatient to be gone. Mr. Campbell of Monzie, Dr. Gordon, Dr. M'Donald, and Dr. Macfarlane,* followed him. The effect upon the audience was overwhelming. At first a cheer burst from the galleries, but it was almost instantly and spontaneously restrained. It was felt by all to be an expression of feeling unsuited to the occasion; it was checked in many cases by an emotion too deep for any other utterance than the fall of

* The late Dr. Patrick Macfarlane held the living of Greenock—the richest, we believe, in the Church of Scotland.

sad

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sad and silent tears. The whole audience was now standing gazing in stillness upon the scene. Man after man, row after row, moved on along the aisle, till the benches on the left, lately so crowded, showed scarce an occupant. More than 400 ministers and a still larger number of elders had withdrawn.'

Thus was consummated at once the greatest and most eventful schism that perhaps ever occurred in any national church since the foundation of Christianity in our land. Neither the compulsory defection of the non-conforming clergy from the Church of England in the sixteenth century, nor the severance of the Evangelical from the Lutheran party in Protestant Prussia, can for a moment be compared with it. Both of these, with all the other secessions of which ecclesiastical history makes mention, had some plea of conscience and purity of doctrine, as well as of discipline, to urge. But the disruption of the Kirk of Scotland arose out of no diversity of opinion in regard either to the creeds or to the constitution of the body so torn. The seceders took with them the Westminster Confession of Faith, the Catechisms, and the government by Kirk Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, and a General Assembly, of the Church which they abandoned. The party abandoned retained all these in their integrity; and, as usually happens in like cases, a spirit of rancour was kindled between them immediately, which became bitter in proportion to the shadowy nature of the barrier, which, when regarded in a spiritual and not a political point of view, was thenceforth to divide them. It was a great misfortune to Scotland, this schism; and it threatens to be an enduring one.

As to Chalmers—though his biographer strives to make it appear that in the answer of a good conscience he found perfect peace—there is palpable evidence even in the work now before us, that he was never the same man again. He felt that, in pursuing an unattainable object, he had sacrificed much good that lay within his reach. He had become the leader in a rebellion against not the Church alone, but all the principles and opinions of his earlier life. He continued for a while to labour with his pen as diligently as before; and being nominated to the twofold office of Principal and Theological Professor in the Free Church College, he taught, during the winter months, pretty much as he used to do when occupying the Divinity Chair in the University of Edinburgh. His summers were chiefly spent in travel; mostly canvassing in behalf of Free Church funds—now and then in search of health and recreation for himself. But there is no hiding the fact that everything was done under the pressure of great mental despondency. Even his exertions to Christianize the neglected closes and alleys of the Scottish metropolis,

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metropolis, though vigorously and, up to a certain point, successfully made, were not made in the spirit of hopeful and joyous faith which characterised similar efforts both in Glasgow and St. Andrew's. In a word, Chalmers does not appear to have been quite at peace within himself—it seems certain that, in spite of the wonderful liberality of the body to which he belonged, he never reposed any confidence in the voluntary principle as an efficient instrument for extending Christianity through the land.

On the 7th of May, 1847, Chalmers re-appeared in London. He had withdrawn himself of late almost entirely from Church business, but, being invited to appear as a witness before a Committee of the House of Commons which had been appointed to inquire into the refusal by certain landed proprietors of sites for Free Churches, he undertook the journey, and stood it well. He has given in his diary a rather ludicrous account of his examination by Sir James Graham, in the course of which he appears to have thrown out a good deal of gratuitous abuse of the Church of England. But we need not stop to point out inconsistencies at this period either in the words or deeds of one whose more vigorous days had exhibited so many inconsistencies. If he satisfied nobody else, he delighted his Free Church adherents. Though no longer the lion that he used to be, he was still coveted and caressed by a large circle in the metropolis. He preached in the Mary-le-bone Chapel, and his note-book contains this entry:—'The Church thin when we first entered it, but becoming full, with a good many in the passages, before I began.' There is no further notice of the crowding of the great and the scientific to listen; and he finds leisure to dine quietly in the coffee-room of the Athenæum, at the same table with Dr. Whewell. Of course a man of Chalmers's temperament could not but be conscious that the sphere of his usefulness was narrowed. But the effect seems to have been to subdue and humble, not at all to irritate or sour his spirit; he was pleased with every mark of attention shown to him, and made a record of it. He remained barely a week here, and then returned home by way of Oxford and Gloucester. On the 30th of May he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Morton, a letter which, though finished and dated, he never folded up.

'He went out,' says Dr. Hanna, 'after writing this note into the garden behind the house, sauntering round which he was overheard by one of his family, in low but earnest tones, saying, "Oh, Father! my heavenly Father!" On returning to the drawing-room he threw himself into his usual reclining posture. During the evening, as if he had kept his brightest smiles and tenderest utterances to the last and for his own, he was peculiarly bland and benignant. "I had seen him

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him frequently," says Mr. Grennel, "at Fairlie, in his most happy moods, but I never saw him happier. Christian benevolence beamed from his countenance, sparkled in his eye, and played upon his lips. Immediately after prayers he withdrew, and, bidding his family remember that they must be early to-morrow, he waved his hand, saying, A general good night." '

About eight o'clock next morning a neighbour, who had expected to receive from him a packet of papers, sent to inquire whether they were ready. The housekeeper, who had been long in the family, knocked at his door, without, as it seemed, making herself heard. She opened it, spoke, received no answer; threw wide the window-shutters, and approached the bed. He sat in a half-recumbent position, with his head reclining upon the pillow, quite dead.

Such was the sudden but calm termination of a career as brilliant, as varied, certainly as eccentric—perhaps as useful—as has ever been run by one placed in the comparatively humble station of a Scottish Presbyterian minister. That popular enthusiasm made at the time a great deal too much of Chalmers his warmest admirers will now, we suppose, acknowledge. His style is generally turgid, often confused, unnecessarily disfigured by uncouth phrases and words coined for the nonce, and remarkable for nothing more than the perpetual repetition of some favourite idea in terms which seem intended to create in the unobservant reader a persuasion that new truths are brought before him. But there is a potency in it, notwithstanding, which carries us along —often indeed against the better pleadings of our judgment. In truth, we consider him one of the poorest reasoners, both as a moralist and a divine, that ever strove to convey his own views of things to the minds of others; and of his political economy experience has long since shown that it is both based and built up upon a delusion. Of his gigantic powers as a pulpit orator there can, indeed, be no doubt; there was a fervour in his manner, a persuasiveness in his tones, a charm even in the coarse Fife accent, of which he never got rid, that arrested the attention and kept it fixed on the preacher all the time that he was speaking; and if at the close of the discourse the auditors sometimes failed of determining the exact point which it was designed to establish, they never separated without having received a strong general impulse to good. Nor was his influence less effective in private conference than in public appeals. Whatever he took up, he took up in earnest, and there is a magic in earnestness which rarely fails of going much further with such as observe it than any extent of argument—be it ever so logical.

Of the posthumous works which his son-in-law has been induced

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induced to publish, we cannot on the present occasion say much. The general impression made upon our minds by a laborious perusal of them, is that as far as the literary reputation of the author is concerned, they had better have been suppressed. Except two volumes entitled Institutes of Theology—a third made up of notes on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and Professor Hill's Divinity Lectures—and a volume of Sermons, there is little or nothing to reward a second perusal. His Daily Scripture Readings, in three volumes, show that during the last ten or twelve years of his life he never permitted twenty-four hours to pass without making annotations on some portion of the Bible; while his Sabbath Scripture Readings, in two volumes, are made up of reflections and prayers all arising out of an exercise substantially the same. We doubt whether the writer of these very pious, though sometimes not very profound lucubrations, ever intended them to meet other eyes than his own. The 'Prelections,' though doubtless very useful for the purposes of Class instruction, which they were intended to serve, put in no claims whatever upon public attention, either for originality of idea or grace of illustration. Moreover, whatever in them was of any real value had already been embodied word for word by the author in the Second Book of his Christian Institutes. But the error of redundancy, which always blemished the style of Chalmers, appears to have fallen in regard to more than style upon his biographer.

The Institutes of Theology are set forth in four books—of which the first is introductory, dealing with Ethics and Metaphysics in the abstract; the second, a treatise on Natural Theology; the third, an enlargement of the old Essay on the Evidences; and the fourth, a sort of Dissertation on the Subject Matter of Christianity. In the treatment of these topics Chalmers seldom pretends to introduce what is absolutely new; but whenever he does venture out of the beaten track, he loses himself. For example, in considering the existence of moral right, he denounces at once the theory of Expediency, and that conclusion which resolves virtue into an observance of the law of God. Of course, there remains for him no alternative except to fall back upon 'the moral sense'—though he endeavours to conceal his object in a multiplicity of words which, if they do not mean this, mean nothing. What can the reader make of such a statement as the following?—'In the Divinity alone it is that virtue has its fountain-head and its being—not, however, in the fountain-head of the Divine Will; but higher than this, and superior to this, in the fountain-head of the Divine Nature.' In the Divine Nature there can be neither virtue nor vice. There is absolute perfection—a state quite apart from any in which either virtue or vice can

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can prevail. For the very term *virtue* means a successful effort to conform a fallible nature to some standard higher than its own; and this, if it be not produced by a 'moral sense,' or instinct to good, can spring only from a knowledge, more or less perfect, of the will of the Supreme rewarder of virtue and punisher of vice.

Chalmers was a man of genius. His faculties were large, though ill-regulated. His impulses were stronger at all times than his judgment, and his language more fluent than his ideas. As a scholar he was very defective. Even in the 'Daily Scripture Readings' this fact is continually forced upon us. As for example, in the wonderment which he expresses at page 98 of vol. i., in regard to the causes from which the antipathy of the Egyptians to shepherds, in the days of Joseph, could have arisen! —and his method of handling the character and proceedings of Balaam, especially with reference to the sacrifice by that impostor of seven bullocks and seven rams!! But to counterbalance these defects, Chalmers possessed energy, patience of labour, and an enthusiastic love of truth, which he might fail to overtake, at times, both in theory and in practice, but which he never ceased to follow throughout the whole of his career. He was a great man, and has left a stamp upon the character of the age which will not be easily effaced.

We are happy to conclude in the words of a highly esteemed dignitary of the Episcopalian Church in Scotland—the Dean of Edinburgh. His 'Biographical Notice,' read soon after Chalmers's death to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, well deserved to be published in a separate form. The main objects and honours of the doctor's career are thus elegantly stated in its last page:—

'His greatest delight was to contrive plans and schemes for raising degraded human nature in the scale of moral being. The favourite object of his contemplation was human nature attaining the highest perfection of which it is capable—and, as that perfection was manifested in saintly individuals, in characters of great acquirement adorned with the graces of Christian piety. His greatest sorrow was to contemplate masses of mankind hopelessly bound to vice and misery by chains of passion, ignorance, and prejudice. As no one more firmly believed in the power of Christianity to regenerate a fallen race,—as faith and experience both conspired to assure him that the only effectual deliverance for the sinful and the degraded was to be wrought by Christian education, and by the active agency of Christian instruction penetrating into the haunts of vice and the abodes of misery;—these acquisitions he strove to gain for all his beloved countrymen; for these he laboured, and for these he was willing to spend and be spent. From the fields of earthly toil and trial he has been

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been removed, and he has entered into his rest. The great business of Christian benevolence, and the contest with ignorance and crime, are left in other hands. But *his* memory will not die, nor his good example in these things be forgotten. His countrymen will do his memory justice. Of the thousands who were assembled to witness the funeral procession which conveyed his earthly remains to the tomb, all felt conviction that a Great Man had fallen in Israel,—that a Scotchman had gone of whom Scotland might be proud,—a Scotchman who had earned a name in his country's annals, and a place in his country's literature, which will not pass away.'

ART. VI. — *Memoirs of the Right Honourable Henry Lord Langdale.* By Thomas Duffus Hardy. 2 vols. 8vo. 1852.

WHEN Curll, the piratical bookseller, gave the first example of publishing the Lives and Letters of persons recently deceased, Dr. Arbuthnot pleasantly called him *a new terror of death;* but such works as that now before us are worse than Curll's inflictions. Curll had but one victim at a time. Mr. Hardy kills many birds with one stone. The first and greatest sufferer is, of course, poor Lord Langdale himself. Mr. Hardy's blind and bungling partiality for 'his lamented master's' memory has contrived to render him often ridiculous, and occasionally something worse, and he has raised or revived some questions of a personal character which will not, we think, insure from the public the encomiastic solution at which Mr. Hardy has himself arrived.

We have in the next place to complain that, by publishing the private letters of third persons which he happened to find in Lord Langdale's papers, he has, as we think, wantonly and unwarrantably invaded the confidence of private life. For instance, he discovers amidst the rubbish of Lord Langdale's closet a dozen letters or notes written by Sir Francis Burdett, one of Mr. Bickersteth's earlier friends and benefactors, in those turbulent days in which he was so hot and so rash in that line of radical politics which he afterwards as signally repudiated. These letters are (except one to be hereafter specially noticed) for the most part mere familiar gossip and of no curiosity or importance; but Sir Francis's party-zeal sometimes bursts forth with a violence which, if he had remembered it in after days, his good sense would have regretted, while the idea—could it have occurred to him—of its being published for history, would have revolted equally his good nature and his good taste. Mr. Hardy may probably have meant no harm, and he may possibly not appreciate exactly

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exactly the indelicacy of such a publication; but it may not be amiss to remind him for his future guidance, that in point of law neither Lord Langdale himself, nor his representatives, had any right to publish Sir Francis Burdett's letters. The law on this point is clear and settled. The *material* substance of a letter belongs to the person to whom it is addressed, but the property of the *mental* production, especially as regards publication, and, above all, publication for profit, remains in the original writer. If, therefore, Mr. Hardy had not asked and obtained the consent of Sir Francis Burdett's representatives to the publication of these letters, we are sorry to acquaint him that he is just as much a pirate as the aforesaid Curll.

A third complaint is that there are many individuals still living —some of them of high rank and eminent stations—some of our own, but more of opposite politics—whom, because they happened to fall in with Lord Langdale in their passage through life, Mr. Hardy assumes a right to drag into his volumes, and to handle them with as little ceremony, as little delicacy, and often as little knowledge of their personal history, as if they had been dead a hundred years. But of living men we suspect that Mr. Hardy will be himself the greatest sufferer, and will find that he has exchanged a respectable though humble and somewhat dusty reputation as an antiquarian, for the ridicule of having in this work left behind him a *record* of more presumption and ignorance—leavened, we fear, by a little personal spite and bad faith—than we remember to have seen in a work that affected to be *historical*.

Lastly, and by us most seriously regretted, is the pain which Mr. Hardy's indiscretion is likely to inflict on Lord Langdale's family and friends. It might be doubted whether Lord Langdale's uneventful and comparatively undistinguished life required or even justified a professed biography; but there can be no doubt that all that can be fairly called biographical in the work might have been more distinctly told in half—nay a quarter—of its bulk; and the process by which it has been inflated to its present size is a combination of bad taste and bad workmanship on the part of Mr. Hardy—the ill effects of which must necessarily, though undeservedly, fall on Lord Langdale himself. But there is something still more serious. The dogmatic tone assumed by Mr. Hardy—the arrogance with which he challenges for Lord Langdale an indisputable superiority in talents, integrity, independence, and public services above all his legal contemporaries and judicial colleagues—and the utter, and indeed ridiculous inadequacy of the evidence of any such pre-eminence, must necessarily awaken a reacting spirit of inquiry and criticism, which, however temperately pursued, cannot but give pain to those whose natural

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natural feelings lead them to adopt the whole extent of Mr. Hardy's delusion. We, for our part, shall deal with all such points as gently as Mr. Hardy will allow us, and we are glad to be able to say at once, that, after abating the exaggerations of the injudicious panegyric, we find there and *aliundè* satisfactory evidence of the amiability of Lord Langdale's private, and the general integrity and respectability of his professional character. We say *aliundè*, because it is one of our main complaints against Mr. Hardy, that, while he swells his pages with trivial and useless details of Lord Langdale's youth, he leaves us strangely unacquainted with what we may call the *personality* of the *man*, and indeed seems rather desirous to *conceal* some of the most critical and influential circumstances of his life.

Henry Bickersteth was born on the 18th of June, 1783, at Kirkby Lonsdale, and was the third son of Mr. Henry Bickersteth, a medical practitioner of that place, and of Elizabeth, sister of the late Dr. Batty.*

Mr. Bickersteth senior was of considerable local repute, and no doubt of some literature, for he published a work called 'Medical Hints for the Use of Clergymen,' of which we do not remember to have heard before, but its title gives us a favourable impression of the practical benevolence and good sense of the author—and this is in some degree confirmed by a statement which we have heard, that he was intrusted for many years with the personal care of a lunatic gentleman of large fortune, for which he received a liberal allowance. Mrs. Bickersteth belonged to a clever family, and was probably both an amiable and intelligent woman, but Mr. Hardy's account of her is an early example of the absurd exaggeration with which he treats everything connected with his hero:—

'His mother was highly gifted, and *far in advance of the age she lived in. She was one of those few women of the period who understood and strictly practised the rule of right and wrong.* She endeavoured to infuse into the minds of her children those pure moral and religious principles which imbued her own; and *it was from* HER, *principally*, that the subject of the present memoir first acquired *those exalted feelings* that pervaded every thought and action of his life.'—i. 4.

For this startling encomium, which reflects not a little on poor Mr. Bickersteth senior, and very largely on the moral and intellectual qualities of 'the women of the age,' we naturally

* They had five sons and two daughters: the eldest went to sea in 1796; John, the second, and Edward, the fourth sons, commenced life as clerks in the Post-office, but subsequently took orders; Robert, the youngest, still follows his father's profession at Liverpool. The eldest daughter married the Rev. T. Cooper, rector of Coppenhall; and the younger, Charlotte, the Rev. Mr. Mayor.

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expect some kind of evidence, and Mr. Hardy obligingly supplies it:—

'The following illustrates the probity and conscientiousness of her character. As Henry and his brother John, when mere children, were returning one evening from a visit to their grandmother, they found in the road a large log of wood, which they dragged home with considerable difficulty, thinking it would make an excellent plaything. "Where did you get it?" asked their mother, as they triumphantly showed her their prize.—"We found it in the road," was the reply.—"Then it is not yours," she said, "so you must take it back again, and replace it where you found it."—*This lesson was never forgotten;* Lord Langdale often related it in after years, and it probably passed through his mind when he adopted the significant and appropriate motto "*Suum cuique.*"'—i. 5.

This maternal admonition—*never forgotten*, as Mr. Hardy triumphantly observes—may have checked in the future judge and peer a disposition to petty larceny—but we can hardly accept it as a proof that Mrs. Bickersteth was '*in advance of her age*,' and still less that she and *a* '*few others*' were the only women of the period who *understood and practised the rule of right and wrong*. What *practising* the 'rule of *wrong*' may mean is not very clear, but it sounds as if Mr. Hardy believes that all our mothers and grandmothers, save Mrs. Bickersteth and the nameless '*few*,' were little better than the disciples of Messrs. Peachum and Lockit.

The young Henry was educated at the free grammar-school of Kirkby-Lonsdale, one of those old-fashioned foundations which it is now the cant to undervalue, but to which we believe that England owes more in the spread of sound literature and good morals than to any other class of educational institutions. As Boswell took such pains to enumerate Dr. Johnson's pedagogues, Mr. Hardy takes care to tell us that the master at this time was the Rev. Mr. Dobson. That is certain; but he has unfortunately not been able to determine whether the name of a local lecturer from whom Lord Langdale received his first notions in mathematics was *Dawson* or *Steevens*, or whether indeed he ever received any such lessons at all, though the zealous Biographer has diligently consulted his Lordship's brother, the Reverend Mr. Bickersteth, and his schoolfellow, Professor Sedgwick; for unluckily Mr. Bickersteth's support of the *Dawson* theory is only a '*tradition*,' while Mr. Sedgwick, in favour of *Steevens*, seems to confess that he can produce only dim recollections of a *hearsay;* and so Mr. Hardy, after a page and a half of disquisition, professes to leave the matter *in dubio*, though rather, we think, leaning to the opinion that the future Lord Langdale had attended neither.

Mr.

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Mr. Hardy laments that of his boyish days few reminiscences have been preserved: some, however, he has fortunately recovered and judiciously published:—

'He often used to visit his grandmother at Burton in Kendal, and one day, being there, as he persisted in going out, though the weather was cold and stormy, the old lady shut the door upon him, saying, "Henry, you make me tremble;" very soon afterwards he came back, and opening the door gently said, "Do you tremble now, grandmother?" and complied with her wish to remain at home.'—i. 7.

'In after life,' says Mr. Hardy, 'Lord Langdale used to talk of his school-days.' Only one specimen of this talk is produced, but that is so striking and characteristic that we readily believe that it could hardly be exceeded by anything that has been forgotten. It is a gem!

'Foot-ball was a favourite game, and often gave occasion to broken shins. At the end of the field where they played foot-ball was a railing, and on the other side of the railing was a precipitous descent to the river, and he said to see the way the *boys jumped over the railing and rolled down the descent after the ball was astonishing.*'—i. 8, 9.

These are the great judge's own words!—now placed beyond the reach of oblivion by the diligent and appropriate care of a keeper of our National Records.—Mr. Hardy has also recovered one, and but one, he laments to say, of his Lordship's schoolboy letters, which of course he gives *in extenso*, but of which our readers will perhaps be satisfied with our assurance that the pith is, that at the summer examination of 1797 he obtained a prize for Latin translation, and that, pending the decision, the boys were in great excitement, and made a violent noise—but when 'the masters came into school all was quiet in a moment.'—i. 9.

Henry left school in 1797, and was apprenticed to his father, who was resolved that he should '*enter the shop*,' a phrase which Mr. Hardy's elegance translates into, should be '*brought up to the medical profession*,' but which we prefer, as it tells plainly, what Mr. Hardy seems to wish to sink—the particular department of the profession followed by the old gentleman.

In that shop Henry served for a year, when his father sent him to London to extend his medical studies; a resolution on the part of Mr. Bickersteth senior which entitles him to the special approbation of Mr. Hardy, for having (i. 11)—

'felt that parents were bound to give their sons every possible advantage in the profession or business for which they are destined.'

A noble resolution, which, as Mr. Hardy evidently thinks, places Mr. Bickersteth, like his wife, *as in advance of his age!*

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This resolution, though a superior man might no doubt arrive at it on general principles, is however the less surprising in Mr. Bickersteth's case; for his wife's brother, Dr. Batty, who had originally begun his medical career in Mr. Bickersteth's shop at Kirkby Lonsdale, was now practising in London, and was willing to receive his nephew into his family, and to superintend and forward his education.

Young Bickersteth seems to have been a diligent student and a very anxious speculator as to his own future fortunes; and accordingly, about 1800, he began to consider to which branch of the profession he should finally devote himself. This question became the subject of some dutiful and, considering the writer's age, judicious letters to his parents. Though rather opposed to his father's predilection for the apothecary line, he was not insensible to its immediate advantages, and referred himself to his decision; but, before the point was settled, he removed, by the advice of Dr. Batty, in the autumn of 1801, to Edinburgh, to pursue a general medical education.

Here, besides following the various courses of lectures with assiduity, he became a member of a Medical Debating Society, in which he took a lively interest, and 'was a frequent and good speaker;' being, as Mr. Hardy with his usual felicity adds, 'very energetic *yet* eloquent;'—qualities which, if he ever possessed, he showed little of at the bar, and nothing at all, as Mr. Hardy himself admits, when a member of the House of Lords.

A hundred and thirty pages are filled with letters which he addressed to his friends at home from Edinburgh, or to his friends in Edinburgh from home—some personally critical on the various professors,* some on medical debates and theories, some puerile, all prosy—such as do no discredit to a student of barely eighteen years old—but the publication of which is a gross abuse of private confidence, and a sad exhibition of the art of *book-making*. The only point of these tedious epistles worth noticing is the diary of a walk with his brother Robert through the Lake district, which, says Mr. Hardy,

'is so graphically written and *so excellent a guide-book for a similar tour, that I think it right to insert it in* THIS BOOK.'—i. 80.

And he does so bodily. Now we will venture to assert that nothing was ever less *graphic*, nor, to a tourist, could be less useful, than these loose notes which Bickersteth, no doubt, made for the mere amusement of his family, in whose custody they probably

* There is one, particularly coarse and unjust, upon one of those gentlemen, still living and generally respected both for his eminent abilities and amiable character. Mr. Hardy's raking up this trash is quite unjustifiable.

remained

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remained forgotten by the writer. It is very unfair to mix up the reputation of Lord Langdale with these juvenilities; which we only notice for the sake of Mr. Hardy's grave suggestion that his *Life of Lord Langdale* may also serve as a *Handbook to the Lakes*. In truth the work appears to us quite as good for the one purpose as for the other.

Bickersteth was suddenly recalled from Edinburgh (without a degree) to attend to the business in Kirkby Lonsdale, during the absence of his father in London—'a grievous,' he says, 'but necessary sacrifice.' He it seems found little to do, and that little was listlessly done; and the result of this experiment was his decided distaste for the *apothecary line*:—

'He wrote to Mr. Henderson from Kirkby Lonsdale in anything but a healthful tone of mind. He was evidently disgusted at being removed from the studies and friends he loved at Edinburgh, to be buried alive in a remote country town, and chained to the mere *practice* of a profession he absolutely disliked.'—i. 96.

It was about this period, and with these views, that he decided on going to Cambridge, where he was entered of Caius College, 22nd of June, and came into residence in the last days of October.

The pecuniary means of the family seem to have been very narrow—little more than the produce of a small shop and local practice—with, as we have heard, the profit on the care of the lunatic; and Mr. Hardy gives, with a candour that contrasts oddly enough with his general silence on all personal subjects, many instances of the difficulty in which they all were for matters and sums comparatively inconsiderable—a few nightcaps, a suit of mourning, sums of 10*l*., 20*l*., and 30*l*., solicited under the pressure of absolute necessity, *even after Bickersteth was called to the bar!* But we are not sorry for these revelations: the tender reluctance of the struggling youth to press upon his family, and their painful endeavours to supply his necessities, are the most amiable circumstances that the work records. We by no means wish to hold up Bickersteth's ultimate and most unexpected success as an encouragement to wild speculation in the lottery of life, but a useful lesson may be learned from the resolution, the patience, the economy, and the honourable pride with which he bore and conquered such spirit-breaking difficulties.

At Cambridge, however, he found assistance in one, and afterwards another, of those scholarships which the prospective wisdom and charity of pious founders have provided for such cases, and which have helped forward so many eminent ornaments both of our Church and State. It was chiefly these scholarships that

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enabled, and the prospect of a fellowship (at length obtained) that encouraged poor Bickersteth to pursue the career that led him to wealth and honours.

The entry of his matriculation—which states merely that having been educated *in publicâ scholâ de Kirkby Lonsdale sub magistro Dobson per sexennium, annos natus xx admissus est*—slides over the unusually long interval between *Magister Dobson* and Caius College; but it is obvious that four or five years of London life, Edinburgh studies, and provincial practice, must have placed him far in advance of all the men of his year in everything but school classics, and even in these we may be sure he was not deficient. He had read—as we know from a private letter to an early friend, Mr. Swainson, which we have seen—Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, at school; how *much* of them we know not, but he was probably well grounded in Latin; and we find that for many months before he went to Cambridge he had '*worked hard at Greek*,' to ensure himself a decent collegiate rank.—(i. 112.) We notice the comparative maturity of his age when entering at Cambridge, for the sake of an observation which he makes to Mr. afterwards Dr. Henderson—his chief correspondent—and which Mr. Hardy calls 'humorous:'—

'Yesterday I entered college. You would laugh at the mummery and nonsense of this place. Every student decked in a square-topped cap, and a flowing gown; such regular attendance required at chapel and the dinner-table; *gates locked upon men of sense!* at a particular hour, &c.'—i. 128.

It seems strange that he and Henderson should not have been prepared for caps and gowns, chapels and dining halls, at an English University; and, however a medical student, who had been for four years his own master in London and Edinburgh, might have disliked finding '*gates locked on men of sense*,' a 'man of sense' might have been expected to perceive at once that the rule was made for 'men' in a totally different condition both of age and experience, and that the *habitué* of Great Windmill-street and the Canongate was an anomaly in the quiet walks of Caius.

Bickersteth seems to have remained at College the remainder of Michaelmas term, that is, about six weeks; but while spending the Christmas holidays with Dr. Batty in London, he had a serious fit of illness which delayed his return to Cambridge:—

'Fortunately, however, about this time Dr. Batty was requested by the Earl of Oxford to recommend him a physician to travel with his family in Italy. Dr. Batty well knew his nephew's fitness and qualifications for such an office, [?] and considered that it would be an admirable thing for him to commence life under the auspices of *so kind*

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kind and influential a patron, while, at the same time, the change, he knew, would be highly beneficial to his health. Accordingly, having received the consent of his parents, Mr. Bickersteth left London on the 31st of March, 1803.'—i. 160.

And after passing through France at the feverish moment that preceded the rupture of the peace of Amiens—not ill-described in three or four letters to his friends at home—he joined the Oxford party at Florence on the 4th of May, 1803.

This was assuredly the first step in Lord Langdale's good fortune. It was no doubt 'an *admirable thing* for him to obtain so *influential a patron*'—but, strange to say, after this single statement, Mr. Hardy never once admits, but, indeed, vehemently denies, that Lord Langdale had any obligation whatsoever to the influence or patronage of any man, and maintains that he, *alone* of all his contemporaries, rose to a high position by his own unaided and independent efforts. The subjoined paragraphs, which follow the announcement of Bickersteth's arrival at Florence, are, however, *very nearly the whole* of what Mr. Hardy chooses to tell us—from first to last—of Mr. Bickersteth's acquaintance and connexion with the Oxford family:—

'Edward, fifth Earl of Oxford, was born 20th of February, 1773. He was the eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. John Harley, Dean of Windsor, and Bishop of Hereford, and succeeded his uncle, the fourth earl, at a very early age. In consequence of friendships formed at the university, Lord Oxford quitted the political party to which his family had been for two generations attached, and was a steady Whig for the greater part of his life. Nearly at the end of it, his dislike to the repeal of the corn-laws converted him into an adherent of the Protectionist policy.

'Lord Oxford's friendship with Mr. Bickersteth began in 1803, and was warm and consistent to the end of his life. He placed the most unbounded confidence in Mr. B.; and in the latter years of his life delighted in being his guest.

'Lord Oxford died under Lord Langdale's roof, after an illness of some duration, December 28th, 1848. His last conscious expressions were those of grateful affection towards his old friend, then his son-in-law.

'Lord Oxford married Jane Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Scott, rector of Itchin, near Southampton. Lady Oxford died November 20th, 1824.'—i. 177.

As we believe that this connexion gave, if not the first, at least the final colour to Mr. Bickersteth's political opinions, and eventually to his future fortunes, it will not be here out of place to say something of those opinions—a point of considerable importance in the life of most public men, but which Mr. Hardy treats, as we think, very evasively. He hardly admits that Bickersteth

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Bickersteth had any politics at all, and strenuously denies that, such as they were, they had any influence whatsoever on his fortunes. The very contrary is, we may safely say, the truth—and the notorious truth—though, except on one occasion, which we shall notice presently, his life was too obscure to afford any very public demonstration of his views. He seems to have adopted the *liberal* notions which were especially in vogue in Edinburgh at his day; we find that his friend Henderson had made him a present of the portrait of Condorcet, which he carefully preserved—a circumstance that leaves no favourable impression of the religious or political principles which these young men then entertained. Again, when Bickersteth, by his residence on the Continent, had seen the actual working of Buonaparte's system, he takes, in a letter to his brother, a very high *anti-Gallican* tone, from which he says, '*You will of course think my politics much changed—I grant it*' (i. 193); and he adds just after, '*I am writing you a letter full of politics, which may perhaps annoy you exceedingly*' (ib.). Again—

'I understand there are bright genii among you who have discovered that England is ruined, and the war with France unnecessary; but however I may admire and adore the gentle power of peace, my cry should be War! war! perpetual war! till this overgrown power is lessened. . . . . Were I to tell you half how patriotic I am grown, you would say *my enthusiasm has veered about*, and I was grown most prejudiced and *illiberal*; but, however, I think I am right, and I care but little *about what I thought long ago*.'—i. 195-6.

And again; we have a long letter to Dr. Henderson, strongly deprecating the increase of the democratic element in our society and government, and the alarming preponderance which *town* population were already obtaining over that of the *country*. In short, it would seem that his continental lesson had converted him from any revolutionary propensities, and that he returned to England almost, if not quite, a Tory—certainly a Pittite. We shall see, as we proceed, the probable cause of a subsequent change of opinion.

The Oxford family escaped from Buonaparte's arrest by the kindness of the Queen of Etruria. They made their way by Ancona and Venice, and thence—with frequent pauses when they had got beyond Buonaparte's reach—to Vienna, Prague, and Dresden, till, 'in September, 1804, they arrived at Lord Oxford's seat, Eywood, in Herefordshire, where, with the exception of a hurried visit to Kirkby Lonsdale, Bickersteth remained till the following March.' These six months must have been a period of great anxiety to Bickersteth; he was still acting as a medical friend at Eywood, and attended Lord Oxford through a dangerous illness,

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illness, during which, adds Bickersteth, in a letter to his parents, 'Lady Oxford hardly ever left his bedside' (i. 213). This and the mention of a slight accident in a gondola at Venice are, we think, the only occasions on which there is any allusion to *Lady Oxford* throughout the volumes—a strange omission, if, as we have always heard, her Ladyship shared Lord Oxford's good-will towards Bickersteth; and we shall see that when he speaks of his expectations from the Oxford connexion he always and emphatically uses the plural number, and calculates the degree of interest which *they* might exert for him; and who can be meant by '*they*' but Lord and *Lady Oxford*?—there was no other grown-up person in that family.

His medical success, on the occasion of the Earl's illness, seems to have only increased his dislike to the medical profession. Lord Oxford expressed himself so grateful to him as the preserver of his life, that Bickersteth had 'no doubt that his Lordship would exert himself to procure him the means of extricating himself from a profession which he could not like' (i. 213). This prospect, however, luckily failed. The object of his aspirations was a commission in the army; and so far was he from justifying Mr. Hardy's hyperbolical praise of despising and even spurning, patronage, that we find him very rationally, but also very anxiously, calculating and inquiring how he might best avail himself of the influence which he hoped Lord Oxford might possess. He writes to his parents, 19th September, 1805:—

'By the numerous services I have rendered to Lord Oxford and his family ever since I first knew them, I feel myself entitled to every interest *they* can exert for me; but politically—[Mr. Hardy quæres *prudentially*?]—speaking, I cannot think it worth while for me to spend all my money at Cambridge, waiting for the chance. I have inquired about the interest *they* could exert for me in the army, and I find that *they* are connected with two or three persons of the first consequence, and would be very happy to make any application for me. Indeed, so sanguine are *they*, that they think they could obtain for me immediately a lieutenant's commission for nothing, and afterwards assist me in getting advancement. If *they* should be able to obtain this commission for me directly, I should really like to accept it; but if it is refused, *I should give up all thoughts* of the plan, for I am not desirous of going to work in uncertainty. They have not yet applied, but would do so the instant I asked them; therefore pray write to me immediately.'—i. 221-2.

His parents disapproved, and expressed some regret at 'his unsteady and unsettled conduct;' but he still urged his point with much earnestness, and a grave calculation of profit and loss—the great prize that then presented itself to him being that of 'the

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'the possibility of becoming *an aide-de-camp*.' His parents do not appear to have been persuaded; but it turned out that the Oxfords could get him nothing more than an ensigncy—if that—and he seems even to have doubted their zeal in his behalf (i. 234). Whether some vague prospect of a military life might have influenced Bickersteth's conversion to Mr. Pitt's war system, which we have just noticed, and whether the subsequent disappointment may have turned his politics back into the old channel, we cannot say—but the result of the latter was that he reluctantly determined to stick by Cambridge—where he had still his scholarship, and the prospect of a fellowship.

But here again he found that he should have some difficulty in obtaining a *medical* degree, and having been in his perplexity and distress advised by a judicious friend to adopt the general line of university education, and to read for a degree in Arts, he fortunately took that course—turned all his energies in that direction, particularly to mathematics—became distinguished as '*a desperately hard student*'—and finally, on the 20th of January, 1808, had the 'good fortune,' as he modestly calls it, of becoming Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Mathematical prizeman—honours great in themselves, but unusually so on this occasion, as his competitors were Bland, the author of 'Equations,' who was second Wrangler—the present Bishop of London third—and Professor Sedgwick the fifth. Bickersteth's age may have given him some advantage over his competitors, but the distinction was remarkable. Mr. Hardy notes as a curious circumstance that there were at the same time on the Bench four Judges who had attained this double honour—Sir Frederick Pollock, Chief Baron, in 1806; Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, in 1808; Sir Edward Alderson, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, in 1809; and Sir William Maule, one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, in 1810.

After this success Bickersteth had no great difficulty in deciding on the law as his profession: he entered himself at the Inner Temple in April, 1808, and brought to his new studies the same sagacious diligence that had distinguished him at Cambridge. In the beginning of 1810 he became a pupil of Mr. Bell, first an equity draughtsman, and afterwards a Chancery lawyer of the first eminence. There is no hint given how Bickersteth contrived to bear the expense of this tuition, for he had nothing, it seems, at this time but his junior fellowship at Caius, worth, he says, 30*l.*, and the small sums painfully doled out to him by his family. It is possible that Mr. Bell, who was also a Westmoreland man, may have lowered, or even wholly remitted the usual fee of one hundred guineas, for in one of his letters to his

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his father, in which he hints that Bell does not take much trouble about him, he adds, that he always expresses '*great gratitude to you*' (i. 246).

On this slender thread of connexion Mr. Hardy hangs a long biographical notice of Mr. Bell, exhibiting some additional specimens of inaccuracy and absurdity which, though they have nothing to do with Lord Langdale, are too characteristic of Mr. Hardy and his book to be passed by. After repeating a good, but not a true, story, that when George IV. asked, upon the Vice-Chancellorship of England being vacated by Sir A. Hart, who was fittest for the office, his Majesty was told that the soundest lawyer in Westminster Hall was a gentleman who unfortunately could neither *write*, *walk*, nor *speak*—alluding to Bell's execrable handwriting, constitutional lameness, and strong northern accent—Mr. Hardy proceeds to say that—

'Sir Lancelot Shadwell was preferred to Mr. Bell on *account of his politics*. *Liberal principles* had not as yet won the favour of the Government, and Mr. Bell was passed over.'—i. 242.

All this is unfounded. Politics, in the general sense of the term, had nothing to do with Sir L. Shadwell's promotion: he was as a lawyer reputed fully adequate to the duty, and experience confirmed that opinion; but he happened also to be an intimate connexion and friend of Lord Ripon, then (1827) at the head of a *compound ministry*, which were so far from excluding *liberal principles*, that his Cabinet included Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, and Mr. Tierney; and it is well known that a Chief Judgeship was pressed on Mr. Brougham, whose politics were at least as liberal as Mr. Bell's—and rather better known.

When Mr. Bell, at about the age of 65, gave up his *court* business and confined himself to *chamber* practice, most people accounted for it on the *Solve senescentem* principle. But such a commonplace motive does not satisfy Mr. Hardy.

'One of the circumstances that redounds greatly to Mr. Bell's honour is the fact that he retired from the open practice of his profession while still in good health and full business, *in order to give his juniors a share in the practice* which would otherwise have continued to fall into his hands.'—i. 243.

This would have been a degree of promiscuous philanthropy of which we believe no lawyer was ever before suspected.

Here, also, Mr. Hardy introduces in honour of Mr. Bell a jeu d'esprit—which he however garbles, and of which he knows not either the author, or the occasion, or the gist. It happened that Mr. Vesey, the reporter, being suddenly called out of the Court of Chancery, requested Mr., now Sir George Rose, to take a note of the

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the argument, which he did, accurately enough, it is said, in the following lines :—

'Mr. Leech made a speech,
Angry, neat, and wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was right, but dull and long;
Mr. Parker made that darker
Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cook quoted his book;
And the Chancellor said, I DOUBT.'

Besides some minor mistakes Mr. Hardy has transmuted the two last lines into a *limping* compliment to his friend Mr. Bell—

'*Mr. Bell spoke so well*
That the Chancellor said *I doubt.*'

Mr. Bell was not in the cause, nor of course in the original rhymes, and the praise of having spoken '*so well that* the Chancellor said *I doubt*' loses the best point of the epigram, for whether Mr. Bell or any one else had spoken ill or well, the Chancellor would have been equally made to say '*I doubt.*' But the strangest part of Mr. Hardy's blunder in this trivial matter is the proof it affords that the biographer of Lord Langdale and the severe censor of Lord Eldon's judicial character has never taken the decent trouble of reading Mr. Twiss's Life of the great Chancellor—for in that work is to be found a nearly genuine copy of the verses: the version we have given is slightly different but more exact.

Mr. Hardy concludes his biographical sketch by an account of Mr. Bell's death and burial, which becomes ludicrous by his bungling pedantry.

'Away (says Mr. Hardy) from the strife of Courts and the *fumum strepitumque Romæ*'—

—we expect, of course, that he is about to say that his friend passed in rural repose the evening of his life. Not at all. Mr. Bell died in Bedford Square, on the 6th Feb. 1836, and it was only his 'ashes' that escaped the *strife, and noise, and smoke of the town* by having been buried at Milton in Kent—where, Mr. Hardy proceeds to say in the same figurative and classical taste—

'his posterity have taken root, enjoying in dignified, but not useless seclusion, the fruits of their father's well-spent life.

His SALTEM *meminisse juvabit.*'—vol. i., p. 243.

What this may mean we leave to Œdipus, and return to our main subject.

Mr. Bickersteth now took chambers in No. 3, Fig-tree Court, Temple, where he lived with extreme economy, in constant and severe

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severe study, supported in this long and anxious probation by a growing confidence in what he says everybody told him—that 'perseverance must eventually succeed.' He of course mingled little in society, but in an early letter from the Temple, 6th of August, 1810, he announces to his friends in the country an acquaintance, which—though Mr. Hardy takes but little and imperfect notice of it—had, we believe, the most important influence on his future fortunes.

'About once in two or three weeks I go to Roehampton, six miles from town, and stay all night at the Burdetts', *with whom I became acquainted at Florence*, and walk home again the next morning.'—i. 245.

Now, presuming that by '*the Burdetts*' he meant Sir Francis Burdett, we cannot account for Mr. Hardy's assertion a few pages after—

'During Mr. Bickersteth's residence *abroad* he became acquainted with Mr. *Jones Burdett*, who, *on his return to England*, introduced him to his brother, Sir Francis Burdett, and their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship.'—i. 254.

This excludes all idea of *Lord Oxford's* having been the immediate link of acquaintance between Sir Francis and Bickersteth—whereas it seems from the latter's own statement that he had become acquainted with Sir Francis Burdett *at Florence;* but, whether at Florence or in London, certain it is that it was in the society of *the Oxfords* that he made that acquaintance; and there can be no doubt that these connexions—about which Mr. Hardy thinks proper to make such a mystery—decided his hesitating politics, and—combined with his subsequent success in his profession—gave him among the *Liberals* a weight and consideration, which, on their long subsequent accession to power, designated him as one of the foremost candidates for office, and eventually, after a delay (which we shall hereafter explain), raised him *per saltum* to the Bench and the Peerage.

We are by no means casting any reflection, either in Lord Langdale's case or as a general principle, on the reciprocating system of party attachments and party favours—it is inevitable in popular governments, and all that can be expected is that the unquestionable competence of the individual should be a condition precedent on the obligations of party. It is Mr. Hardy's arrogant assertion of Lord Langdale's *exclusive* superiority over all his contemporaries in the qualities of independence and self-reliance, that forces us to remind him that none of the most eminent of those contemporaries—Lord Eldon, Sir William Grant, Lord Gifford, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Cottenham, or Lord St. Leonards—owed so much to early connexion and patronage as Lord Langdale.

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Langdale. He had already—even before he was called to the bar—secured and reckoned upon as likely to promote his advance in life the favour of the Oxfords and '*the Burdetts*,' and that favour connected him with the party by which he ultimately attained a station to which his own not brilliant abilities would—unassisted—never have reached, nor even aspired. In all this there was nothing that we see objectionable: Bickersteth fulfilled the main condition; he was competent—*nec ultra*—to the office ultimately conferred on him, but we cannot, therefore, allow Mr. Hardy, whether from blind partiality or ignorance, to distort his friend's overrated merits into an invidious reflection on everybody else—and needlessly too, for we repeat that Bickersteth's personal and professional character was sufficient to justify the favour of his political friends.

We were not aware, till Mr. Hardy informed us, how early and zealous a partisan Bickersteth had become under this influence. Before he was called to the bar he was, it seems, deep in Sir Francis Burdett's turbulent councils, and may be almost called a fellow conspirator. When Sir Francis forced a reluctant government to take legal measures against him, we can have no doubt that Bickersteth was one of his confidential advisers—he was the first to visit him in prison, and was the person intrusted to manage his quiet exodus from the Tower, by crossing over to Surrey in a wherry to the disappointment of a formidable mob which had been organised to conduct him in a triumphal procession through the illuminated and intimidated capital. We believe that this prudent resolution was formed from Sir Francis's own apprehension, or perhaps from some private information, that a serious insurrectionary movement might have grown out of the intended procession; but however that might be, we are glad to conclude, from Bickersteth's having been the person charged with conveying Burdett over the water, that *he* approved his friend's judicious course; and the appearance that the procession assumed that evening—notwithstanding the evasion of its intended hero—showed how perilous it might have become. Sir Francis, to say the truth, had an inordinate love of popularity—was profuse of verbal violence—and not at all shy of risking his own purse or even person in the way of fine and imprisonment—but he was always in his heart averse to both the immediate risks and incalculable dangers of popular tumults; like all demagogues of a higher order he hated in proportion as he knew the democracy—and *his bark was ever waur than his bite.* The true key to the earlier conduct of this distinguished, and in private most amiable man, seems to be that while very young, with a very large fortune, and a very high spirit, he took to politics,

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politics, as others do to play, racing, yachting, or the like, more for occupation and excitement than with any serious object; and having fallen in with the dreamer Bentham and the schemer Horne Tooke—two men to whom from various causes 'the world was no friend nor the world's law'—his eager but remarkably ductile temper was seduced by their morbid influence into extreme opinions—with *him* hardly more than speculative, but felt and urged by *them* with all the sincerity of disappointment and rancour. Nor are we quite sure that there may not have been also something of personal pique mixed with Sir Francis's patriotism, for we remember to have heard (but really forget on what authority) that he had very early in life been offended by some kind of neglect or repulse from Mr. Pitt; and this is rendered more likely by Mr. Hardy's statement, that Sir Francis had returned to England in 1793, from a continental tour of some years, with strong *anti-revolutionary* impressions. Though we hold Mr. Hardy's individual judgment very cheap, we can venture to quote the following as a summary of Sir Francis's character—politics apart—in which all of whatever party will agree.

'He died on the 23rd of January, 1844, within two days of completing his 74th year. As a friend, filled with benevolent impulses, Sir Francis Burdett stands pre-eminent. He might have been selected, not only for his personal appearance, but also for his mental culture, winning address, and dignified manners, as a perfect specimen of an English gentleman.'—i. 259.

Soon after these hazardous scenes in which Mr. Bickersteth played a part unnoticed by the public, but no doubt duly appreciated in his own political circle, he was called to the bar. He seems to have continued in great pecuniary straits, and was particularly distressed by the want of books—the tools, as it were, of his trade and daily bread, but which, even with the aid wrung from his family, he could but slowly and scantily acquire. He was even at one moment driven to the thought of abandoning the law and all that it had already cost him, and retiring to the humble obscurity of his Cambridge fellowship. This modicum, however, and the prospect of an early increase of its amount, supported him through his despondency. He respectfully but decidedly rejected, Oct. 1814, a proposition from his father to join him in medical practice at Liverpool, whither the old man had now removed—and manfully and fortunately persevered in the profitless and all but hopeless labours of the Temple.

It has been thought a proof of an inertness of disposition that he did not in this extremity seek, as so many other afterwards eminent lawyers have done, some resource in the industry of the press. We

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We do not feel this. It is not every able man who can write, still less write profitably; and we think that, on the whole, Bickersteth made a truer appreciation both of his own talents and his professional interests in not being for a moment diverted by the small and precarious gains of subaltern literature from his great ultimate object. It was probably this dogged addiction to the *porro unum necessarium* that enabled him in better days to repay and more than repay to the various members of his family all that they had contributed to his advancement. No doubt he kept these humiliating difficulties from the knowledge of his usual London acquaintance, but they did not escape the friendly suspicion of Sir Francis Burdett, who on the 26th Nov. 1813, addressed him the following kind and generous letter, to the publication of which by *Lord Langdale's friends* the strictest delicacy cannot object. It is indeed one of those exceptional cases in which the right of publication seems reasonably to belong to the *receiver*.

'Dear Bickersteth,—I have five hundred times been upon the point of speaking to you upon a subject I very much wished to do, but have been fearful of offending you;—yet I know not why, since you are sure to take a thing as it is intended. Without any more preface, I am very desirous, if I could tell how, to serve you; and after revolving a variety of things this has occurred to me. I know that it is often of the greatest importance to a man, in the commencement of any career, to have the command, in cases of emergency, of a sum of money —don't be alarmed. Now, if you would allow me to be your banker to a certain extent, say five hundred pounds, the whole of which, or any part, you might draw for whenever occasion made it desirable, and replace it at your own convenience, I have thought this might, in the beginning of an arduous profession, be of great service to you and no detriment whatever to me, and, therefore, I have flattered myself that the offer, proceeding as it does from a just esteem of your character, would not be by you rejected: if it should not, as I have set my heart upon it it will not, pray write two words,—and mind, two words only —or, rather, three—I accept it—and never further mention made of it between us. Now the murder is out; I hope I have not done wrong. I am, however, confident you will take it as intended.'

Soon after this he began to creep into humble business; and in January, 1814, another of his hopes was realised by his being elected to a senior fellowship in his college. The emoluments, however small, were at that time considerable to him. Nine years later (1823), he attained an upper class of the fellowship, limited to the four seniors, which, for a time, increased his income, whatever it may have previously been, by 60*l*.—but, as it turned out, to no ultimate advantage. The case was this. In October 1825, after Bickersteth had been two years in his higher

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higher position, the college found that a special fund, from which the four seniors were paid, had so much increased that, by a fresh distribution, those gentlemen, instead of their extra sum of 60*l.*, might receive 220*l.* a-year each. This rate, however, dissatisfied the junior fellows; and on their complaint the share of the four seniors was reduced to 140*l.*, and so it remained till the spring of 1830, when the junior fellows again complained of the injustice of this distribution. By this time Mr. Bickersteth had acquired a high station at the bar, and the Master of the college, glad no doubt to have so great a legal authority interested in the question, communicated the complaint to him, adding, however, that he need not be uneasy about it, as the right of the four seniors was quite clear. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Bickersteth, and he desired to see the original grant. Even to him, eminent in the profession and interested in the question, *a great reluctance was shown* about the production of the documents, and it was not till after much *suspicious delay and evasion* that, on the 13th of October, 1830, they were confidentially communicated to him. On perusing them, Bickersteth was convinced that he and his colleagues had actually been receiving money to which they were not entitled, and immediately set off to Cambridge to acquaint the Master and other seniors with this result. They did not agree with him, and he was driven to insist on a general meeting of the fellows for the further investigation of the matter. Meetings were held on the 27th and 28th of October, where Mr. Bickersteth proved his case, and with much trouble got a new and proper scale of payments adopted; and not contented with that, he immediately paid back the whole of the excess that he had received, with four per cent. interest, amounting to the sum of 773*l.* 15*s.* Such is Mr. Hardy's statement of the facts.

Bickersteth's conduct in making this restitution was no doubt prompted by an honourable feeling; but Mr. Hardy is not contented with saying that. He demands our admiration for '*a beautiful trait of character*,'—'*spirited and magnanimous conduct*,' in which 'his conscientious spirit *shines pre-eminently bright*.'—(i. 299.) This language seems to us not merely exaggerated but extremely injudicious; and as the case makes a very prominent feature in Mr. Bickersteth's uneventful life and overrated character, we shall be excused for entering into a closer examination of the panegyric.

Mr. Hardy asserts that—

'*As soon* as a *doubt* of the senior fellows' right to receive this stipend was raised he *felt uneasy*, and *could not rest* till he had satisfied himself.'—i. 294.

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Now this seems to us not quite consistent with the facts. In 1823, the year of his election, he received an undue *excess* of income; in 1825 that excess was *suddenly* more than *quadrupled;* this produced a *remonstrance* from the junior fellows, in consequence of which the great excess was *reduced* by one half; and finally, in 1830, the question took a still more formidable shape, as above stated. Now, is it not somewhat strange that these fluctuations of income, accompanied by successive complaints, counterclaims, and remonstrances, should not have excited the attention of any man of common sense, but especially of an astute Chancery lawyer, to whom this fellowship and the slightest variation of its revenue had so long been a matter of the deepest interest? Can it be truly said, that '*as soon as the doubt was raised* he felt uneasy, and could not rest till it was satisfied'? Every fluctuation in his receipts ought to have suggested a doubt to him; but the doubt was as distinctly raised by others in 1825, as it was subsequently in 1830. Lord Langdale himself was, it appears, far from taking, on reflection, Mr. Hardy's approbative view of the matter; he, on the contrary, thought it necessary to leave, in his *private* diary, a confession and apology as follows:—

'I became one of the four Senior Fellows in 1823, and received an increase of stipend to the amount of 60*l.* a-year, without thinking there was, or could be, any doubt of my right. I rarely attended college meetings, and, when I did so, ran down to Cambridge and concurred in what passed upon the information I then received, and in the reliance that what they proposed was for the general benefit. In 1825, at a meeting of the Master and Seniors, it was proposed to increase their stipends. I asked if it was clear that we were entitled to do so. I was told it was; and without looking at any document, or knowing the nature or particulars of the Foundation, but giving entire confidence to the Master and the other Seniors, but particularly the Master, who said he knew the Foundation, &c., I concurred in the vote of increase. *I pretend not to justify or excuse the proceeding; it was a grave fault in all, and perhaps worst in myself,* to apply money to our own benefit without examining the documents for the purpose of ascertaining whether we had authority or not—but so the case was.'—i. 298.

This acknowledgment is creditable to Lord Langdale's candour, but it becomes provokingly ridiculous when Mr. Hardy ventures to add that—

'Lord Langdale's humility in blaming himself on this occasion [in a private diary!] is *as beautiful as any example of that virtue in ancient or modern history.*'!!!—i. 299.

The conclusion of this affair is curious, and, we think, not more satisfactory. A bill was filed in Chancery to compel the other

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[illegible] the same restitution which had been voluntarily made by [illegible]ersteth; and the cause came on seven years later, before Bick[illegible]rsteth himself, as Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, who heard the cause by *consent of the parties*—a consent which we think o[illegible]ght not to have been given nor accepted in a case in which Lord Langdale was a virtual party, and might have been a real one if the decision had not been—as it was—*against the restitution.* Suppose that the Court had decided (as Lord Langdale's *private* conscience did) that the parties should refund, the Master in Chancery, to whom the case would be of course referred, might not be satisfied with Lord Langdale's calculation of the excess, nor with *four* per cent. interest, when the legal rate was *five*, and might, and would no doubt, we presume, by some supplemental process, have called him to further account. He was therefore virtually a party.

We observe that, in the *report* of the case (2 Keen, 150) there is no intimation either that Lord Langdale had any connexion with the college, or that he heard the cause *by consent.*

Mr. Hardy, by giving his Lordship's *judgment* in his Appendix, seems to invite legal criticism upon it; to that we profess ourselves incompetent—but one point strikes our unlearned mind as remarkable—namely, the allowing—though, as his Lordship says, 'with *very much hesitation*'—the defendants—acknowledged de[illegible]s—not only to keep the sums they had improperly distri[illegible]uted amongst themselves, but to have *their costs defrayed out of the fund they had thus abused.*

Costs are sometimes given to trustees when they have acted irregularly, but under a long practice, and without any suspicion of *mala fides;* but here Lord Langdale's own memoranda show that the practice was recent, introduced by the actual defendants, and with those evident marks of *mala fides*—of consciousness of wrong-doing—that we have noted in italics in a former page. Again; Mr. Bickersteth's restitution was right or wrong: if right, Lord Langdale's *judgment* ought to have supported it; if wrong, as his *judgment* decided, it was doubly wrong, for it placed his colleagues in a state of painful, invidious, and *undeserved* suspicion as compared with himself, and it was probably the inducement which made the plaintiffs enter into the costly experiment of a Chancery suit to oblige the other fellows to a similar restitution. In whatever light this matter be looked at, we can see no grounds for Mr. Hardy's description of it as 'a *beautiful trait of character,*' and '*spirited and magnanimous conduct.*' On the contrary, it seems to us that Lord Langdale's self-condemnation for the too easy receipt of the money was rather more gentle than the case deserved—too much like Sancho Panza's penitential stripes; that

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Lord Langdale's hearing the cause *by consent* was at least indiscreet, and the worse for being *by consent* in such a case; and, finally, that his *judgment* as to the costs could only have rested on the assumption of long practice and *bona fides*, which he knew to be at least doubtful.

Mr. Hardy has introduced this unlucky episode under the date of 1814, when Bickersteth obtained his senior fellowship, and to that period we now return.

We have seen that Mr. Hardy has revealed, with needless details, the pecuniary miseries of Bickersteth's position, but he still leaves us at a loss to imagine whence his expenses at Cambridge, and for many years in the Temple, could have been defrayed. The small occasional remittances of his parents were obviously very inadequate auxiliaries to his poor fellowship. 200*l.* 3 per Cents., sold out by his brother Edward (how obtained is not stated), did not quite defray the stamps and other official expenses of the call to the bar; and, until Sir Francis Burdett's liberal offer in 1813 (and Mr. Hardy does not tell us whether it was accepted or not), we find no trace of any additional resources. In January, 1814, he obtained, as we have seen, his senior fellowship; but no mention is made of what its actual value may have been prior to the undue increase in 1823. It could not have been much, for at the close of *that same year* we find him deploring the painful necessity of drawing 30*l.* more from his parents, which, however, he hopes he may be able to repay.

As Mr. Hardy chose to lead us through the painful portion of his pilgrimage, we are sorry that he has not exhibited also the progress of his prosperity; it was evidently not rapid; but Mr. Hardy states that before he confined himself to the Rolls he had attained an income of 6000*l.* a-year, and his loss by that resolution, which Mr. Hardy had just before treated vaguely and lightly in the phrase of '*some cost*,' he subsequently states at no less than 2000*l.* a-year. We suppose that Mr. Hardy must have what he thinks authority for this assertion—the only precise one in the whole book upon the subject of income;—yet it seems to us very unlike the general course of human affairs that a man only of seventeen years' standing at the bar, forty-four years of age, and rising in general estimation, should have voluntarily made such a sacrifice as 2000*l.* a-year. Mr. Hardy says that it was for ease and health's sake; but as it occurred at the very period that Bickersteth asked and obtained a silk gown, and as Mr. Hardy adds that his business in the Rolls immediately and largely increased, we hesitate to believe in any such diminution of income or any equivalent increase of leisure and relaxation.

His friendship for Burdett, and his connexion through him,

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him, as we suppose, with Bentham and the Radicals, induced him to take a very hot interest in the great Westminster election of 1818—when Sir Francis was placed in a kind of antagonism to Sir Samuel Romilly, and, though returned, was only second on the poll—a great mortification to the popular candidate. Bickersteth's conduct on this occasion seems to have made more noise than any other event of his life till his peerage, and was, it is owned, generally disapproved. The public at large were disagreeably surprised at seeing a Chancery lawyer so entirely out of his element. The Tories of course censured Bickersteth's extra-professional zeal, and the Whig members of both the legal professions were offended at his supporting —against their especial favourite Romilly* — not only Burdett but a Radical of inferior note. On this subject Bickersteth writes (we presume in that private Diary which Mr. Hardy frequently quotes)—

'I soon felt the effects of my imprudence—not only did my business diminish, but persons with whom I had up to that time lived on terms of courtesy and good-fellowship, at once grew cold to me. I cannot forget the feelings which I experienced in going up Lincoln's Inn Hall the first time after the election was over: some of my fellow barristers whom I had liked, and many with whom I had always been on good terms, absolutely turned away from me. I felt this treatment severely, but I was satisfied that I had done right, and I resolved to adhere steadily to the business which remained to me, and trust to that for getting over the undeserved reproach. I succeeded; the cloud after a time passed away—my business returned—I was again recognized by the men who had turned from me.'—i. 327.

All this might have been forgotten but for Mr. Hardy's *record;* but there must have been, we think, a very unseemly degree of party violence to have excited so much disapprobation, and prompted the penitential record of the Diary.

As a counterpoise to this check Mr. Hardy hastens to tell us—

'So highly was Mr. Bickersteth esteemed by his friends that in the year 1819 he was offered, through the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, a seat in Parliament, and to be brought in without expense;—but, to their great surprise, he declined.'—i. 332.

Now we believe that Mr. Douglas Kinnaird had no *seat* to offer. What probably he offered was a *contest*, in which Bickersteth would have been beaten as Kinnaird himself was, with, as it was said, considerable pecuniary damage. On this offer, whatever it was, Bickersteth noted in his Diary, that if he were rich he would accept it, but that his 'poverty' would not permit him to

* Mr. Hardy, whose acquirements in French seem to equal his skill in the classics, says that 'Sir Samuel Romilly was the *nom de guerre* of the Whigs.'

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devote himself to politics, and he therefore preferred remaining as he was. Though he may not have thought himself rich enough to waste any of his time in the House of Commons, we cannot doubt he must have been already making an income that placed him above 'poverty.'

Soon after this (May 1819) Sir Francis Burdett involved himself and Bickersteth in another scrape by publishing a letter to his constituents on the Manchester Riots, which, beyond all question, was a most incendiary libel. It was written in Leicestershire, sent to Bickersteth in London, and by him conveyed to the printer. Proceedings having been threatened against Bickersteth, and in default of him against the printer, Sir Francis wrote to the Secretary of State confessing himself to be the author—and he was accordingly tried and convicted. Notwithstanding the apparent manliness and candour of Burdett's avowal, and the abhorrence professed by Bickersteth and the Benthamite school for all legal chicanery, Mr. Hardy reproduces, and endeavours to justify, a quibble raised by Sir Francis's counsel on the technicalities of the *publication*, which was pushed to the farcical extent of bringing Bickersteth to make affidavit that *he* had not been in Leicestershire in any part of the month in which the letter was dated. We do not quarrel with Mr. Hardy having his opinion (however inconsistent with his general doctrines) on the point of law—but we complain that he confuses and misstates the case, and in one point wilfully and partially. We have seen that Sir Francis's motive in confessing the authorship was to protect in the *first* instance Bickersteth—but our biographer—unwilling to exhibit his hero—the future judge and great law-reformer—as having been in jeopardy of a *criminal prosecution*—slides silently over *Bickersteth's* danger, and states only that the menace which brought Sir Francis forward was against *Mr. Brooks*—the printer. This may seem a trifle, but it stamps the character of the book—at once silly and sly.

These were the scenes and the studies in which Mr. Bickersteth was preparing to shine forth, as what Mr. Hardy thinks the grand characteristic illustration of his life—*a law-reformer.* Indeed he tells that as early as his call to the bar he was already entitled to that honourable distinction. We confess, however, that even in Mr. Hardy's own papers we cannot discover any claim that he had then or for very many years later to any such reputation, except that he was a *political* reformer of the highest or lowest Radical school:—a thorough disciple of Bentham, who thought *all* law a mere combination of nonsense and knavery, and whose object is summed up by one of his ardent admirers, (quoted by Mr. Hardy,) in the title of the '*great*

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'*great* SUBVERSIVE.' It may seem not improbable that the leader of Sir Francis Burdett's mobs, and the publisher of his libels, and the echo of the Lamentations of Jeremy over the rotten state of human society, was in theory sufficiently *subversive*—but we have many years to wait before we can find him in anything like the sober character of a practical law-reformer—and even then he was a very perfunctory one.

The first we find of anything of the sort is that in 1825 he gave, before a Commission of Chancery Inquiry, an evidence which delighted Bentham—chiefly because it countenanced his most absurd and impracticable scheme of *codification.** Mr. Hardy produces a long abstract of this evidence, which seems to us very commonplace, and neither to touch the real cause nor offer any effective remedy of the grievance. In 1827 Mr. Bickersteth subscribed, with Mr. Joseph Parkes and some others, to set up the '*Jurist*,' a paper on reform principles. In 1828 he, at Lord Lyndhurst's request, was chairman of a committee of several professional gentlemen, who, under his Lordship's directions, met to consider of some practical improvements in the business of the Court; finally, in June 1835, he drew up certain '*Notes and Suggestions on the Court of Chancery, written at the desire of Lord Melbourne*;'—and these four instances—none (unless perhaps the second) voluntary—are the only practical (if indeed they can be called practical) claims that can be advanced for Mr. Bickersteth as a law-reformer.

In the interval of his hero's few and far-between appearances, Mr. Hardy pursues the history of law reform and the successive reformers of the day, written with equal malevolence against individuals, and ignorance or misrepresentation of the general subject. We shall select a few examples which will sufficiently characterise the rest. He begins with an attack on Lord Eldon, whose

'indecision, doubts, and over-cautiousness, added to the various duties he had to perform in the cabinet, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and on the woolsack, produced a chaos of confusion and an overwhelming arrear of business in the House of Lords and in the Court of Chancery. Hundreds of causes were remaining to be heard; thousands of suitors had abandoned proceedings, and many were ruined under grievous oppression, merely because they were unable to afford the money or the time necessary to enable them to proceed. Even those who found the means and expended the money and time necessary to get their

* *Codification*, for a country that sometimes passes 200 new laws in a year, is about as practicable as a printed and perfect catalogue of the Museum Library, that receives an annual addition of 20,000 volumes. If our laws had been codified at the date when Bentham first proposed it, what would the *code* be worth now?

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causes ready for hearing, were kept in suspense for an unreasonable length of time, uncertain whether they were thereafter to be rich or poor; many from the tardy steps of justice were unable to form or settle their plans in life, and were kept in a state of the most harassing wretchedness.—This is no overcharged statement of the miseries attendant on the suitors of the Court of Chancery, but a *veritable picture* of the then state of things.'—i. 349.

This Mr. Hardy vouches for as a *veritable picture* of Lord Eldon's mal-administration in 1812. Now mark! We turn over sixty or seventy pages and we arrive at the first distinct appearance of Bickersteth as a Chancery reformer—in the Notes for Lord Melbourne just mentioned. We find in the third paragraph of those Notes the following confession:—

'At the present time (June 1835) the accumulation of arrears is not quite so great as the long illness of the late Master of the Rolls, together with other reasons, had made it in the time of Lord Lyndhurst; but *it is considerably greater than it was in the year* 1812, when it was considered sufficient to make the appointment of a new judge necessary.'—i. 424-5.

Thus, although these reformers had been near twenty-five years at work—though an additional Law-lord had been added to the peerage to help the Chancellor in appeals—though a Vice-Chancellorship had been created, and men of eminent activity had filled that post—and though the Master of the Rolls had been called into more regular and extensive duties—there were more arrears in 1835 than in 1812; Mr. Hardy's '*veritable picture*' of which date insults and traduces the soundest, most indefatigable, and, on the whole, perhaps the greatest Chancery lawyer that this country has ever seen.

We have already noticed the injustice and inaccuracy of Mr. Hardy's account of the appointment of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, but we have a still more serious complaint as respects the successive appointments of Sir John Leach as Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls. He says:—

'For services rendered the Prince Regent in obtaining evidence to convict the Princess of Wales of adultery, Sir John Leach had been raised to the second judicial seat in the Court of Chancery, though neither his legal learning nor his judgment entitled him to such a mark of distinction; he had, however, acquired a reputation for a knowledge of legal principles, and the more refined subtleties of equity practice; and these, added to large perceptive powers which involved a facility of disentangling knotty and complicated cases, were thought by the Prince Regent sufficient qualification for a judge of that lofty station.'—i. 376.

And to this *text* he subjoins a *note*—

'See

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'See Lord Brougham's character of Sir John Leach, in his *Statesmen of the Times of George III. and IV.*'

Mr. Hardy's attempt to shelter this injurious character against a Judge and a Sovereign under Lord Brougham's authority is altogether unjustifiable. Lord Brougham's feelings and expressions towards either George IV. or Sir John Leach, on the Queen's case, were more than sufficiently bitter—but of Leach's appointment he says nothing like what Mr. Hardy imputes to him—he does not say that Leach owed his promotion to George IV. personally nor to the cause that Mr. Hardy states—nor does he in any way question the fitness of the appointments—but on the contrary fully admits Leach's qualifications as an *equity* judge:—

'With great quickness of parts, an extraordinary power of fixing his attention upon an argument, and following steadily its details, a rare faculty of neat and lucid statement, even of the most entangled and complicated facts, considerable knowledge of legal principles and still greater acquaintance with equity practice, he was singularly ignorant of the world, and had no kind of familiarity with the rules or the practice of evidence in the courts of common or criminal law.'—*Statesmen, tit. George IV.*

Mr. Hardy adopts and amplifies Lord Brougham's last observation as a disqualification of Sir John Leach for the Equity Bench: we need only ask him what *his* model Master of the Rolls knew of common or criminal law? In truth, so little that he refused a mixed Equity and Common Law judgeship, from feeling his own incompetence to the latter branch of it. In another point, too, Mr. Hardy misrepresents Sir John Leach; he says (i. 377) that, on his elevation to the Rolls,

'He affected to believe that it was a lighter and less responsible place where he might enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, and that it was conferred on him more as the reward of past services than of duties to be performed. In this, as many other instances, he suffered himself to be deceived, because he saw more pleasure in indulging *dolce far niente*, and affecting the *nonchalance* of fashionable life.—It never occurred to him that the Master of the Rolls possessed higher rank, larger emoluments, and great patronage, and that the public had a right to demand proportionate service.'

This, all who are old enough to remember the time know to be untrue, for Leach was commonly accused of being over expeditious in his work; and he had had in fact, as Vice-Chancellor, nay long before at the bar, just the same habits of fashionable society which Mr. Hardy vituperates in him as Master of the Rolls. Mr. Hardy crowns this misstatement by some additional nonsense of his own, for he tells us that Leach thus acted (as he

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he did *not* act) '*from idiocracy of mind*'—whatever that may mean in Mr. Hardy's vocabulary.

The result of the Commission of Chancery Inquiry, before which Bickersteth had given evidence, was, that Lord Lyndhurst—then Sir John Copley and Attorney-General—undertook to prepare a Bill for the reform of that Court, and with that view was induced to apply to Bickersteth to know whether he had any objection to give him his opinion on the subject. In reply to this natural, and, as we should have thought, complimentary application

'I told him,' writes Mr. Bickersteth, 'none whatever; that I thought the subject of great public importance, and that any information which I possessed was entirely at the service of himself or *of any one else who chose to ask for it*, whether it was the Attorney-General or John Williams'—

—John Williams (afterwards a *nobody* Whig puisne judge) having been a very pertinacious assailant in the House of Commons of Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery. Bickersteth adds, that the Attorney-General 'seemed pleased with his answer, and intimated that he would communicate with him again, which, however, *he did not at that time*.' (i. 368.) Any one who did not know Lord Lyndhurst's singular amiability, both of mind and manners, would wonder that he *ever* renewed the subject with so churlish a respondent. He soon after, however, became Chancellor, and a promotion of King's counsel being expected, Mr. Bickersteth applied to be included in it. His standing in the profession perfectly justified the request, and Lord Lyndhurst granted it, not merely readily, but with a degree of private courtesy more graceful at least than Mr. Bickersteth's ostentatious indifference between 'the Attorney-General and John Williams.'

Before the fall of the Duke's Government in November, 1830, his Chancellor had, it seems, brought Bickersteth into a better temper:—

'With him I never had any political relation, and about politics I had no communication with him; but with respect to reforms of the Court of Chancery he seemed desirous of knowing what I thought, and of doing what on consideration appeared to him best and practicable. I spoke to him without disguise or reserve—he heard me without impatience, and without taking offence—and I incline to think that nothing but overcaution prevented him from doing much more in the way of reform. I have always felt grateful for the personal kindness which he showed me, and I am impressed with the idea that he sincerely meant well for the public.'—i. 386.

This, which was penned soon after Lord Lyndhurst's first resignation, does, after all, but scanty justice to that great judge and able statesman,

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statesman, who *did* more in the way of reform than Bickersteth had *talked* in all his life. And in fact, the most important measures to which Mr. Hardy endeavours to attach Mr. Bickersteth's name, were originated, superintended, and passed by Lord Lyndhurst—Bickersteth's share being that he acted, at Lord Lyndhurst's request, as chairman of the *committee* of eminent lawyers before mentioned, whom his Lordship had requested to assist him with their advice. It is but justice to add that Bickersteth appears ever after to have spoken with cordial and grateful regard and esteem of Lord Lyndhurst.

Very different seem to have been for several years his feelings towards Lord Lyndhurst's successor.—It must strike every reader of these volumes, which affect to be in so peculiar a degree dedicated to the glorification of law-reform and law-reformers, that the name of Lord Brougham scarcely appears, and when it does, it is rather with the imputation of his having been an *anti*-law-reformer. For this strange twist in Bickersteth's mind—for Mr. Hardy evidently, and, indeed, avowedly, writes from Lord Langdale's notes and from recollections of his conversation—there seem to be two reasons: first, Bickersteth was an absolute Benthamite, and Bentham—always paradoxical—professed to be dissatisfied with what he thought the tameness and over-moderation of Mr. Brougham's successive movements in the direction of law-reform. *We* used to think at the time that Mr. Brougham's propositions came quickly enough, and went far enough; we thought, and experience has shown, and *Lord* Brougham saw—when his high office brought him into the practical handling of such cases—that very gradual and measured steps are not merely the safest, but in fact the only practicable mode of advancing—we had almost said any,—but certainly any *legal* reform. Such, however, was not the notion of Jeremy, whose brain seems to have grown hotter under the snows of age. That there had before this supervened any manifestations of a decided estrangement, we are not told—but the total absence of the name of Brougham in friendly connexion with those of Bentham and Bickersteth suggests such a suspicion. Mr. Hardy confesses, indeed, that the philosophical Bentham was so childish as to have taken great disgust because the new Chancellor had broken a dinner engagement with him (i. 388); but—whatever may have been the precise cause—it is certain that Jeremy's dissatisfaction with Lord Brougham burst forth very soon in an abusive pamphlet, which, in spite of its violent personality, hastened to follow the rest of that sage's still-born progeny into oblivion.

But besides any sympathy in Bentham's quarrel (and, in truth,

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truth, we do not suspect Bickersteth of any great sympathy in any other man's quarrel), he certainly had a special and, as it appears to us, most unreasonable grievance of his own. This is opened by Mr. Hardy in the following paragraph:—

'In the new Ministry, Mr. Henry Brougham had been appointed Lord Chancellor, and raised to the peerage: and it was currently reported that Mr. Bickersteth was to be made Solicitor-General: and *there is no doubt of his having been named to that office by Lord Grey, but opposed by the new Chancellor*, though he had known him many years as the friend of Bentham, as well as an earnest law-reformer.'—i. 387.

We need not say that we were not in the secrets of that Cabinet, but we were not in those days without either interest or means of information as to what was going on, and *we* certainly have *very great* '*doubt*' that either Lord Grey made, or Lord Brougham opposed, any such nomination; we even go so far as to doubt whether Bickersteth was so much as thought of at that time by *any one* but the circle of Benthamites. He was to the public all but wholly unknown—we might say, unheard of—except in the newspaper reports of Chancery cases.

Mr. Hardy goes on to say:—

'It seems, from documents before me, that Lord Brougham never had a thought of recommending Mr. Bickersteth to be made Solicitor-General, for he had given out that he was a Tory and was too much of a follower and admirer of Lord Lyndhurst to be trusted by the present Ministry.'—i. 388.

There is no doubt that—in that *curée* of places where all men, Whig or Radical or Benthamite, who had been combined in the general opposition to the Tory Government, were ravenous for a share of the spoil, and proportionably offended if their patriotism was not rewarded by some of the good things against which and their possessors they had so long declaimed—there is, we say, no doubt that Bentham, and probably Bickersteth himself, expected that the general triumph of the *Liberal* allies would be marked by some prominent distinction conferred on Bickersteth; but the truth is, that the Benthamites estimated both themselves and their man too highly. The Grey Government had to provide for more important persons, and Mr. Hardy's palliative suggestion that Bickersteth was passed over as being 'a Tory and a follower of Lord Lyndhurst,' is made the more ridiculous by his adding, as a further grievance, that Mr. Horne, whom the new Chancellor did appoint Solicitor-General, was, 'if he had any politics at all, a Tory also;' (i. 389)—the truth being that Mr. Horne had been in Parliament and was known as a moderate

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moderate Whig, and that Mr. Bickersteth was, beyond the Rolls Court, scarcely known, and only as *a Radical.*

The result, however, of all this was, that Mr. Bickersteth was deeply mortified and offended with Lord Brougham—this breaks out through every sentence of Mr. Hardy's transcripts from the Bickersteth papers and of his own incidental observations:—

'Much as Lord Brougham had *talked of* and recommended law-reform, *he did not, when he had the opportunity, take any active steps to forward it;* unless, indeed, the Act for the establishment of a Court in Bankruptcy can be called his, and adjudged as a beneficial act to the community.'—i. 389.

'If the Bankruptcy Act was his'? If not, whose was it? But is that all? Is *Hansard* too modern a Record for Mr. Hardy's attention? Did Lord Brougham not introduce in 1830, before he was a month in office, and conduct almost to its last stage, a Local-court Bill? Did he not early in 1831 open, in a long and elaborate speech, a wide field of Legal Reform, and bring in three or four bills in furtherance of it? Was there not a Chancery Bill in 1833, and another in 1834, both introduced by Lord Brougham? And is it not notorious that he was supposed at the time to be inclined to go both further and faster than his colleagues or either House of Parliament were likely to approve?

Lord Brougham, whether aware or not of Bickersteth's discontent, seems to have acted with fairness and kindness towards him: he offered him the first judicial office of rank in his gift—*i.e.* the Chief Justiceship of a Court of Review—which was 3000*l.* a-year with a seat in the Privy Council. This, Mr. Hardy says, Bickersteth refused, because he disapproved the Court of Review, and would not attempt the responsibility of working it. We cannot assert that this may not have been Bickersteth's motive, or one of his motives, but we suspect that some degree of vexation at not having been sooner thought of contributed to this refusal. Again, in February 1834 a seat on the Exchequer Bench became vacant, and Lord Brougham offered it to Bickersteth, with a view to an arrangement for extending and improving the Equity jurisdiction of that Court—but Bickersteth again declined on the motive we have already mentioned—viz. that he was unwilling to undertake the *common law* duties which he would also have to administer as a Baron of the Exchequer. Were not these offers steps, at least, in the direction of that reform of which Bickersteth is now called the champion? He might have reasons of his own for declining to lend his hand to help Lord Brougham; but it is really too bad that Mr. Hardy should therefore task Lord Brougham with having attempted nothing. Mr. Hardy proceeds to give a very inaccurate account of some other proposals for filling up the Exchequer vacancy—

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vacancy—but as it has no relation to Bickersteth, and introduces very unnecessarily the names of persons still living, we pass it over with a general protest against its authenticity. Some of the statements are absolutely fabulous.

In April 1834 Mr. Bickersteth appeared before the Privy Council as counsel for the University of Cambridge against granting a charter to the London University. On this occasion, he is represented as having *rebuked* Lord Brougham in answering a supposed case that the Chancellor had put. Mr. Hardy says:—

'It was the common belief at the time that the Chancellor felt much mortified and galled at it; be that as it may, *he certainly did not exhibit the slightest unfriendliness, disrespect, or want of cordiality* to Mr. Bickersteth on the occasion; and it should be stated in reference to this subject that, at a subsequent period of his life, Lord Langdale, when alluding to that part of the speech in question, spoke of it with regret, and said, "That answer was too sharp, but I was provoked to give it at the time.'"—i. 395-6.

We have heard from persons who were present on this occasion that they discovered nothing of *rebuke*, and we ourselves can see in Mr. Hardy's own report of the passage (too long to be extracted) nothing said by Mr. Bickersteth that could have the appearance of even sharpness, but the concluding words—

'*That* is the answer I give to your Lordship's question'—

—which certainly might by gesture and tone be swelled into an impertinence—yet, even if thus aggravated, did not, as Mr. Hardy admits, provoke any sort of notice from Lord Brougham. But Mr. Hardy is so indiscreet as to add that Lord Langdale *often said* that he thought that speech (meaning the supposed *rebuke*) was *so pleasing to King William, who disliked Lord Brougham, and liked the prerogative tone of the whole speech*, that it ultimately *made him Master of the Rolls* (i. 395). Well may Mr. Hardy descant, as he often does, on Lord Langdale's modesty and even humility, in confessing that he owed his great judicial promotion to a royal caprice and a saucy ebullition of temper—that he himself was sorry for it. We shall not, however, allow Lord Langdale to do himself this injustice, for it appears from the documentary evidence, afterwards given by Mr. Hardy, that Lord Melbourne had fixed on Bickersteth for Master of the Rolls before he mentioned it to the King, and waited his (Bickersteth's) consent to do so (i. 447). And in a previous passage it is stated that when, in April 1835, Lord Melbourne expected and wished the King to object to the reappointment of Lord Brougham as Chancellor, the King very constitutionally declined to do so, saying, 'My Lord, it is for you, the head of the Government, to name whom you please, and submit your choice for my confirmation'

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confirmation' (i. 415). We doubt whether this was said concerning Lord Brougham, for we doubt that any such proposition was made by Lord Melbourne in 1835—but we know that it was the language the King held on similar occasions, and it is therefore evident that the King's supposed approval of Lord Langdale's *prerogative* and saucy speech could have had no share in his promotion, which was entirely and exclusively Lord Melbourne's; and which, indeed, surprised all the world—the King and Bickersteth himself included.

In September 1834 Sir John Leach, the Master of the Rolls, died in Edinburgh, where Lord Brougham, then still Chancellor, happened also to be, and, judging that Sir Christopher Pepys, then Solicitor-General, must succeed to that office, his Lordship wrote to his secretary, Mr. Le Marchant, in London, '*to offer the office of Solicitor-General to Mr. Bickersteth.*' So writes Mr. Hardy; but this phrase is a misstatement of the case—trivial in itself, but important when we find Mr. Bickersteth indulging his old spleen and refusing the office on the ground of the indecorous style of the *offer*, which should, he said, have been made by the Prime Minister. Mr. Hardy does not produce the words of Mr. Le Marchant's letter, but the summary he gives of it is this:—

'Mr. Le Marchant wrote to him stating that the office of Solicitor-General would in all probability be vacant by the promotion of Sir Christopher Pepys to the Mastership of the Rolls, and that the Chancellor was anxious to have the vacancy filled by him, Mr. Bickersteth, as he was satisfied that he could name no one more acceptable to the King, the profession, and the country at large.'—i. 397.

Now those who affect to be punctilious should be themselves exact. It is clear that the Chancellor did not, in Mr. Hardy's curt phraseology, direct Mr. Le Marchant to *offer the office*—but only to state the probability of a vacancy and the Chancellor's anxiety to see it filled by Mr. Bickersteth for the flattering reasons above quoted. If the *overture* so reservedly and delicately made had been favourably received by Bickersteth, no doubt a formal *offer* from the Prime Minister would have followed. But we must further observe how much the captious temper in which Bickersteth evidently was, overlooked the peculiar circumstances of the case. Leach died in *Edinburgh*, where the Chancellor happened to be; in those ante-railroad times a letter and reply between Edinburgh and London occupied five or six days. Every one knows that no Minister could fill up such an office without previous communication with his Lord Chancellor—nay, we might say, not otherwise than by his advice; and therefore Lord Brougham, out of his regard for Bickersteth, and to diminish the

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the obvious inconvenience of delay in disposing of the post, made at once an *overture* to Bickersteth, the result of which would decide his advice to Lord Melbourne. What could be more natural and proper? Perhaps Mr. Bickersteth may have been so nice as to think that the overture should have been made in the Chancellor's own hand—we can suppose many reasons why his secretary was employed. First, Lord Brougham evidently did not intend that it should have been made in writing at all—he may not have known where Bickersteth might be found—and in fact Mr. Le Marchant only *wrote* because Bickersteth chanced to be in Derbyshire. As soon as Lord Brougham and Lord Melbourne were aware that Bickersteth had taken huff, they both wrote in the kindest terms to renew the offer and to disavow any the least intention on the part of either to have been wanting in any either personal or political etiquette or respect. But Bickersteth was steady in his refusal. Its alleged motive is so manifestly futile, that, as he was a man of very good common sense, we must look deeper for its real cause. We do not doubt that he was very angry with Lord Brougham for not having proposed him for Solicitor-General in 1830—it is at all events quite clear that he would not *then* have taken offence at such an *offer—now* we believe there was a much stronger motive still: the Ministry of September 1834 was in a most precarious and indeed moribund condition; it, in fact, survived Sir John Leach only two months, and Bickersteth, who was a very prudent and calculating man, was glad of any reasonable pretence for not stepping into a sinking boat. He was right. Sir Robert Peel's experimental ministry failed—Lord Melbourne speedily returned under better auspices—and, instead of a Solicitor-Generalship of six weeks, Bickersteth obtained, just previous to the next Session of Parliament, the Rolls for life and a peerage.

On the first formation of that Ministry Lord Melbourne hesitated about a Chancellor—this, Mr. Hardy, who, we suppose, thinks Mr. Bickersteth should have been at once appointed, calls 'a *scheming* policy, not sufficiently considered, and not distinguished for courage.' 'Lord Melbourne,' he says, 'deemed it expedient for *the purposes of party* to put the Great Seal in commission' (i. 413); Pepys, Master of the Rolls, being first commissioner. Mr. Hardy thinks that this was done

'with the object of keeping open the place for Lord Brougham, in the hope that a letter he had written to the King would, in time, have the effect of removing his Majesty's personal objection.'—i. 415.

We believe this to be wholly unfounded. We at least never heard of any such letter, and we should rather believe the earlier statement made by Mr. Hardy, that Lord Melbourne was acting under

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under 'a scheming policy;' that is, that the difficulty of reconciling and arranging the rival claims of his followers, not only for the Great Seal itself, but for the other law offices likely to be vacated by its disposal, was the paramount cause of Lord Melbourne's hesitation. He may also have sincerely thought—or, in pursuance of the 'scheming policy' attributed to him, have professed to think, that such a delay would afford the best chance for effecting some improvement in both the legal and political branches of the Great Seal while it was yet in abeyance. On the score of anxiety for that object he invited Bickersteth to give him his views of Chancery Reform, and he did so in June 1835, in the 'Notes and Suggestions' to which Mr. Hardy attaches so much importance, but which, as we have already said, seem to us narrow and commonplace in their view both of the difficulties and of the remedies. We are sure that it is not by any shifting or changing of the characters or numbers of the Judges that the evil of delay is to be removed, but by a reform in the *procedure* and in the inferior machinery, which has been a cover and not a check to chicanery. Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst both made large and useful amendments in this direction, and the rules lately promulgated by Lord St. Leonard's and the whole Chancery Bench have gone still further. The chief novelty is the *printing* the bill—an obvious economy of time, labour, and expense, which, though in use in the House of Lords, the Privy Council, and Doctors' Commons, was never before, that we know of, proposed for Chancery. Even now we hear that there are dissentient opinions on this point; but we are much mistaken if it and the other rules shall not abridge and limit in a remarkable degree the hitches, costs, and intricacies of a Chancery suit. There has also been introduced into the 16 Vict. c. 80 (the Master in Chancery's Bill) a recognition and of course a calling into operation of a power which we should have supposed must have been always inherent in the Great Seal—that of superintending the progress of suits and compelling parties to proceed with reasonable speed. It appears a grave reproach to the law and to the Court, that suits should be allowed, through ignorance or chicanery, to sleep for years. It seems to have been the traditional opinion that the Court had no right to interfere of its own motion. When Lord St. Leonard's was Chancellor of Ireland, however, he exercised this power under an inferential construction of an Act of Parliament. He compelled the parties to bring in all old causes, several of very ancient dates, and he disposed of them all before he resigned the Seal. Chancery has often incurred the obloquy of delays which it does not create, but which it suffers. Such cases will under the recent statute involve the responsibility of

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of the Chancellor personally, and he will have himself to see that no wilful devices are rewarded by needless procrastinations.

After a delay of above six months, during which Lord Melbourne had taken no notice of Bickersteth or his paper, the Minister was forced by public clamour and private pressure to appoint a Chancellor, and Sir Christopher Pepys received the Great Seal, with the title of Lord Cottenham. We shall not follow Mr. Hardy into the view—imperfect, and not very complimentary—which he takes of the way in which Lord Melbourne managed to satisfy his rival partisans, and to enable him to name Mr. Bickersteth *Master of the Rolls*—a point on which Lord Melbourne seemed more determined than we should have expected either from his own easy temper or from any public or private claims that, as far as we see, Mr. Bickersteth could have on him. We really believe that he thought him—as he was—the best Chancery lawyer of the party, and felt that, for every reason, an eminent Chancery lawyer ought to be placed in that office. But we cannot so well account for the pertinacity with which he forced on Mr. Bickersteth the peerage as a condition of the office. It seemed unnecessary, and was almost unprecedented.* No Master of the Rolls had been, as such, created a peer. Bickersteth seems himself to have been sincerely averse to the peerage—we cannot guess why; he hints indeed at his old excuse for declining a seat in Parliament—'poverty;' but in his circumstances, as Lord Melbourne pressed upon him, this pretext appeared a preposterous one. Lord Melbourne's motive was, probably, what he professed, that he contemplated some measures of law reform, in which he thought Bickersteth would be a useful assistant; he may have also wished to have a second Law-lord to support a rather inert Chancellor, and to counterbalance in some degree the great legal authorities that were not connected with the Government. But, after all, we must confess that the peerage of Langdale is a mystery of which neither these nor any other considerations that occur to us, afford a satisfactory explanation.

On the 16th of January, 1836, Mr. Bickersteth was sworn of the Privy Council, on the 19th appointed Master of the Rolls, and on the 23rd created Baron LANGDALE—a title very improperly selected and conferred, because it was that of an ancient family of that *name*, which may not be extinct though the peerage is; and Bickersteth had no other claim to it, that we can discover, than that he once in his youth scrambled over Langdale Pikes in Westmoreland. We think, therefore, that in taking

* The single exception (if it can be called one) is, that Lord Gifford, who had been, while Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, created a peer, in order that he might assist the Chancellor in the House of Lords, was subsequently made Master of the Rolls.

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his title he a little forgot—what Mr. Hardy was so enraptured of—his mother's lesson and his own motto of *Suum cuique!*

When the honey-tongued Hardy tells us that 'in the House of Peers Lord Langdale could hardly be said to shine' (ii. 47), we may be excused from dwelling on his parliamentary labours. He spoke on none but legal subjects; and even on them less often and effectively than might have been expected even from an inferior man. We know not that he originally introduced or essentially forwarded any measure of legal reform—'unless indeed'—to employ Mr. Hardy's own words concerning Lord Brougham's Bankrupt Law—'unless indeed the Act *for the amendment of the laws respecting Wills* can be called his, and adjudged as a beneficial act to the community.' 'It is *generally called Lord Langdale's Act*,' says Mr. Hardy;—but, as he is forced to own 'that it has not worked well,' he hastens to repudiate it on the part of his patron, and fathers it on one of his Benthamite friends, a Mr. Tyrrell—but, whoever drew it, it is '*Lord Langdale's Act*,' and a more copious source of litigation, injustice, and oppression, was never inflicted on the country; some of its nonsense has been lately repealed, but where is the redress for those who have been robbed by this pretended reform?

Having little or nothing to tell of Lord Langdale's parliamentary career, Mr. Hardy expatiates on his meritorious exertions elsewhere. His services in the Record department—which by a new Act (1838) was united and consolidated under the Master of the Rolls—may have been as active and judicious as Mr. Hardy—a competent judge, we are willing to suppose, of those matters—represents them;—but he need not have swelled out his volume with a long correspondence about very small details—appointments, salaries, locality of offices, &c.—which, however interesting at the moment to Mr. Hardy and his colleagues, are already of no importance at all. We should not do justice to Mr. Hardy if we did not give another example of the classical tenderness with which, on closing this topic, he pays poetical honours to the memory of Lord Langdale, as he had before done to that of Mr. Bell. Lord Langdale had chosen the site and approved the plans of a new Record-office in *Chancery Lane*:—

'The excavations were even made for the foundations of the Repository; but *alas!* another hand was destined to lay the first stone.—*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*'—ii. 189.

Instead of Mr. Hardy's being, as we set out by saying, *a terror of death*, he contrives to make even that of his friends ridiculous.

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He dedicates also a chapter to his hero's labours as a trustee of the British Museum, of which it seems his lordship thought it worth while to keep notes, which Mr. Hardy expands, but which, for *Lord Langdale's sake*, might as well perhaps have been omitted. Being an *ex officio* trustee of the Museum, and also a member of the Commission of Inquiry (1848), of which Lord Ellesmere was chairman, Lord Langdale had furnished his colleagues with a sensible paper of suggestions for a Report. A statement soon after appeared in *The Observer* that the Commission had agreed to a Report—of which it gave a sketch, including some of the heads of Lord Langdale's paper. Lord Langdale, on seeing the Sunday print, concluded that the Commissioners must have agreed upon and printed a Report—for how else could his identical suggestions have got out?—whereupon, knowing that he had not been consulted about any Report, and that no copy of the supposed Report had been sent to him, he took fire at the indignity and commenced an angry correspondence with the Secretary and Chairman of the Commission;—and although they most civilly explained to him that there never had been any such Report—that what appeared in the newspaper had got there they could not guess how—and that all their real proceedings had been duly communicated to his lordship—yet he was not to be appeased; he continued to sulk, and refused to sign the actual Report when finally agreed on. We notice this anecdote to mark Mr. Hardy's indiscretion in thus dragging into light foibles which every man may have, but which nobody but '*a goodnatured friend*' would think of publishing. The fact, however, is an additional proof of Lord Langdale's over-readiness to take offence even with friends and associates. We dare say that this passed in Lord Langdale's own mind, as it does with Mr. Hardy, for manly pride and independence;—the rest of the world will only see and regret infirmity of temper.

Mr. Hardy has further stuffed out his volume with certain memoranda and thoughts of Lord Langdale's on several occasions; two or three are worth notice:—

'Before his elevation to the Bench, in politics Mr. Bickersteth was neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical, but a thorough Reformer.'—ii. 101.

It is not clear whether this is given as Mr. Hardy's own opinion, or whether it be copied, as the context is, from Lord Langdale's notes; whichever it may be, the assertion that Bickersteth was not what is called a *Radical* is manifestly, and on Mr. Hardy's own partial evidence, unfounded. 'Mr. Bickersteth,' he says (i. 323), 'was now (1818) known as a disciple of Bentham and a friend of Burdett's, at that time scornfully denounced as . . . . *Radicals*:'—

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Radicals:'—of Bentham, the '*great subversive*'—of Burdett, who invites him to an assemblage of 'Radicalism,' and concludes one of his notes '*Radicals for ever!*' And let us not refuse Lord Langdale the merit of consistency at least in his opinions; even office and the peerage did not extinguish these *Radical* elements, as we find from another of the Memoranda (about 1847), viz.:—

'"The only way to prevent bribery is either to make the *electoral districts so large* that bribery would be impossible, or to make *Parliaments of very frequent* occurrence."—*Either of these would indeed,*' adds Mr. Hardy, '*be a radical measure,* but he thought the consequences would not be revolutionary, and that, on the contrary, people would become rather indifferent about it, and everything would go on quietly.'—ii. 107.

That is, and in hardly plainer words, *universal suffrage* and *annual Parliaments!* And yet all that their noble and learned advocate can say for these grand Radical desiderata—this panacea for all evils—is the lame and impotent conclusion that they would only *do no harm* because no one would care a fig about them. O the altitude of nonsense!

On the trial of Lord Cardigan, who was acquitted by the House of Lords on a charge of fighting a duel, we find Lord Langdale carping at Lord Denman's conduct as High Steward.

'Lord Langdale was not satisfied with the way Lord Denman delivered his *judgment.*—He thought that Lord Denman should have *read the Prisoner a lecture,*' &c. &c.—ii. 93.

For a great law lord, discussing a great criminal case, this is mighty loose, and, we must add, mighty foolish talk. Lord Denman had no *judgment to deliver:* and we should have liked to have seen Lord Langdale venture—and he had just as much right as Lord Denman—to *read a lecture* to a Peer who had just been unanimously acquitted, and was therefore no longer a Prisoner. Such sage supererogations may as well be left to the Mansion House.

The last of these memoranda that we shall notice is of a more serious character. Considering the high place which Mr. Hardy arrogates for Lord Langdale, and considering the imputations that he so loosely casts on the supineness and insincerity of other—or, as he insinuates, *pretended*—reformers, it was strange enough to find Lord Langdale himself doing so little in that line—nothing, in fact, but the *Will Act*—but we were certainly not prepared for such an explanation of his inaction as the following:—

'Speaking on another occasion of the proposed reforms in the offices of the Court of Chancery, he said, "I am determined *not to put*

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myself forward as the attacking party, but I am willing to march side by side with the Lord Chancellor [Cottenham]; I will *not take upon myself the odium of the assault*, and leave the Chancellor the grace.' —ii. 94.

Thus then this bold, independent, indefatigable, fearless, uncompromising Reformer—brought into the House of Lords expressly to forward those reforms which his whole previous life was, we are told, passed in advocating—*shirks* the duty on the poorest, the paltriest of motives—shrinking from the risk of some annoyance to himself, and jealous lest the Lord Chancellor should have a larger share of the grace!

Though we are told that Bickersteth constantly intermingled Shakspeare with his law reading, he had not, it seems, profited by honest Dogberry's instructive maxim that, 'an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.' If the Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls will ride the same hobby, the Master must ride behind. But the inference that must be drawn from such an avowal is too serious for pleasantry, and so little creditable that we wonder that even Mr. Hardy's blindness could have selected it for publication.

The volume concludes with a reprint of some of Lord Langdale's judgments as Master of the Rolls; we are inadequate judges of such things. We have already noticed with no great satisfaction that on the Caius College case. There is a longer and more pretentious one on the Duke of Brunswick *versus* the King of Hanover—the point we think was of no difficulty, but the judgment is well reasoned and sound in substance, though too verbosely and profusely expressed. Sir William Scott or Sir William Grant would have comprised twice as much within half the length. But the most considerable and important of the judicial performances, both in the subject and in the handling of it, is the judgment of the Privy Council in the Gorham case, which Lord Langdale chiefly drew up, and delivered. To this, however, Mr. Hardy adds a copious selection from his preparatory notes, which contain little else than extracts from Cardwell and other common synodical works.

About this time the ill health of Lord Chancellor Cottenham and the consequent interruption of his duties occasioned so much public inconvenience that, though he struggled most pertinaciously against such a result, his retirement became inevitable; it was the general opinion that Lord Langdale was most likely to be his successor; but his aversion to accept the Great Seal appears to have been well known. Lord Brougham—with whom he seems latterly to have renewed habits of friendly intercourse—had in conversation,

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conversation, some time before, combated that feeling, and Lord Lyndhurst, on the 5th of April, addressed to him the following letter:—

'*Turville Park, April 5th.*

'MY DEAR LANGDALE,—I am told that nothing will induce you to accept the Great Seal: I do not believe it. You are not a man to prefer your ease and private interest to that of the public. There is no person as Chancellor so well calculated to complete the reforms of the Court, every day becoming more necessary and urgent, as yourself. There is no object of more importance to the public welfare, or which, when accomplished, will redound more to the credit and honour of him by whom this great good shall be effected. Consider this well, and weigh it in all its bearings. Your sincere friend (blind as a mole),

'LYNDHURST.'

In replying, Lord Langdale handsomely and properly says to Lord Lyndhurst:—

'Bearing in mind, as I always do, that it was from your spontaneous favour that I received the first step in the profession—a step which no other would have given me—and without which I must have remained in the position in which you first saw me—I always consider myself indebted to you for my subsequent progress, and, in some sort, accountable to you for the use which I ought to make of it.'

He then proceeds to explain what induced him to persist in his resolution—namely, the old hackneyed doctrine of all the Benthamite school, that the duties attached to the Great Seal were too various and too onerous to be executed by one man, and that for this, as well as for constitutional reasons, the Chancellor should be severed from all political functions and influence. We will not now enter into this great question, on which, though much may be said on both sides, we have come to a conclusion that *under the present constitution of England*, the union as it now exists of the political and judicial duties of a *Lord High Chancellor* is, upon the whole, the best, if not the only satisfactory arrangement. Lord Langdale's vague projects would, we are confident, have been found impracticable.

He, however, acted according to his original view. When, on Lord Cottenham's reluctant resignation, Lord John Russell, on the 25th of May, 1850, pressed the Great Seal on his acceptance, he, after some slight hesitation, occasioned by the importunities of his friends, finally refused it.—Mr. Hardy gives us the following 'curious memorandum' as the result of the reconsideration which, at Lord John's request, he had given to the subject. It is a kind of balance-sheet of the state of his mind:—

'CONTRA.

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'CONTRA.	'PRO.
Persuasion that no one can perform all the duties that are annexed to the office of Chancellor.	Salary 14,000*l.* instead of 7000*l.*
Certainly that I cannot.	Pension of 5000*l.* assured (instead of 3750*l.* not assured).*
Unwilling to seem to undertake duties, some of which must (as I think) be necessarily neglected.	Patronage for benefit of connexions much needing it.
No reason to think that the extensive reform which I think necessary will meet with any support.	Some, though small and doubtful hope of effecting some further reform in Chancery.'—ii. 250.
No particular party zeal, and no capacity to acquire any.	
Declining health.	

Although this paper assumes such a business-like form, and though we have no doubt that Lord Langdale persuaded himself that the *contra* side expressed his real motives, we very much suspect that they did not do so completely. The two last items on that side of the account—the absence of *party zeal* and *declining* health—were probably more influential than all the rest. We believe that he was sincerely, and we think very rationally, satisfied with his present lucrative and honourable, easy yet eminent position: one so easily acquired, and yet so much beyond all that he could a few years before have expected that it might well have contented a more ambitious and adventurous nature than his had ever been. He had said as much to Lord Brougham in the conversation we have alluded to, and this, we are satisfied, was the substantial, and, as we think, very sufficient motive, which he was glad to dress even to his own imagination in the more presentable garb of consistency in his professed principles of Chancery Reform.

He was not, however, destined much longer to enjoy the advantages he so justly appreciated. The apprehension of declining health mentioned in the memorandum was but too well founded. A very few months after he had refused the Great Seal he was forced to interrupt his own judicial sittings, and before the close of the year to offer his resignation: he suspended it for

* We have to apologise for having inadvertently in our last Number (Article *Roebuck and Martineau*) stated the Chancellor's retiring pension, under the last regulation, at 6000*l.* We should also have recollected that, when that regulation was made—under Lord Brougham's tenure of the Great Seal—the increase of the pension from its old rate to 5000*l.* was proposed and sustained as a moderate compensation for extensive rights of patronage then severed from the Chancellorship.

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above two months at Lord John Russell's request; but at last, on the 25th of March, 1851, he took leave of the Court, replying with dignity and feeling to a well-merited expression of respect and regret offered him by Mr. Turner on behalf of the Bar.

He did not survive a month—he had removed on the 10th of April to Tunbridge Wells, but was next day seized by paralysis. His brother, the surgeon of Liverpool, hastened to his assistance, but nothing could be done. He lay for a week in a state of consciousness, patient and resigned to a fate which he seemed to know was inevitable.

'On the morning of Friday, the 18th of April, the early rays of the sun streamed into the chamber of death. At eight o'clock Lord Langdale was no more. The following Thursday his remains were laid, according to his right as a Bencher, in the vault of the Temple Church.'—ii. 357.

Mr. Hardy concludes all by saying—

'Here let no useless eulogium be passed on the dead. If in the tale of his life, *simply told*, his greatness of mind and his high character have not amply appeared, no set form of description or praise could avail.'—ii. 357.

We heartily wish that Mr. Hardy had had the good taste, or indeed the common sense, to perform his task on the principle thus enounced. If he had contented himself with claiming for Lord Langdale his own merits, without attempting to heighten them by the depreciation of others—if he had praised the industry of his youth—admired the virtues and success of his middle age—and expatiated on the eminence of his later days—in a less exclusive, controversial, and arrogant style, he would have found no dissent—certainly none from us. We were favourably impressed by all we had heard or seen of Lord Langdale's private and professional life, and we respected his political sincerity; and whatever there is in our foregoing remarks on him that may sound like disapprobation, will be found to have arisen entirely from Mr. Hardy's provocation. He has driven us to the alternative either of ratifying his misstatements by our contemporaneous acquiescence, or of repelling them with a severity that we wish might have fallen on Mr. Hardy alone. No one can doubt Mr. Hardy's personal respectability—no man can doubt his affectionate regard for his '*lamented master*;' but the family of a distinguished person ought to reflect very maturely before they select an editor for his papers and a biographer for his career.

ART.

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ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence relative to the recent Discovery of Gold in Australia.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

2. *Twelfth General Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.*

3. *Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1852. By Sir R. I. Murchison.

4. *Lectures on Gold, delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology.* 1852.

5. *A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon and California.* By the Hon. Henry J. Coke. 1852.

6. *Four Months among the Gold Finders in Alta California.* By J. T. Brooks, M.D. 1849.

7. *Across the Rocky Mountains from New York to California.* By William Kelly, Esq. 1852.

8. *A Tramp to the Diggings in* 1852. By John Shaw, M.D.

9. *Australia, with latest Intelligence from the Diggings.* By John Fairfax, Esq. 1852.

10. *Tables showing the legally appointed Weight of British Gold and Silver Coin.* By James H. Watherston, Goldsmith. 1847.

11. *Letter to Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P., on the Gold Discoveries.* By F. Scheer. 1852.

12. *Remarks on Mr. Scheer's Letter.* By Andrew Johnson, Bullion Office, Bank of England. 1852.

13. *A few Words on the Gold Question.* By E. H. Browne, Stock Exchange. 1852.

AMONG the accidents which have influenced the fortune of the world will hereafter be ranked the erection of a saw-mill on a branch of the Sacramento. An officer in the Swiss guards of Charles X.—'a good old Dutchman' according to Mr. Coke—who received an ugly wound while fighting against the barricaders of July, found France no place for him when the conspiracy of Messrs. Lafitte and Co. triumphed. He crossed the Atlantic and proffered his services to the Mexican government. He served well, we must suppose, for very speedily he was rewarded with a grant of land in Alta California, comprising some 700 or 800 square miles—the extent of a fair-sized English county!

Three hundred years had elapsed since Cortes discovered the Californian peninsula. Some years later a Spanish navigator visited the coast further north, and took formal possession of it, but, strangely enough, the adventurers, in their eager search for gold, overlooked the richest prize of the New Continent. The valley of the Sacramento yields yearly a greater treasure than in the

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the first fifty years after the discovery of America could be wrested from the ancient kingdoms of Mexico and Peru. Some Jesuit missions were early established in Lower California, but, so far as any real use of the country was concerned, it might as well have remained unknown. The missionaries did their best to secure themselves from intrusion by representing the soil as barren, the climate pestilent, the people cruel and treacherous. Nothing but zeal for the glory of God could render life bearable in such a region. They established themselves in Alta California at about the same time that they were expelled from the chief kingdoms of Europe, and had they manifested any true capacity for government, they might have retrieved in the New World their losses in the Old. But their policy has very little corresponded with the idea entertained of their profound and subtle wisdom. Their aim has been always *isolation*—as if isolation could have any other consequence than to dwarf or deform the standard of man. The illustrious nobility of Spain, who pride themselves on their constant intermarriages, exhibit Grildrigs and mannikins as the descendants of the chivalry which rolled back the wave of Mahommedan conquest. Intellectual exclusiveness leads to yet more miserable results. All trace has long been lost in the Jesuit missions of the higher qualities ascribed to their founders. Enthusiasm was represented by bigotry—piety by juggling—and benevolence by tyranny. The rule of Francia in Paraguay and of Rosas in Buenos Ayres sufficiently illustrates the tendency of Jesuit teaching.

The travellers who at rare intervals visited the coast of California could do little to dispel the gloomy fictions of the missionaries, and when they spoke vaguely of rocks abounding in ores, or of the black soil appearing, when turned up freshly to the sun, intermingled with scales of gold, these things were set down among the strange sights which travellers are privileged to see. When the Jesuits fell in Spain, a commissioner was sent out to report on the real condition of this peninsula, but though his report was highly favourable, and distinctly mentioned gold mines, and though he himself at a subsequent date became minister of the Indies, no steps would seem to have been taken to test this reported richness of the soil. A glance at any of our best maps of a dozen years old will show how little was then known of that wide region which stretches from Cape San Lucas to the Oregon boundary, and from the Rio del Norte and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Basil Hall notices that before the arrival of the Conway at San Blas, no English man-of-war had ever anchored in that port.

The Santa Fé traders were among the first to perceive the commercial

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commercial importance of Alta California. Of all the heroes of commerce, we are inclined to rank as the most marvellous those merchant bands who set forth on a journey of two thousand miles through an unexplored country where not a vestige of civilized life existed—with broad and rapid rivers to ford—precipitous rocks to scale and descend—paths to force through mountain passes, and roads to form over swamp and morass—dependent wholly on chance for supplies of water and fodder—certain of the hostility of tribes of Indians whose hunting grounds they invaded—and, should they ever reach their point, likely to meet with a rough reception there. Many pens have been busied with the burning prairie—the stampede—the awful storms which sweep over those oceanic solitudes—the night attack of savages—the tortures of extreme thirst—the liability to destruction from the theft or death of cattle—the hopeless disappearance of individuals who ventured too far from the waggons—yet it is felt that descriptions can give but a faint idea of the realities.

The way once opened was never suffered to be closed; and by and by companies of adventurers were formed for other purposes than trade. The easy acquisition of Texas was remembered, and the piratical expedition recorded by Kendall—though ending in defeat and cruel suffering—only stimulated further the more restless part of the States' population to seize a country which it was evident there would be no force to defend against a determined assault. And ere long their own feeble government found it necessary or expedient to yield to the fast-spreading movement of the popular mind.

Faithful to the Mexican government, our veteran turned out with his people when the territory was invaded—although it seems most probable that he saw from the first the hopelessness of the contest. Of the few settlers in California hardly any knew their government save by its extortions. It vexatiously interfered with their concerns, but it did not protect them. Their interests were on the side of the invaders, and they very cheerfully concurred in the arrangement which enrolled their territory under the flag of stars and stripes. Captain Sutter returned uninjured to his estate, and had soon cause, in the increased prosperity of his clearing, to be well satisfied with the change. He was the first white man who had established himself in that district where the Americanos joins the Sacramento. Without the slightest idea of the treasures beneath his feet, he had by degrees brought two or three hundred acres into cultivation. The Indians troubled him at first, but he had taken the precaution to bring some guns with him, and on an attack he threw

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threw a shell into the midst of their force, which effectually dispersed them, and inspired a salutary dread of his power. Subsequently they became useful, though never very safe, neighbours, and assisted the Captain in building his fort and tilling his fields.

He had been settled ten years before he contracted with a Mr. Marshall for the erection of a saw-mill on the Americanos, a few miles from his fort. The 'tail-race' being too narrow for the water to run off freely, the mill-wheel was taken out that the whole body of water in the dam might rush through, and widen the race to save the trouble of digging it out. A great body of loose earth was carried away by the torrent, and the next morning, while Mr. Marshall was surveying the work, he observed some shining yellow spangles on spots where the water had laid bare the bank. At first he would not take the trouble to stoop for them, but his eye being caught by a particle of superior magnitude, he picked it up, and found that it had all the appearance of pure gold. He then collected some twenty or thirty similar pieces, and imagining these might be the fragments of some treasure buried by the Indians, he examined the neighbouring soil, and found it to be more or less auriferous. In joyful excitement he hurried off to Captain Sutter. They commenced a search together, and soon satisfied themselves that the soil was teeming with gold—they picked up an ounce of the ore from the sand without trouble. The next morning they continued their exploration, and found gold in abundance up the South Fork. With his knife the Captain picked out a lump of an ounce and a half from the rock.

They had prosecuted their search quite secretly, as they thought, but a Kentuckian, employed at the mill, had 'guessed' and 'calculated' on their unusual movements; he followed in their steps and imitated their actions. When the gentlemen returned to the mill they were met by their workmen, who showed a handful of the glittering dust. Whether the captain and his companion were learned in the mysteries of mica and pyrites we are not informed, but they did their best to convince the men that what they took for gold was some worthless mineral. While the colloquy was proceeding, an Indian, who had elsewhere seen enough of gold mines, decisively exclaimed, 'Oro, oro!' Concealment was no longer possible. The captain, that he might be first in the field, hired a gang of fifty Indians, and set them at work. The news spread; fresh hands poured in, and the results of their operations were soon beyond the dreams of the 'good old Dutchman.'

The first announcement of the discovery was received with incredulity beyond the immediate neighbourhood. But presently,

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sently, when large and continuous imports of gold from San Francisco placed the matter beyond doubt, there ensued such a stir in the States, as even in that go-a-head region is wholly without parallel. Numbers of every age, and of every variety of occupation, pushed for the land of promise. Many were accompanied by their families, and most, under the excitement of the hour, overlooked their physical unfitness and their inability to procure necessaries. The waters of the Humboldt, from their head to their 'sink'—a space of nearly 300 miles—are in the dry season strongly impregnated with alkali; and it was here that they first began to faint. Some died from thirst—others from ague—others fell beneath the burdens they attempted to carry when their last animals dropped into the putrid line which grew thicker at every step. Beyond the 'sink' the diminished bands had to encounter sixty or seventy miles of desert, where not a blade of herbage grew, and not a drop of pure water could be procured; and those who pushed safely through this ordeal had still to ascend the icy slopes of the Sierra Nevada, when the rigours of winter were added to all other difficulties. At different points—one being almost in sight of the golden land—overwearied groups had formed encampments, in case perhaps some help might reach them. It is to the credit of the settlers that, on hearing of this, they strained their resources to the utmost to afford relief. Yet, when all was done, a sick, destitute, most wretched horde of stragglers was all that remained of the multitude, who, full of hope and spirits, had commenced the prairie-journey.

Enterprise and energy have now overcome or smoothed the worst difficulties of the route. A great central railroad has been projected, and will probably at no distant time be formed. As it is, says Mr. Kelly in the preface to his entertaining 'Journey across the Rocky Mountains,'—

'Replenishing depôts have been established at convenient points in the wilderness; the faint Indian trail has become a beaten thoroughfare; the morasses no longer threaten to engulph the traveller; the rapid rivers are ferried over; the thicket is pierced; the forests felled; the rugged pass smoothed; there is a well in the desert; and the terror of retribution keeps the Indians in awe.'

To this time the stream of life flowing into California has kept continually increasing. Upwards of 20,000 souls, and about 50,000 animals, forming a scattered train of 700 miles in length, passed Fort Kearney in the month of May last. In this multitude the strangest contrasts were seen; ladies on spirited steeds, in full Bloomer costume, or in the more modest equestrian habit to which we are accustomed, and men gallantly mounted with Kossuth

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Kossuth hat and plume, swept by the humble pedler driving ass or mule, and toil-worn women leading their children by the hand. Some had their little stock of provisions strapped on their backs; others trusted to hand-carts and wheelbarrows. 'The journey would be pleasant,' writes one of the company, 'but for the vast number of graves along the road. There are about eighty graves to the one hundred miles so far, that is, new ones. The old ones are nearly obliterated, and their places no longer known to man.' The passage depicts well the recklessness with which in the States life is squandered in the pursuit of gain. By sea the arrivals are even more numerous; upwards of 10,000 landed at the port of San Francisco in May, and about an equal number in June. In the first six months of the year 10,000 Chinamen had arrived to claim part in the golden harvest, 4000 more followed in the first fortnight of July; and eighteen women, in the costume of the Celestial empire, had come in from Hong Kong. The population of California was about 200,000 at the commencement of the present year; it will be 300,000 by its close.

Great disorders are inseparable from this amazing influx of a mixed population into a new country. Among the diggers the refuse iniquity of every race in the world is to be found. The gains of many are promptly spent at the gaming-table; and knives and revólvers are freely used in the broils which ensue. The very nature of the grand pursuit—crowding such a congeries together in a narrow space and ever and anon throwing masses of treasure into the hands of some two or three half-maddened comrades, offers powerful incentives to crime. It seems, however, that the great majority have the sense, if not the virtue, to recognise the necessity of preserving some kind of order; their ferocious justice restrains the reckless ruffianism which would probably be able to defy any other force. In general, we must add, respect is manifested for the rights of property. The patience of the diggers has sometimes been severely tested. In the remote districts, when intercourse with the towns has been interrupted by the floods, provisions have risen to a most unreasonable rate. There are instances where flour—less from scarcity of the commodity than from the necessity of the people—has advanced in a day or two from half a dollar to a dollar and a half per lb. The diggers submitted to the extortion rather than make any illegal demonstration against the storekeeper. They hang a thief without mercy; but they never think of hanging a baker. The monkish maxim, *Laborare est orare*, seems especially true of men who, snatched from infamous haunts and habits, discover that it is given to them to commence

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mence a new and better career. It is in the diggers' favour, let them be as bad as they may, that they must work hard to be even moderately successful. The habit of toil is salutary; and the speedy acquisition of larger sums than they ever hoped to possess may be likely to convince the most hardened that they have an interest in maintaining the law.

Wherever a rich field is discovered, a township springs up in its neighbourhood, and the necessaries of life are now usually to be procured on reasonable terms. San Francisco is becoming one of the most crowded, as it is certainly one of the most magnificent, harbours in the world. The railroad across the isthmus of Panama is approaching completion. A rival line, in anticipation that the traffic will be sufficient for two, has been started; and already the sea-board of California is brought within a month's passage of England. A line of telegraphic communication, of 2400 miles in length, has been decided on, which, stretching westward from Natchez, on the Mississippi, will reach the Pacific above the head of the Californian Gulf, and skirt the coast to San Francisco. The coasts of the Atlantic and the Pacific will thus be brought into instantaneous intercourse. Years—months even—accomplish for this new country the work of centuries; its exports already amount in value to one-fourth the exports of the United Kingdom. The agricultural capabilities appear great; the crops this summer, we hear, are astonishing; and there is every chance that Yankee enterprise will open other and deeper sources of wealth when that which lies on the surface is exhausted. It is marked out by position as a great seat of commerce. The barriers of the Celestial Empire having been fairly broken, that intercourse is not likely to end with the passage to and fro of some thousands of Chinese labourers. The States now possess a thousand miles of sea-coast on the Pacific, enough to found a magnificent empire of itself. What Venice was to the restricted trade of the middle ages, San Francisco may probably become to the commerce of our own and future times,—the great medium of communication between the East and the West, and the entrepôt for the choicest productions of both. 'The enterprise and energy of our citizens,' says a letter of June last, 'have become a proverb. The growth of the city is fairy-like; whole rows of good substantial brick edifices continually being erected.' Besides English newspapers, a French, a Spanish, and a German one have been established.

With the Californian discovery science had nothing to do. It was otherwise with Australia. Sir R. Murchison in his latest address to the Geographical Society reminds them that, when he first filled their chair, in 1844, he noticed a forthcoming work by

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by Count Strzelecki on the physical geography of Australia; and declared that on an examination of that traveller's collection of rocks, fossils, and maps, he could not but recognize a singular uniformity between the Australian Cordillera and the auriferous Ural mountains. Two years later he received evidence of the truth of his conjecture in some specimens of gold quartz sent to him from Australia. Thus confirmed, he strongly advised a body of Cornish emigrants to select Australia, and to seek for gold among the *débris* of its older rocks. His advice, printed in the Cornish papers, and transmitted to Sydney, stimulated inquiry, which was so far successful that in 1848 he received several letters from persons in the colony, stating that they had detected gold, and expressing anxious hope that Government would so modify the law as to make it worth their while to engage seriously in mining speculations.

In that same year, 1848, Murchison addressed a formal communication on the subject to Earl Grey, but that statesman did not take any steps in consequence, because, says Sir Roderick, 'as his lordship has since informed me, he feared that the discovery of gold would be very embarrassing to a wool-growing country.' More nonsense has been written on the 'auri sacra fames' theme than on almost any other. It is remarked by one of the acutest of the French novelists that money can hardly, in one sense, be ill-spent, as it so rapidly flows from wasteful to industrious hands. We are inclined, however, to think that the converse is more true, and that money can hardly be ill-saved. In its more literal sense the phrase will not better stand scrutiny. If in any country the collection of gold is more profitable than the rearing of sheep, we know no reason why it should not preferably be followed. We were quite unprepared for such pastoral predilection in the Colonial Office under Lord Grey's presidency. To realise Arcady in New South Wales and convert convicts into Strephons might be a very amiable conception, but would hardly justify the minister of a great commercial empire—above all, a zealot of *Free Trade*—in an attempt to *cushion* rich sources of mineral wealth opened in a colony under watch of his intelligence.*

By the despatches of Governor Fitzroy we learn that it was some time in 1849 that a formal application was made to the authorities at Sydney to know what reward would be given for

* We believe most of our readers are aware that Murchison finally developed his views on the Distribution of Gold throughout the Earth in an article of this Journal for 1850. But it is due to him that we should state the fact; for, on the title-page of an Italian translation of that article lately forwarded to us the authorship is ascribed to Herschel—the translator adding that Sir John was rewarded for it by the Mastership of the Mint!!!

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the discovery of a gold district. The applicant was a Mr. Smith —who produced a specimen of gold imbedded in quartz. The reply was a very proper one, that they could enter into no blind bargain on the subject, but that if Mr. Smith chose to trust Government, he might rely upon being rewarded in proportion to the value of his discovery. The Governor does not seem to have been sorry that this answer proved unsatisfactory:—like his chief, Lord Grey, he feared that gold-seeking might 'agitate the public mind, and divert the attention of persons engaged in industrial pursuits from their proper and more certain avocations.'

Nothing further was heard of Mr. Smith, nor of gold-finding, —though the news from California must have been eagerly studied—until April 30th, 1851, when a Mr. Hargraves addressed a letter to the Secretary at Sydney, stating that he had explored a considerable tract—that he had succeeded beyond his expectations as to gold—and that he would point out the localities on being assured of 500*l.* upon the truth of his representations being ascertained. This Mr. Hargraves had left Australia to try his fortune in California—but, being struck—though Dr. Shaw says he had no scientific pretensions—with the similarity of structure between the Sierra Nevada and the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, he soon returned. To him the reply was the same as to Smith. Hargraves prudently resolved to trust to the justice of Government, and named the Macquarie river with the Lewis and Summerhill creeks branching from it. His communication was referred to the Geological Surveyor, but he was too sharp to wait the movements of officials; he set some labourers to dig at Summerhill Creek; and before the Surveyor could reach the spot, the Government had received notice (May 8) from the Commissioner of Crown Lands at Bathurst, first, that several ounces of gold had been found,—next (May 15), that a man had found a piece weighing thirteen ounces, and that the excitement among all classes was intense, hundreds being already on their way to the new diggings.

On the 19th the Geological Surveyor arrived there, and found about 400 persons occupying a mile of the creek, each collecting with merely a tin dish from one to two ounces daily. The Governor felt the necessity of acting with promptitude. A proclamation was issued, asserting the rights of the Crown to all gold found, and a system of licensing was established:—each licence being fixed at 1*l.* 10*s.* per month, payable in advance, and no one to be eligible for a licence unless he could prove that he was not absent from hired service without leave.

The town of Bathurst lies beyond the range of Blue Mountains which forty years ago were thought to form an impassable barrier

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barrier to the colony on the west. When they were crossed in 1813, a wide and well-watered pastoral country was revealed; and General Macquarie appreciated the discovery. He passed the mountains in person, and founded the township of Bathurst, 121 miles from Sydney. The gold-field at Summerhill—promptly christened Ophir—lies 40 miles north-west of Bathurst over a now clear and defined road, fit for a carriage, and extending to the verge of the settled country. By Sir Charles Fitzroy's care, police-stations were now established along the whole line of road, and a government escort for the conveyance of gold was set a-foot, the charge being one per cent. on the value.

The Government was fortunate in finding an active and intelligent officer to carry these regulations into effect. Mr. Hardy, the Commissioner appointed, arrived at the diggings on the 2nd of June, and immediately began issuing licences. He found about 1500 persons assembled; they were so orderly that he did not need a single policeman, and far from offering resistance to the payment of the licence-fee, they were glad to be placed under the supervision of Government. Those who had not money to pay the fee gave gold, which was received at 3*l.* 4*s.* the ounce for that obtained by washing, and 2*l.* 8*s.* by amalgamation. Each little company had a space marked out fronting the creek, 15 feet of frontage being assigned to a party of from three to six. Hardy by and by estimated that about 800 were working regularly. The remainder were mainly old and feeble persons, who came and went—now afresh trying their luck, and then afresh despairing.

During June he issued 605 licences, and the earnings of the diggers were computed at 30,000*l.*, which would give nearly 50*l.* for each monthly licence.

Notwithstanding the numbers congregated, provisions were moderate in price: meat 3*d.* per lb., tea 2*s.*, and sugar 6*d.* The only exception was flour, which at first sold for 7½*d.* per lb., but it fell in a few days to less than half that price. In fact, the diggers were living as cheaply as they could do at Sydney—for 10*s.* or 12*s.* per week.

On the 3rd of June the Council, to their honour be it said, bestowed on Hargraves 500*l.*, and an appointment as Commissioner of Crown Lands. He was at the same time informed that it would be for the Imperial Government to grant him such further remuneration as his discovery might be thought to deserve. Considering that gold is now produced in Australia at the rate of at least five millions per annum, it is to be hoped that this enterprising man will receive some additional reward.

By the end of May winter had set in: the nights were frosty,

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and the small ponds covered with ice. Those persons who had arrived without tents or clothing, hoping to pick up a fortune in a day, were grievously disappointed at the toil and time required to collect but a moderate quantity of the coveted ore. Many had come on foot from Sydney; long and weary as the route had been, they saw no resource but to retrace it, and their dismal representations served to cool the excitement which had set in. Those, however, who had been more provident and were better fitted for the work, continued their labours with general though by no means uniform success. Four men, working on the slopes of Lewis Pond's Creek, obtained one day two ounces, and the next seven. The Commissioner estimated that at these creeks there was profitable employment for 5000 diggers:—but they were soon to be deserted for richer ground.

The Government's Geological Surveyor, Mr. Stutchbury, in the course of his explorations, found that gold was distributed over the bed of the Turon river, and much more evenly than in other places. This stream flows, like the Summerhill and Lewis Creeks, into the Macquarie, but twenty or thirty miles further to the east. The watercourse of the Creeks is steep, rugged, and narrow. The Turon runs through a spacious valley, in a broad and level course, between much higher hills, but miles distant on either side, and all formed of mica-slate without quartz-veins, whereas at Summerhill the quartz-veins are abundant. The stream is without any of the abrupt elbows and narrow gorges which mark the Creeks, and, as a consequence, the gold is more evenly distributed and much finer in the grain. This fine gold he found diffused through the soil 'as regularly as wheat in a sown field'—but the yield was not in this part of the river very large. It was suggested that nearer its source the ore would turn up more abundantly, though of coarser grain, and, trial being made, within four days three men found ten pounds weight of gold. A thousand men were speedily congregated at the Turon, and the average of each man seemed to be about an ounce daily. By and by, after careful travel, Mr. Hargraves reported the course of the stream to be auriferous for at least 130 miles.

Some 20 miles north of the Turon is the Meroo, another tributary of the Macquarie, and branching from it is the Louisa Creek. By this creek a native shepherd in the service of Dr. Kerr discovered gold embedded in masses of quartz. He struck one of the blocks with his tomahawk, and the pure ore was at once revealed. The gold was contained in three blocks of quartz, lying 100 yards distant from a quartz vein. The largest of the blocks weighed 75 lbs. gross, and 60 lbs. of gold were taken

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taken from it. Unfortunately the blocks were broken up for greater convenience of transit; the largest piece of gold then weighed 6 lbs. 4 oz. The whole mass of gold taken from the quartz weighed 106 lbs. It was promptly taken to the Australian Bank at Bathurst, and was subsequently seized by the Commissioner on the part of the Crown, as Dr. Kerr had taken out no licence, and a royalty of 10 per cent. was reserved on gold in place. But as this was the first discovery of the kind, the Government remitted its claims, and Dr. Kerr became the undisputed possessor of the 6000*l.* prize. It may be supposed that the surrounding country was diligently explored; the search was for some time unsuccessful; but at last another lump of gold, also embedded in its natural matrix of quartz, was dug out from the clay, about 25 yards from the spot where the former blocks were discovered. The weight of this lump was 336 ounces, and it was sold by public auction for 1155*l.* With such prizes in the wheel it is easy to account for the restlessness of the diggers.

The next discovery of magnitude was at Araluen, 200 miles south of the Turon, and between 160 and 170 miles south of Sydney. The Araluen is a tributary of the Dena river, which empties itself into the ocean near lat. 36° S. Mr. Hardy expresses ere long his opinion that its wide valley would prove 'the most extensive digging yet discovered. . . . . Even at the present height of the water persons can make from 15*s.* to 30*s.* each per diem. . . . . Several thousand diggers would not exhaust the locality for many years.'—Other gold fields, since revealed, in New South Wales, and some of them rich ones, have their places in the map of the latest blue-book. They extend from the tributaries of the Condamine and the Brisbane, in the Moreton district, on the north, to branches of the Snowy River, in Gipps's Land, to the south—a distance of 700 miles. But the richest were to be eclipsed by the discoveries in the sister colony.

Nothing whatever had been known of Port Philip until 1836—when some stock-masters from Van Diemen's Land, noting its beautiful pastures, carried thither large numbers of sheep and cattle. Sir Thomas Mitchell, appointed to report, termed it Australia Felix. A town was speedily commenced on the Yarra Yarra, and, though the site was ill-chosen as a port, Melbourne became, almost as soon as founded, a flourishing settlement. In 1850 the district had assumed so much importance that it was formed into a separate colony, and the name of Victoria conferred upon it. Here the traders and farmers were now groaning over the tidings from Sydney. Their best hands had at once started for the gold-fields, and, if this went on, what but ruin could be

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anticipated? To keep the people at home a meeting was held, and 200 guineas proposed as a reward to the discoverer of a gold-field within 120 miles from the town of Melbourne; nor did they wait long before such discoveries were announced—first, at Anderson's Creek, only 16 miles off—next, at Clunes, on one of the head-waters of the West Lodden, 90 miles to the north; and then at Ballarat, near the remarkable volcanic hill Boninyon. Before the worth of the other diggings could be tested, the superior richness of this field attracted all adventurers. The discovery was announced in August last year, and the regulations adopted at Sydney were immediately put in force by Governor Latrobe, but with far less effect from the scant resources at his disposal.

The Ballarat diggings are situated near the source of the river Lea—the richest locality being appropriately termed Golden Point. It was visited by Mr. Latrobe, who states that it presents superficially no feature to distinguish it from any other of the numerous forested spurs which descend from the broken ranges at the foot of the higher ridges, and bound the valley on either side. Though gold is to be found in greater or less quantities in the whole of the surrounding country, this particular point has a superficial structure different from that of others. In his despatch of October 10 Mr. Latrobe says:—

'Roughly stated, a section of a working shows, under the superficial soil,—

1. Red ferruginous earth and gravel;
2. Streaked yellowish and red clay;
3. Quartz gravels of moderate size;
4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders; masses of ironstone set in very compact clay, hard to work;
5. Blue and white clay;
6. Pipe clay.....below which none of the workings have as yet been carried.—Gold has been detected, I believe, in all the superior formations, even in the superficial soil. But by far the richest deposit is found in the small veins of blue clay, which lie almost above the so-called "pipe clay," in which no trace of the ore has been discovered. The ore is, to all appearance, quite pure. It is found occasionally in rolled or waterworn irregular lumps, of various sizes, sometimes incorporated with round pebbles of quartz, which appears to have formed its original matrix; at other times without any admixture whatever, in irregular rounded or smooth pieces—and again in fused, irregular masses of pure metal.....The seams break off, and thin out, continually. The closest proximity to a rich vein can afford no certain assurance that labour will be similarly rewarded. I however witnessed the washing of two tin dishes of this clay, of about twenty inches diameter, the yield of which was no less than eight pounds weight of pure gold, and I have seen two or at most three cubic inches of the same yield four ounces.'

Mr

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Mr. Latrobe found about 2500 persons assembled; and he says—

'One party is known to have raised sixteen pounds weight at an early hour of the day, and to have secured thirty-one pounds weight in one day's work. Many parties of four men have shared, day after day, ten ounces per man. I can testify to the fact of ten pounds weight and upwards being the produce of a single working during one of the days of my visit, and I have no reason to believe that this case was an isolated one.'

The effect of this discovery was almost completely to empty Geelong and Melbourne—neither of the towns being distant above sixty miles. In a few weeks, however, the excitement here, as in the sister colony, cooled down; the product, though in particular instances larger, seems to have been less regular than on the Turon and Araluen, and numbers returned to their former employments. Up to the month of October the steady workers do not seem to have exceeded 3000;—but the discovery of yet more productive diggings at Mount Alexander, about forty miles north of Ballarat, and seventy-five of Melbourne, raised the fever higher than ever.

The discovery was accidental. A shepherd found gold encased in a piece of quartz which he picked up on his folding ground. A careful examination showed gold in a seam of compact quartz of about a foot in thickness. A party followed up the seam, and in the course of a fortnight took from it, and from narrow layers of clay in the adjacent rock, gold to the value of 300*l.* or 400*l.* But here, as in so many other places, Nature had beneficently spared man the labour of breaking up the rock, and had spread out her richest treasures ready to his hand. In the bed of a creek, descending from the Mount, and facing a junction with the East Lodden river, gold was found abundantly diffused in the gravelly soil. When these tidings were published people flocked, not only from every part of Victoria, but from Van Diemen's Land, from South Australia—even from the rich grounds of the Turon and Araluen. Seamen slipped from the ships in harbour, thriving shops were shut up, and respectable men left situations of trust to take their lot with the diggers. By December it was computed that 12,000 were assembled in an area of 15 square miles.

The Governor and Council inconsiderately resolved to raise the licence fee to 3*l.* per month. The diggers met to the number of several thousands, and resolved on resistance. The Government was in no position to enforce its act, and had to draw back, thus affording a dangerous evidence of its own weakness and of the diggers' strength. Mr. Latrobe complains bitterly of the insignificant force at his disposal, and seems seriously to apprehend

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apprehend some lawless and desperate outbreak from the hordes of adventurers thus suddenly drawn together. Mr. Latrobe, in fact, seems to have shared in the excitement of the hour, and imagined, with the Australian papers, that the world was about to be turned upside down. There is something strongly resembling exaggeration in the statements he furnishes of the distress of Government from the desertion of clerks and officers. It has been reported that his domestic servants left him *en masse*, and that he was reduced to the necessity of grooming his own horse and chopping wood to light a fire for his breakfast. These afflictions, however, do not darken any page of his despatches; nor, when we examine in detail the reports supplied him from the heads of departments, do we find that wholesale desertion we had been prepared to shudder over. It is true that an augmentation of 50 per cent. was ordered on all salaries not exceeding 250*l.*, and that salaries of 250*l.* and of 350*l.* were advanced respectively to 350*l.* and 500*l.* Some considerable increase was, in fact, unavoidable from the rise in price of necessaries. The only departments which seem seriously to have suffered are those of the police and the harbour-master. Governments, like private individuals, must expect to pay for labour what it is worth. These discoveries altered the conditions of society. Those on the lowest rounds of the ladder suddenly found themselves at the top of it.* Able-bodied men became the most valued members of the community. It is contrary to all our notions that a policeman or a scavenger should be entitled to as high wages as a government clerk. Not often can the rude labour of the nervous arm assert equality with the skilled hand or trained head. Mr. Latrobe found it difficult to accommodate himself to the change; and there was some reason in the complaint of the Victorians, who found themselves destitute of efficient protection, while a stream of gold produced by their labour was flooding the treasury. The large sums returned by the licensing system could hardly have been

* One stockmaster whose hands had deserted him went to the diggings to induce them to return to shear his flocks, and made up his mind to submit to their own terms. 'Well, master,' said the fellows, after a consultation, 'we'll return and do the job, provided'—'Yes,' interrupted the master, joyfully, 'I agree,'—'*provided we have the wool.*' As he was turning away they offered him 15*s.* a day to stay and be their cook. A Melbourne paper of May last has the following paragraph:—'How are the Mighty fallen!—A member (of the Legislative Council of Victoria was seen a few days ago retailing apples at the diggings. Another gentleman, well known in South Australia as an old colonist, hospitable country gentleman, and M. L. C., is now wending his way on foot to the same centre of attraction, his outer man clad in a blue shirt, and carrying a heavy *swag*.' The 'ladies' of the diggers flaunt through the streets in the richest silks and satins the stores can furnish, while some of their lords in their holiday excursions scorn to drink anything but champagne.

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turned to better account than by hiring labour at what it was worth to preserve order, to collect the government dues, and to form roads through districts suddenly thronged with traffic. A liberal outlay for these purposes would perhaps have been true economy, as from the insufficiency of the government staff thousands of diggers evaded payment of the licence fee, and thus set a bad example by showing how easily the official regulations might be defied. The last accounts—among others the shrewd pages of Dr. Shaw—represent matters as mending. The police force has been strengthened; men are not difficult to be procured when due wages are offered; the constables receive 5*s.* 9*d.* per day and their rations; and a commencement has been made in the very necessary work of forming roads to the chief gold-fields, as it was feared that necessaries might rise to famine prices from the old paths being cut up in the winter months. As it is, an instance is recorded of the rate of carriage from Alexander to Melbourne being as high as 90*l.* per ton.

The increase in the Victoria revenue is without parallel. The licences alone in the last quarter of 1851 yielded 25,481*l.*, and in the first quarter of 1852 the amount rose to 48,597*l.*, a much larger sum than was produced by the whole general revenue in the corresponding quarter of the previous year. The chief items in these returns mark more plainly than any description could do the influence which the diggings have already exercised over the fortunes of the colony. The general revenue from customs, postage, &c., which in the last quarter of 1850 was 31,330*l.*, rose in the last quarter of 1851 to 42,041*l.*, and in the first three months of 1852 to 75,272*l.*! The crown revenue from the sale of lands, licences, &c., which was 37,008*l.* in the last quarter of 1850, increased to 102,307*l.* in the last quarter of 1851, and to 156,827*l.* in the first quarter of 1852. The total revenue of the first three months of 1851 was 49,118*l.*, and of the corresponding period in 1852, 232,099*l.*! At this rate Victoria, our youngest child in Australia, has a revenue about equal to the kingdom of Saxony. We must imagine our Chancellor of the Exchequer to be in possession of some fifty millions per quarter, when he had only reckoned on the customary thirteen, to appreciate the fortunate state of the Victoria treasury, or to understand those complaints of Mr. Latrobe's inertness and of the insufficiency of the police-force which such outrages as the robbery of the Nelson treasure-ship call forth from the colonists.*

A rise

* The governors of the sister colonies manage to be on better terms with the people. Sir Charles Fitzroy recently paid a visit to the Turon diggings, and was rapturously received. Upwards of a hundred diggers, in their usual costume, met him at dinner

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A rise in the price of provisions was to be expected:—it, however, has not been of so alarming a nature as might be anticipated from Mr. Latrobe's language. The Government contracts for 1852, as compared with 1851, show a rise in bread from 1½*d.* to 2½*d.* per lb.; fresh beef from 1½*d.* to 2*d.*; tea 1*s.* 1*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*; sugar 2½*d.* to 2¾*d.*; brandy 15*s.* to 17*s.*, &c. The latest reports of the Melbourne markets quote good bullocks at 3*l.* 5*s.* to 4*l.* each—sheep 8*s.* to 10*s.*; fine flour 25*s.* per cwt. These are certainly not famine prices. The charges of retailers have, of course, risen more considerably, but will soon fall as supplies are brought from other ports. By the enhanced price of all manufactured articles, a field is opened for the industry of the mother country, which, it is obvious, will not be neglected.*

We fear Mr. Latrobe is not to be taken as a safe authority on the general earnings of the diggers. His imagination is in a ferment on this as on other points. As a proof of 'the wonderfully great yield,' he mentions that a pound weight of gold a day is a moderate remuneration for a party; that there are instances of as 'much as fifty being the result of a few hours' labour;' and that '*many parties* within a very limited period have secured forty, fifty, and even seventy pounds weight.' Among the pay-

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dinner at Captain Broomfield's. In responding to the hearty cheers which greeted his health, we learn 'his Excellency said he could perceive that many a warm and friendly heart towards him was beating under the red shirt of the digger. He further alluded to the admirable obedience and respect to the laws which had been shown by this community under such exciting circumstances, and finally sat down amidst a tremendous burst of applause.' Sir F. Young is not less popular in South Australia. The establishment of a mail between Adelaide and Mount Alexander is a sign of the excellent spirit of his government. Some of Mr. Latrobe's regulations appear unnecessarily stringent, as, for instance, that the escort shall take no parcels of gold of less than a pound weight.

* At the late Sheffield Cutlers' Feast this point was effectively noticed by Lord E. Howard:—'At the present time, when no man, not even the most intelligent—when neither the hardworking merchant nor the greatest financial authority could tell what was likely to be the result, or even the probable extent, of the gold discoveries, that wonderful phenomenon that had recently occurred in the world—when in search of that metal our most distant colonies were becoming thickly peopled—it was impossible to doubt that the tendency of events was *to open large markets for the commerce of this country;* and he was quite sure that Sheffield would not be behind in her commercial relations with those new communities, and that a market for her wares would be found wherever the British name or even the foot of man had penetrated.' Other speakers dwelt on the improved state of the town. One said that six years ago there were in that borough some thousands of unoccupied houses—now they were at a premium; and Mr. Denison asserted that the other towns of the West Riding were more prosperous than had been previously known; that they were accumulating wealth more rapidly; and that comfort and sanitary improvement were increasing in an equal ratio. The accounts from other manufacturing districts are similar; at Manchester 'every spindle and every loom is in full employ;' yet, according to some economists, the gold discoveries have had no effect in producing this gratifying change.

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ments of gold brought down by Government escort he instances the following:—

'Eddy and Gill (five in company) 3008 ounces raised in seven weeks.

'D'Arcy (four in company) 2222 ounces in eight weeks.'

This would give nearly 2000*l.* to each man—a product so great as to suggest a doubt whether the whole was actually raised by the individuals who claimed it. We are not without data for a tolerably correct average. Taking the actual amount shipped from Melbourne to the end of March last, and allowing for the quantity supposed to be at the diggings and waiting shipment, it would appear that about 700,000 ounces had been raised in Victoria. At 3*l.* per ounce this would be worth 2,100,000*l.* The licences issued up to the same date were 49,386. Dividing the gold by this number, we get 42*l.* 10*s.* as the average monthly earnings of each licensed digger, but as a great number of persons evaded payment of the licence-fee, the real earnings of the diggers must have been considerably less. In New South Wales the government regulations were more strictly enforced. The amount raised there to the end of March may be taken at 320,000 ounces, and the value at 960,000*l.* The licences issued were 30,781, and by the same rule these figures give 31*l.* 3*s.* as the monthly average, which is probably very near the truth, the most intelligent of the Commissioners commonly speaking of 1*l.* per day as the diggers' earnings.

At Adelaide this golden news had not only the effect of drawing away the bulk of the labouring population, but of draining the colony of money to purchase the gold, which offered by far the most profitable and certain investment that could be found. While Governor Latrobe lugubriously feared that the discovery would prove 'anything but a blessing,' and regarded with a troubled mind the efforts of 'the disreputable or unthinking agitators of the day,' and 'the language and demeanour of many portions of the press,' to whose comments his Excellency seems to have been needlessly sensitive, Governor Young in the sister colony deplored the stagnation of business and the absence of that stimulus which made Victoria so bustling. One required that 'a regiment at least' should be stationed at Melbourne to preserve order; while the other offered a reward of 1000*l.* for the discovery of gold in South Australia, and made every preparation for thankfully receiving the bright stream, even to the issue of proclamations and the preparation of forms of licence, whenever its sources should be opened. So eager was the expectation of the colonists, that some clever hands—as they would be

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be styled on the other side the Atlantic—attempted to secure the reward by stratagem. They took the commissioners to some creeks in the Mount Lofty ranges, and washing the black alluvial soil, produced from it four small pieces of gold. 'Every portion that was washed, whether taken from the banks of the stream, or a few yards distant from it, yielded a small piece of gold. Altogether 14 grains were obtained.' A government notice, stating the fact, was immediately put forth, and the deputy-surveyor was directed immediately to proceed to the spot, and 'cause plots of ground to be measured off,' and licences to be issued according 'to the terms already published.' But—for the prudence of the Government we are happy to say—the notification contained a warning that the quantity of gold yet found did not exceed *two shillings in value.* A considerable number soon gathered, and commenced digging and washing with great eagerness; but neither by them nor by the careful researches of the commissioners was a trace of gold found; and these last could come to no other conclusion than that the gold which had been produced in their presence 'was not a natural deposit of the soil from which it was then taken.' Up to the latest date it does not appear that any gold has been discovered in South Australia, though the geological formation of the country about Adelaide is said to be highly promising.

One of Sir F. Young's measures has excited much controversy. To attract capital to Adelaide he established—as we understand—an office for assaying and stamping bars of gold, directing that it should be a legal tender at 71*s.* per ounce, and that the banks should issue notes at that rate on gold deposited with them. The immediate effects of this measure were beneficial. It brought a considerable amount of treasure into the colony, restored the circulation, and stimulated the land-sales and the general course of trade. As the gold is intrinsically worth a higher price, it may be held that there can be no permanent loss. But it is difficult to understand how that policy can be good which artificially enhances the value of gold in one government of Australia, while it is left to find its own value in others; or how the banks can avoid inconvenience, as notes are issued in Adelaide on gold at 71*s.* per ounce, while in Melbourne and Sydney the rates are respectively 63*s.* and 64*s.* Though the principle of the measure be sound, no attempt should have been made to carry it out, we think, unless in concert with the other governments.

For the convenience of the colonists it has been suggested that a mint should be set up in Australia; and on this subject Mr. Watherston's tract, as well as the Blue-book correspondence, deserves

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deserves to be well considered. It would be contrary to all experience to expect that the same perfection could at once be achieved in a new establishment that it has cost our mint centuries to attain; and the reputation of our coin, standing so deservedly high all over the world, might seriously suffer from unavoidable inaccuracy in that portion of it which issued from Australia; while, against the issue of a distinct colonial coinage, there are weighty, and, as we think, decisive objections, though, of the two evils, we should esteem that the least. Assay offices might, however, safely be established in the capitals of the Australian colonies, and at a very trifling expense. All that our mint purports to do, in theory at least, is to return the gold sent to it divided into pieces of a certain weight and fineness. Supposing that colonial assay-offices formed the gold they received into bars of not less than a pound or half a pound, and stamped each with its true weight and quality, they would perform, in a manner sufficiently exact for colonial uses, what our mint does for the general coinage of the empire. The gold thus stamped might be made a legal tender, and form the basis of an Australian currency, at such a rate per ounce as would fairly cover the charges of its transmission to England.*

The gold-fields discovered thus far stretch in a south-westerly direction from the Moreton district to Ballarat, a distance exceeding one thousand miles: the line is everywhere marked by mountain ranges, from which innumerable streams flow into the principal rivers. Gold is also said to have been found in Van Diemen's Land, though the produce has not yet been sufficient for any judgment to be formed of the value of the discovery. It is to be recollected that that search for gold which has been diligently maintained in the Old World since the first period of recorded history, and which has in the aggregate produced an amount of treasure beyond all calculation, has scarcely yet commenced in Australia. The extent and richness of the deposits found in the first year of inquiry can be regarded as but specimens of the wealth which lies yet unexplored in her virgin soil.

The encouragement which these discoveries will certainly give to emigration from England is a very important point. It is more than half a century since an amiable and ingenious man

* Australia will soon be abundantly supplied with coin. 'The shipments on freight (says the *Times* of Sept. 13) are understood to amount to about 2,000,000*l.*, and, estimating the additional sum taken out by emigrants, it is probable that the value of the total quantity exported equals that of the gold received.' The diggers must be largely benefited by these shipments of coin, as the gold, which in London would realise 4*l.* per ounce, has not always brought them 3*l.*

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tormented himself and his readers by speculations on the miseries which would, according to all probability, overwhelm civilized countries from a superabundance of population. We do not remember whether any date was fixed on for the commencement of the calamity among ourselves; but as it was laid down as a first principle that no increased production of food could possibly keep pace with the increase of population, the danger became more imminent year by year. Since the issue of Mr. Malthus's Essay our population has doubled in number, and yet we are in this year (1852) likely to experience a scarcity of hands for the work set before us, as a great empire, to accomplish. What a comment does this fact supply on those daring theories, which go to the length of questioning the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty Creator and Governor of the Universe!

From all our colonies in the Southern Ocean the cry is for more people. We can send them nothing they value so highly as labour. The settlers, without exception, see their way to new enterprises and greater profits, if they had but more hands to help them. In New South Wales the Legislature passed an address, urging the continuance of immigration, and voted a sum of 100,000*l.* for the purpose, to be raised by loan on the land revenue. 'A deputation of gentlemen interested in New South Wales,' say the Colonial Emigration Officers, 'have already waited on us, to press for its immediate expenditure.' 'Never,' says a Sydney paper of 1st May last, 'was labour so difficult to procure as it is at the present time, nor do we believe that wages, taking all classes of operatives together, were ever so high.' In Moreton Bay labour is so needed that the people pray for a separation from New South Wales that they may be supplied with convicts. From Victoria 113,000*l.* has been sent over by Governor Latrobe, to be spent in immigration for the present year; and he writes that 'several gentlemen possessing property and influence have urged, that, if emigrants could not otherwise be obtained, *paupers should be obtained from the union workhouses, and foreigners from the continent of Europe.*' Sir F. Young, from South Australia, states the general wish, 'that the stream of emigration at the expense of the land-fund should continue to flow into the colony as heretofore.' Sir W. Denison, from Van Diemen's Land, presses that convicts may be sent out on probation, and that the whole 30,000*l.* voted by Parliament for emigration purposes may be spent in providing passages for labouring men and their families to that colony.

There were two obstacles in the way of these suggestions—first, the difficulty of procuring desirable emigrants. To remove this, the Commissioners have twice lowered their scale of deposits,

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deposits, which now stands at 2*l.* and 3*l.* a head for agricultural labourers, 1*l.* for women and married men, and 10*s.* for children. The age for the minimum rate of deposit has been advanced from forty to forty-five, and families with not more than four children under twelve are admitted to a free passage. The deposit for certain classes of artisans and mechanics and their wives has been reduced from 5*l.* to 2*l.* each. Special missions were sent to localities where it seemed likely that emigrants might be obtained: one, for example, to the isle of Skye and another to the north of Ireland. As the result in great part, no doubt, of these 'stimulating' measures, the Commissioners have now on their books the names of some thousands more than it will be possible to provide with a passage.—The scarcity of shipping presents a second and a more serious obstacle. The freight paid by the Commissioners in past years to the various ports of Australia was from 13*l.* to 15*l.* per head; this year the contract price has risen to 17*l.* 19*s.* per adult for Geelong, and 18*l.* 19*s.* for Portland Bay. The emigration to Australia was—

	In 1850.		In 1851.	
	Ships.	Emigrants.	Ships.	Emigrants.
New South Wales . .	3	725	3	794
Victoria	2	533	3	1040
South Australia . . .	5	1200	8	2100
	10	2458	14	3934

In the first six months of 1852 the numbers were—

	Ships.	Emigrants.
New South Wales . .	6	1791
Victoria	19	7253
South Australia . .	10	2901
	35	11,945

For the later months of the year the Commissioners proposed, if possible, to despatch ten or twelve ships a month.—Yet even this emigration will probably be insignificant compared with that effected by private effort. A glance at the daily advertisements excites amazement at the sudden extension of our commerce in that direction. From fifty to sixty first-class ships, varying from 500 to 2200 tons, leave the ports of Liverpool and London each month. Steamers of magnificent dimensions are pressed into the service, and new ones, better adapted to the length of voyage, are on the stocks. The Great Britain, of 3500 tons, sailed at the close of August, with between 600 and 700 passengers. It is computed that during the summer the emigration

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gration to Australia has been at the rate of 20,000 persons monthly.

During the last five years the emigration from the United Kingdom has averaged 284,534 persons a year, and 'it now,' say the Commissioners, 'exceeds the highest estimate of the annual increase of the population.' In the second quarter of this year there were abstracted from us—

By death	100,813
By emigration	125,112
	225,925

The births amounted to 159,136, showing a decrease in the population for three months of 66,789 souls! Previous to 1847 the largest number who emigrated in one year was 129,851 in 1846; last year the number was 335,966, and it appears likely that this year it will be still greater. In last August 61 emigration ships sailed from Liverpool, having on board 21,907 persons. The number in the corresponding month of 1851 was only 16,714. The amount of money sent over by the emigrants who had established themselves in other lands, to assist the emigration of their friends, amounted in 1851 to 990,000*l.* It is observed by the Commissioners that those who depart, include a large proportion of the youngest, the healthiest, and most energetic of the adult population, on which the excess of births over deaths mainly depends.' In the case of Ireland we watch such an operation without regret; for it opens the fairest prospect of relief from the long-rooted evil of a pauper peasantry. But in England we have no surplus of that class from which the Commissioners pick their emigrants—men in the prime of life, of steady industry, and good character. Some apprehensions are not unreasonably expressed that we shall soon feel the need—if the need is not felt already—of those artizans and labourers whom we are using unnecessary efforts to send from our shores.* Emigrants of another class we could better spare. We have amongst us a superfluity of ingenious and educated men. In Australia many such might, no doubt, find some occupation better suited to their adventurous disposition than any they can innocently pursue at home—and perhaps succeed in scrambling their way to fortune.

It must be confessed, however, that *gold-digging* is no child's play. 'The whole is an operation of great labour and uncertainty,' writes one Sydney official; 'it is hard work compared with shepherding or hut-keeping, but it is not hard work to able

* The *Times* (Sept. 25) comforts us by the assurance that, in case of need for labour whether agricultural or manufacturing here, we may count on ready supplies from Denmark, Belgium, Germany—and *Normandy!* What a pity it is Malthus is gone!

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men,' reports another. A Bathurst paper informs us that at the Turon 'the labour is extremely heavy, and the works of an extraordinary character; many parties have dug from twenty-four to thirty feet deep, and some of them are *actually tunnelling under the bed of the river.*' Again, from Major's Creek, 'the labour is immense, the depth of the holes would be pronounced by Dominie Sampson prodigious, and the constant exertion required in pumping, draining, &c., calls into exercise the patience and perseverance of the most industrious.' At one spot we hear of *two* men sinking a shaft 130 feet deep. The general report of the diggers is, that they have 'a squalid unhealthy appearance, from exposure, privation, and dust, sore eyes being universally prevalent.' We therefore recommend those persons here, who, seduced by Mr. Latrobe's despatches, and by the visions of Sofala and Mount Alexander, are on the point of throwing up good situations and of engaging first-class berths for Sydney or Port Philip, to try a little amateur digging in their suburban gardens just to see how they relish the work. Let them mark off a surface of 12 feet by 20, and dig it 30 feet deep. Then let them convey the earth round their bounds a sufficient number of times to represent the miles that must often be traversed to get at water, and afterwards carefully wash it. Or, if they have no fancy for dry diggings, let them turn the pipe of the New River Company which supplies their premises, into their partially excavated 'claim,' till the water rises to the height of their chin, and then dig, and pump, and bale until they have got to the required depth. Let them retire from their labour at night to sleep on the ground under shelter of a canvas tent; and—if they find this way of spending their autumn holidays more agreeable than a ramble through Switzerland or a sojourn on our own coast—if, moreover, they do not mind either ugly language and ruffianly threats or ague and ophthalmia—then they may depart and take their chance of earning 20*l.* or 30*l.* a-month by the drudgery of a *navie.*

There are exceptions to all rules—and just as in our late battles under Lord Hardinge it did not escape observation that the most daring of the *private* dragoons were often English *Gentlemen* of fallen fortune—several of whom in fact had once held commissions in Her Majesty's army—so among the diggers, in spite of their red shirts, Dr. Shaw's eye at once detected a not inconsiderable sprinkling of 'Aristocrats;' but, in spite of everything, as a rule, the rough work must be done by the horny hands. Whatever effect it may have on their condition, to them belongs the toil and the profit. The mere superficial diggings are rarely of much value. One experimenter says:—

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'On the third morning we commenced on a bed of red marl, which we found more difficult to work than stone; from its close and compact texture, it turned the points of the picks so as to render it necessary to have them repointed and sharpened every hour. My hands soon blistered to such a degree, that the blood oozed from them down the handles of the tools. Notwithstanding the great exertions made by every one of the party, some days elapsed before we got through the stratum of red marl; and on testing it in the usual manner not a grain of gold was obtained. When we got through the red marl, we expected that our labour would be comparatively light to what it had been, but we were sadly disappointed. On commencing work, we found that the yellow marl was much harder than the red, and resembled cement. We could only chip small pieces about the size of a crown-piece, in addition to which it was intermixed with large pieces of quartz we had to break before it could be thrown out; the jar of the tools was most distressing to the hands. After a week's hard work we got through this formation.'—*Hall's Practical Experience*, pp. 25-7.

After all only three or four ounces were got from this hole, and another had to be sunk with equal labour. On the seventh day the blue clay was reached, and gold to the value of 415*l.* obtained in a few hours. Fortunate claims are frequently sold over and over again, the product becoming richer as the depth increases. In California, Mr. Coke relates,—

'Three Englishmen bought a claim, 300 feet by 100 feet, for 1400 dollars. It had been twice before bought and sold for considerable sums, each party who sold it supposing it to be nearly exhausted. In three weeks the Englishmen paid their 1400 dollars, and cleared 13 dollars a day besides for their trouble. This claim, which is not an unusually rich one, though perhaps it has been more successfully worked, has produced in eighteen months over 20,000 dollars.'

In Australia the like trafficking in claims is common, but, from the depth to which they are carried, they are to be considered rather as small mines than mere surface diggings.

It would be vain, as we have already said, to attempt any calculation of the ultimate proceeds from discoveries so recent. Up to the first week in June last it is certain, from the actual exports, that the total gold raised in *Australia* must have amounted to about 4,000,000*l.* in value—and the produce was still increasing. For the last week in May the government escort started from Alexander with 37,000 ounces, but, finding the load too heavy, left 6000 ounces behind. We have seen that the deposits first discovered were deserted, not from any failure of production, but from richer fields being found. They remain to reward later comers; and as other tracts are explored, new treasures, we doubt not, will be revealed. The number of diggers at present, judging from the licences issued, can hardly reach 20,000;

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20,000; at what rate will production proceed when emigrants from England, from China, from California, flow into the ports of Sydney and Melbourne? It seems moderate to assume that 50,000 labourers will be scattered over the various Australian gold-fields before the end of this year; and, taking their earnings at—(what is for the moment below the mark)—20*l.* per month—we have a yield equal to 12,000,000*l.* yearly.

The total produce of California, up to the 10th of January, is stated by Mr. Scheer at about 62,000,000*l.*; but his figures, taken from a gold circular published at San Francisco, must be much too high. From 35,000,000*l.* to 40,000,000*l.* would probably be nearer the mark. The careful inquiries of Mr. Birkmyre, whose tables appeared in the *Times* of May 21, give 17,339,544*l.* as the amount raised last year; he adds—

'It is confidently expected by the Americans that the recent discoveries of very rich deposits in various districts will raise the exports for 1852 to 21,041,660*l.* This, moreover, is a very moderate allowance, as the exports alone in the first three months are known to have amounted to 3,900,000 dollars more than those of the three corresponding months of 1851.'

The main fact here is the continuous increase in the rate of production.* The diggers now carry forward their works on a larger scale. One of the finest pieces of gold yet raised, weighing 26 lbs., was found 60 feet below the surface. Canals are being constructed to carry water to rich grounds, and further discoveries are announced.

'An English company had purchased the Mount Ophir vein, and were about to erect new and extensive machinery upon it. The miners at Carson's Creek, Angels, and San Andreas, were averaging 12 dollars per day. New and valuable diggings had been discovered at Soldiers' Gulch, Calaveras County; and exceedingly rich cayotte diggings on the middle fork of the Yuba; shafts had been sunk to the depth of 30 feet, and as much as 115 dollars had been taken out of a single panful of the dirt. The Bay State Company, at the Marmaduke-hill diggings, were cutting a tunnel of 500 feet in length through the solid quartz rock.'—*Times*, August 30, 1852.

From the day when Captain Sutter set his Indians to work, the amount raised in California has been advancing almost month by month.

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* Official Report of Deposits of Gold from California at the various United States' Mints in 1848 . . . . . 44,177 dollars.
Ditto, 1849 . . . . . 6,147,509 „
Ditto, 1850 . . . . . 36,074,062 „
Ditto, 1851 . . . . . 55,938,232 „
—*Hussey and Co.'s Circular*, San Francisco, July 30, 1852.

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With the rapid development of these new fields of supply there appears no reason to apprehend any failure from older sources. The yield of Russia in 1851 is calculated in Erman's Archives at more than 60,000 lbs. Troy. This may have been exceeded in former years, but as it has advanced from about 13,000 lbs. in 1828 (according to Humboldt's estimate), and as it is likely, from the heavy duties levied by the Russian government on the produce of private mines, that a much less quantity is exported than is actually raised, there is no ground for supposing that the average of some years past is materially declining.

The produce of gold from California and Australia must therefore be regarded as a clear addition to the treasure of the world. Sir Robert Peel wrote to Murchison in March 1850:—

'On the 6th May, 1844, in bringing in the Bank Charter, I adverted to the rapid increase of the annual supply of gold from mines within the dominions of Russia, and recommended those who wished for a diminution in the standard of value to benefit the debtor, to consider whether their objects might not be effected by natural causes—*the decreasing relative value of gold in consequence of more abundant supply*—without the aid of legislative intervention.'

The like argument was used by Sir Robert when he introduced his new tariff in 1845. He endeavoured to show, by the rise in the market price of commodities, that the purchasing power of the sovereign was diminishing, and that a relaxation of our import duties was justifiable on that ground. He adds, in his letter to Murchison—

'Your arguments are powerful to show that there is no probability (risk, I should say) of precipitate and violent disturbance. It takes a long time and a great disproportion in the amount of supply, to affect the relative value, throughout the world, of two such articles as gold and silver. The united influence of Siberia and California will, however, I think, justify my inference of 1844 that there is *a tendency towards diminished value on the part of the gold.* An extraordinary increase in the supply of both gold and silver might concurrently take place, not affecting their relative value between each other, but affecting the price of all other commodities, estimated with reference to the precious metals, and the interests of debtor and creditor.'

The views of Peel on this subject are to be taken with reserve. He was nervously and unduly anxious to maintain at what he considered its due height the purchasing power of the pound; and it is probable that in 1844-5 he mistook an advance in prices, from local and adventitious circumstances, for a depreciation in the value of precious metals. But, at all events, he

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he is a good authority to show that, previous to the discovery in California, there was no tendency from scarcity of gold or failure of supply to appreciation in its relative value. The amount then produced was sufficient to maintain a moderately high range of prices. We do not, however, find sufficient data for determining what that amount actually was. Mr. Birkmyre supposes that in 1846 there was raised from—

North and South America . . .	£1,301,500
Russia	3,414,427
Austria	282,750
Piedmont, Spain, and Northern Germany	20,696
Africa	203,900
Borneo	305,900
Ava, Malacca, and other countries . .	317,519
	£5,846,752

This *total* is exclusive of China and Japan;—but even so we think it must be understated, as it would scarcely appear sufficient to cover the consumption of gold in arts and manufactures, its loss by wear of coinage, and its disappearance from the various accidents of life. But though we raise the amount as high as eight or ten millions in value, that quantity will probably be exceeded threefold by the recent discoveries.

There are eminent men both in science and in the City who reason that this enormous increase will have very little practical effect; that the mass of property in the world is too vast, and the operations of trade too extensive, and too much carried on by mere instruments of exchange having no intrinsic value, to be affected by the production of some extra millions, whether they be numbered by tens or hundreds; and that it is probable the supplies will fail before the value of the metal can be depreciated to any sensible extent. In stating the 'opposing forces,' Mr. Scheer appears to rely most on the enormous value of the productive property of the civilized world, which he rudely estimates at 28,780 millions; and his arguments lead us to infer—though we do not know that the conclusion is expressly stated—that the increased quantity of gold produced can only affect other property in the ratio that one amount bears to another. For instance, if we suppose the stock of gold within a limited term to be increased by 100 millions sterling, then as 100 millions are to 28,000, so will be the influence on prices by the increased supply. But a little consideration will show that this reasoning is fundamentally erroneous. In showing how small a part is borne by the precious metals in the shape of coined money in the larger operations of commerce, he says—

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'They may be found to be only *measures of value*, without giving value, and we may not perhaps be far wrong in looking upon them much in the light in which we regard other measures—the pound, for instance, and the bushel; the greater or less number of which in use would not alter the weight or bulk of the commodities to be weighed or measured.'

The leading idea here is so well expressed that we wonder the author did not perceive the right deduction from it. The quantity of gold contained in a sovereign is strictly a measure—the same as a yard, a pound weight, or a bushel—and there is nothing in the mere multiplication of these measures to affect the value of the commodities they mete—so long as *their capacities remain the same.* But if the capacities of any of these measures be altered, then the value of the commodities will be proportionably altered, though the measures retain their former denominations.—Supposing it to be enacted that the bushel should contain twelve gallons instead of eight, it is not to be doubted that, if wheat were before at 5*s.* the bushel, it would rise to 7*s.* 6*d.* If, on the contrary, the bushel were reduced from eight gallons to six, wheat would fall from 5*s.* to 3*s.* 9*d.* If, again, it were enacted that the sovereign should contain only three-fourths of its present amount of gold, is it not equally sure that the sovereign—after perhaps some interval of plausible talk and anxious experiment—would, instead of buying four bushels, buy only three?

Here, to some extent, the analogy ceases. The value of the sovereign may be diminished in other ways than by diminution or increase of quantity, which the bushel or the yard measure cannot be. The sovereign which will purchase two cwt. of flour here, will not purchase one at San Francisco. Practically, its purchasing power is equally reduced by depreciation in the value of gold from increased supply, as by a reduction of the quantity contained in it.

To a 'disturbed confidence, not a contracted currency'—the phrase is Mr. Johnson's—Mr. Scheer—whom we take to be a disciple of Mr. Tooke's—would ascribe those panics of which our commercial history of late years has presented so many sad examples. He supposes that as cheques, bills of exchange, &c., suffice to carry on the bulk of commercial transactions,

'those masses of *money tokens* must exert their peculiar influences on matters of traffic, and have their share in the prices of commodities.'

He does not attempt to show how slips of paper 'intrinsically worth nothing' can have the influence he ascribes to them—but we can perceive a plausible and in degree a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. These securities are to a great extent the instruments by which commodities are exchanged, and therefore they

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they may decide the relative value of commodities, without more than nominal reference to their money value. They may in foreign trade, for example, serve to exchange—not by a direct but by a circuitous operation—cotton for tea and iron for tobacco. In home trade the same action may take place on a smaller scale, and through more numerous ramifications; and in this way it is intelligible that commodities according to their scarcity or abundance, or their cost of production, may adjust their relative value one to the other, without much use of the circulating medium. But their price in pounds and shillings—that is, their denominational as distinct from their real value—their relation to gold and silver apart from their relation to other commodities—must have direct reference to the greater or less facility with which the precious metals can be collected, and to the stock of them which exists in the world.

Seeing, as Mr. Scheer does, that gold is a measure of value, we wonder that he should lay so much stress on the amount of commodities or property to be measured by it. The number of bushels of wheat in a granary must vary according to the capacity of that measure which we call a bushel, as the number of ounces in a bar of silver according as we use avoirdupois or troy weight; but the quantity of wheat, be it one quarter or a million of quarters, or of silver, be it ten ounces or a thousand, will have no influence on the capacity of the measure or weight. Nor, considered purely as a measure, can the value of the pound sterling be affected by any increase in the amount of the commodities to be measured; but we have already stated in what respect it differs from other measures—*i.e.*, that its capacity varies with the increase or diminution of gold, and by consequence with the amount of that vast mass of property to which it bears a relative value. If the stock of gold in the world remained the same while goods or property increased twenty per cent., the value of the metal would become appreciated by the disturbance of the relative proportions; that is, supposing there were no economising contrivances of banking, by which the balance was in degree restored. The rule, then, for determining the capacity of gold as a measure of value, is, not to say:—as 100 millions of gold increase is to 28,000 millions of property existing, so will be the rate of advance in prices;—but as the stock of gold in the world (say 300 millions) is to the amount of existing property (say 28,000 millions) so will be the advance in the nominal value of that property by an addition of 100 millions to the stock of gold.

When Mr. Scheer tells us that 'the precious metals are but a small and indefinite part of the great mass of circulating medium,' the obvious answer is that they are its entire foundation;

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tion; and when he speaks of the use or waste of gold and silver as perpetually abstracting from the superfluity and tending to preserve the purchasing power of the remainder, it may be replied that this loss on the increased supply can amount only to a small percentage, leaving the remainder a clear addition to the existing stock.

It may be argued that with greater abundance of the precious metals there will be a greater proportion abstracted for use in arts; but it does not appear that this greater use is likely to arise until that action takes place which Mr. Scheer supposes will not occur—viz., a decline in their relative value. We extract a pleasing passage from his Appendix:—

'The progress of civilization discloses mankind under new and unexpected aspects. Rightly considered, it would appear that all men might produce—and vast numbers do produce—a great deal more than they consume; hence the vast accumulation of property. Mutual assistance, designedly given in private or public enterprises, or unconsciously, as in large cities or communities, further enlarges the powers of production. Consumption, on the other hand, proceeds on different principles. No one can eat more than one dinner in a day, nor wear out more than two or three suits in a year. Beyond that, expenditure implies the maintenance of others.....An African petty sovereign will have his thousands of attendants, his harem of five thousand black beauties, his herds of slaves, executioners, and the like, deemed necessary to his regal state. In wasteful expenditure he outstrips the sovereigns of more civilized nations. The wealth and influence of the latter are used for better purposes, and progressively more so. Men of station and rank now lead the way in useful enterprises. They have greater satisfaction, we may suppose, in erecting a bridge, or constructing a railway, than in building a palace. Such is pre-eminently the case in England. Thus we might say, that whilst production leads towards constant extension, consumption diverges in the opposite direction of curtailment.'—*Scheer*, p. 38.

Applying this to the consumption of gold, it seems likely that the tendency of the age is towards economy rather than extravagance in its use. In former times a wealthy noble might be ambitious to possess a service of gold, to dazzle his guests withal; but the same character now would perceive gilding to be equally showy, and would hardly care to keep under lock and key an amount of treasure sufficient to permanently improve his estates, and add a considerable sum to his yearly revenue. The exceptions are rare and ridiculed.

His calculation is that, according to the increased production of gold in 1700-1800 over 1600-1700, the present century should have a supply of 1908 millions sterling. But as only 445 millions have yet been furnished, he assumes that there is—

'a balance

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'a balance due of 1463 millions, which, spread over forty-nine years, would make an annual sum of thirty millions necessary that this century may be closed in respect to the precious metals analogous to the last. But considering the accelerating rapidity of increase in the population, an additional two-thirds, in round numbers fifty millions per annum, will in reality do no more than preserve the equilibrium. As 800 did not in the last, so 2800 millions would, probably, not in the present century disturb the range of prices.'

The reasoning here is palpably defective; for, to prove that the 2353 millions assumed to be due to the last half of this century would do no more than preserve the equilibrium of prices, Mr. Scheer was bound to show that the 445 millions received in the first half of this century failed to preserve the equilibrium. Peel, as we have seen, held that, with the limited amount of gold received up to 1844, there was a tendency to depreciation in its value. Mr. Scheer has entirely overlooked that economising tendency of our time in the case of the precious metals—and of gold particularly—which he has himself so well shown to take place in the general commerce of life. It is that economy which has enabled this century to do with a much smaller quantity of gold than might have been thought necessary.—Mr. Scheer seems to be aware that facts are against him:— . . .

'We must not form our judgment on the experiences of former times....Even if precedent were to be our guide, the records of former times are obscure; their correctness and the inferences drawn from them may be fairly questioned, and analogy is not to be trusted when in our days very anomalous fluctuations of prices have run counter to popular opinion or theoretical deductions.'

The fact that prices have greatly and universally advanced since the discovery of America is notorious, and it is difficult to see what other explanation can be given of it than the increased supply of the precious metals. Mr. Scheer makes no attempt to show how they can be excepted from the rule which regulates the value of all other commodities. What, in effect, can become of the increased supplies, unless greater facility is afforded to their possession by diminished value? It is the interest of no one to hoard them. They become productive only by use, and, as with all other articles, they can be brought into more general use only by being made cheaper. Assuming that their increase will be more rapid than that of other great products of the earth, whether used for food or for manufactures, it seems very conceivable that their value will decline, notwithstanding a tendency to the cheaper production of those commodities with which they are compared.

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That the first symptom of their depreciation, a general rise in prices, would have the effect of stimulating production, cannot be questioned. But it would very soon be seen that that rise was in great part delusive. It would be met by higher rates of labour, higher prices of all the great staples of agriculture and commerce, and higher cost of living. Though commodities, from the wholesome stimulus of superior activity, would be relatively cheaper, they might be nominally dearer; and that anomaly, which has often puzzled mankind, would be presented of greater abundance combined with rising rates.

The absorbing power of the great banks of the world is sufficient in ordinary times to preserve the equability of the precious metals, and to prevent those variations in their value which would otherwise probably take place with the occasional influx of treasure or fluctuation in the exchanges. But there must be a point at which this power of absorption ceases, and that point it seems likely is not far from being attained. If we inquire what has become of the increased supplies since the Californian discoveries, we find the stock of bullion in certain banks rising as follows:—

	1848.	1852.	Increase.
Bank of France . . .	£3,534,165	£24,025,112	£20,490,947
Bank of England . .	12,826,108	1,926,127	9,100,019
Banks of New York . .	1,404,125	2,029,448	625,323
	£17,764,398	£47,980,687	£30,216,289

If we suppose that the other banks of the world have increased their stock of bullion in anything like the same proportion, it is easy to understand where the produce of California has gone to, and how it is, that being in great measure locked up, the circulating medium of the world has expanded so little, and that no very signal effect has yet been produced on prices.

A considerable addition has, however, been made to the gold coinage of the three countries during the same period. According to Mr. Birkmyre's tables:—

'The average yearly coinage of gold during the first thirty years of this century was,—in Great Britain 1,700,000*l.*; France 1,300,000*l.*; in the United States 55,000*l.*; total 3,055,000*l.* The following is a statement of the recent gold coinage in the same countries, beginning with the year in which the gold discovery was made in California:—

	Great Britain.	France.	United States.	Total.
1848 . . .	£2,451,999	£1,234,472	£786,565	£4,473,036
1849 . . .	2,177,000	21,084,382	1,875,158	5,136,540
1850 . . .	1,491,000	3,407,691	6,662,854	11,561,545
1851, First 10 months	—	10,077,252	12,919,695	—

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As our own coinage for 1851 is left in blank by Mr. Birkmyre, we quote some details from Mr. Hunt:—

'From November, 1850, to June, 1851, the Bank of England issued 9,500,000 sovereigns, being at the rate of 18,000,000 a year; and so great is the demand for our gold coins, that Sir John Herschel informs me, since November last there have been coined at the Mint 3,500,000 sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and the rate of production can scarcely keep pace with the increasing demand.'

As the proportional increase in the circulating medium has been far greater in the United States than in the other countries, it is there that we should look for the greatest increase in prices;—and accordingly the letters agree that a very great rise has taken place there in all descriptions of property. The value of house property has, they say, doubled in the last four years.

To assume, as several writers before us do, that there has been no advance in prices *here*, because there has been no material change in the value of silver and grain—the commodities with which they say gold can best be compared—is by no means conclusive of the question. The production of silver has been for some years increasing, and the quantity thrown on the market by the Bank of England of late years must have had a sensible influence in checking a rise. In September, 1846, the amount of silver bullion held by the Bank was equal to 2,710,077*l.*,—the amount having been swelled by the sycee silver from China. The amount held by the Bank on the 28th of last August was only 18,967*l.* The difference, taking it at 5*s.* per ounce, would amount to the enormous quantity of four hundred and forty-eight tons weight. Yet, notwithstanding the release of this quantity and increased supplies from the mines, silver barely maintains its relative value to gold, and perhaps, judging from the small quantity held by the Bank, and the complaint beginning to prevail of the scarcity of silver coin, may not do so long.

A succession of good harvests would alone have had a tendency to depress the price of grain; but to this must be added the abolition of all protective duties since 1849. In the absence of data for estimating the influence of these causes in keeping down prices, every one will form his own opinion of what rates would probably have prevailed but for the gold discoveries. Mr. Scheer proclaims that the bulk of the gold received by this country has passed through it as through a sieve. A great proportion of it has, of course, gone to pay for our imports from grain-growing countries; and the question is, in what position this country would have been placed without those arrivals of gold? It can hardly be doubted that grain must have ruled much lower

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lower than it has done, so as to render its importation less profitable—or that the continuous demand for bullion would have reduced our stock even lower than it was in 1847. In October, 1848, the amount of Bank of England notes in circulation was £17,505,718; on August 14th, 1852, it was £22,952,555. At the former period Consols were 84; at the latter 100. It will hardly be denied, we imagine, that the increase in the circulating medium, if it has had no influence in directly raising prices, must have had a tendency to prevent their depression. The amount of gold sent to grain-growing countries must have materially tended to keep up the price of their produce. That there has been a rise—and a considerable rise—in the value of all kinds of landed and house property, is a fact beyond all dispute. The height to which public securities have risen is, however, of itself sufficient to prove that realized property must be advancing in value.

So far as we can at present venture to prognosticate, the superior abundance of gold will very materially lessen the chance of those commercial panics which, since the currency settlement of 1819, have been the plague of the industry of this country. Were the amount of bullion in the world to remain fixed, or nearly so, our stock, by an adverse action of the exchanges, might still be inconveniently reduced at one time as compared with another; but with an increased supply continually proceeding, all apprehension of any sudden drain—of contraction of the currency—and of restricted credit must disappear, and legitimate enterprise will feel itself secured from those unexpected shocks to which it was before exposed. Nor can we be sufficiently grateful that these discoveries have come at a time when, from the rash change in our commercial system, they were eminently needed.

It may be argued that a general rise in prices can hardly be regarded as a general benefit; that to the bulk of any community the action must be wholly indifferent; and that if beneficial to some it must be injurious to others. We have, however, the fact universally established, so far as we know, that every great advance in national prosperity has been coincident with rising, and every marked decline with falling, prices. The treasure of the Roman empire, which had been 358,000,000*l.* under Augustus, sank to 70,000,000*l.* under Justinian; and it would, perhaps, be impossible to exaggerate the misery caused during those five centuries by attempts to maintain the exactions imposed at a more prosperous time. It is to be observed that industry, as a general rule, is set in motion by those who have fixed

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fixed payments to make; and that, as those payments are rendered easier or more difficult by an increase or diminution of the precious metals, the prosperity, not only of the employers of labour, but of all dependent on them, must augment or decline. Independently of state burdens, which may even become heavier with the declining wealth of a country, those who set industry in motion commonly do it with other capital than their own. The farmer rarely cultivates his own land; the manufacturer not often conducts his business on his own premises: not one trader in a hundred can call the shop his own in which he sells his goods. Many of these, and of the other productive classes, trade with borrowed money; and besides fixed rents and taxes, have fixed interest to pay, and other fixed obligations to fulfil. The difference to them between a rise and fall in price to but a moderate extent, when either action is continuous, is all the difference between prosperity and ruin; and it is impossible for any country, hardly for any class, to thrive on their decline. On the contrary, those who have fixed payments to receive constitute the luxurious rather than the productive classes: *fruges consumere nati*, they must flourish, if they flourish at all, from the industry which renders their property productive; the creditor or landlord can rarely suffer from the prosperity of debtor or tenant. But when a contrary action takes place, it is not difficult to understand how wealth may accumulate, or appear to accumulate, from the increase of luxury, while men decay.

Under an action by which gold becomes slowly depreciated in value, property producing a fixed income is undoubtedly placed at a disadvantage as compared with the property which may yield a greater or less income according to the character of the times; but we do not know that this is to be regretted; most persons are free to choose what investment they please; and the steadiness and certainty of one class of property may more than counterbalance the probability of an increased income from another.

Hitherto the holders of public securities have, by the high rates to which their stocks have risen, been the greatest gainers by the abundance of money. Whether the rate of interest they receive will be reduced is a point not resting with the present or any other government, but dependent on the question what influence the gold discoveries will have on the rate of interest generally. Should public securities rise much higher than at present, it would be a proof that so moderate a rate was no longer tenable, and by that index our Finance Minister must rule his conduct. He cannot prescribe the rate of interest which shall prevail, but he

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he may, and should, make the best bargain for the public which the prevailing rate will admit of. Were the Three per Cents. to reach 109, it would show that money in the funds was only worth 2¾ per cent., and if to 120, only 2½ per cent. In either case, a careful Minister would have no choice but to reduce the interest on the public debt to the marketable rate, as is commonly done with Exchequer Bills. Or were there reason to suppose that prices were kept down through fear of such reduction, that would in itself be so unsatisfactory as to call for ministerial interference or explanation. But the power of government in every case of conversion must be limited by the necessity it is under to keep the stock it converts at a rate equal to, or above, par. No change can be carried out in that large portion of our debt—amounting to three-fourths of the whole—which would have the effect of reducing its marketable value below 100*l.* money for the 100*l.* stock, or our Financier might find himself in the awkward predicament of being called on to actually pay off the debt he only proposed to convert. That the apprehension of such a change inconveniently depresses the Three per Cents. at present is clear from the relatively higher price of the Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents., on which interest at 3 per cent. is guaranteed for twenty years after 1854; but neither from the price of that particular stock, nor from the general state of the interest market at this time, does it appear that a reduction, even to the extent of one quarter per cent., could be attempted on any considerable portion of our debt with a reasonable prospect of success.

We look to other sources of relief. In the expansion of our trade, the increasing commerce of the world, the rapid growth of our colonies, we hope to reap the fruits of this latest gift of Providence. Whenever we see movements of great masses of men, as lately towards California and now towards Australia, we think we can recognize Divine design more plainly than in other facts of history. The singular manner in which gold is spread over certain tracts of the earth, the ease with which it can be collected by individual effort, and the universal opinion entertained of its value, seem to point it out in an especial manner as one of the agencies by which intercourse between nations is to be promoted, and the social condition of man raised.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Three Years of Free Trade; addressed to the Electors of the United Kingdom, by One of Themselves.* Mortimer. 1852.

2. *Letters* (1, 2, 3, 4, *and* 5) *to the President of the Board of Trade, On the Balance of Trade, ascertained from the Market Value of all Articles Imported as compared with the Market Value of all Articles Exported during the Five Years* 1845-1850. By C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P. (Third Editions.) 1851.

3. *The Finances and Trade of the United Kingdom in the Beginning of the Year* 1852.

4. **By Authority.** *Pastoral of His Eminence the Cardinal* ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER—*appointed to be read in all the Catholic Churches and Chapels in the Archdiocese of Westminster and Diocese of Southwark.* 1852.

5. *The Lenten Pastoral of the Cardinal* ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, *together with the Time of the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, Retreats, and Compline Services in the London Churches and Chapels for Lent.* 1852.

6. ✠ *An Appeal for the Erection of Catholic Churches in the Rural Districts of England, with some Animadversions on the Pretensions of the Established Church, and on the recent Approximation of her Worship to that of Rome.* By the Catholic Bishop of Bantry, on behalf of the Society 'de Propaganda Fide' [Signed, ✠ IGN. L. BANTRY]. 1852.

7. *Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, from John Archbishop of Tuam.* 1852.

IT is the common practice of belligerent parties to endeavour to inspire confidence by exaggerated statements of their strength. Such arts are useful in armies and mobs, and even in more select popular assemblies, for momentary effect! But reasonable men who have to deal with permanent interests, and to provide for a series of events, whether in public or private life, will take the very opposite course. They will be as liberal in estimating the adverse force as exact in measuring their own. The first and most effectual process towards ensuring success in any problematical object is to calculate scrupulously the chances of an opposite result. We therefore have no desire, and the contrary of any interest, in attempting to deceive ourselves or our readers as to the result of the late general election. To say that it is satisfactory would be not only to belie our present impressions, but all the principles and opinions which we have for so many years professed. We do not believe that *any* House of Commons elected under the Reform Bill could be entirely satisfactory to the

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the friends of the Monarchy, nor afford to the Crown that *steady and independent* influence on the administration of affairs that the theory of the Constitution contemplated. This is in fact no more than was foretold in that sagacious and celebrated question—*How the King's government is to be carried on?* We do not believe that that question will receive a satisfactory answer under any circumstance that we can at present foresee. But it is our fate to be thrown on such times, and it becomes our duty to make the best of them—to endeavour to maintain the portion—still a large one—that is left of our ancient institutions—to resist any further encroachments—to await with courage, and to use, if they should present themselves, with sagacity and prudence, any of those favourable contingencies that so often diversify the anticipated course of political events.

Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Nor are we without some strong gleams of encouragement. If the general result of the elections has been less satisfactory than might be wished, it is in many considerable respects more so than we had looked for. In the first place, we are informed by those who ought to be and who we believe are the best authority on the subject, and whose calculations are confirmed by a comparison with the statements of various adverse parties, that there is, in the new house, a decided preponderance against any fresh revolutionary measures, and that on any question involving the immediate defeat of his administration Lord Derby may expect in the whole house a majority of 348 against 306!

If this be so—narrow as such a majority may seem—we are safe for a season; for it is only on such a question that the most discordant and ill-assorted Opposition that we ever remember or have read of could be combined in one common effort; and on individual measures we have so much confidence in the practical good sense and enlightened views of the present Ministers as to believe that they will propose nothing which the manifest interests of the people do not require, and which the *real* public opinion of the country will not ratify. We are well aware that there are three parties—none of them considerable in itself—but powerful, and even formidable, in combination; viz. that portion of the Whigs who think it a point of honour to stick by their party and to follow their leaders in their old struggle for office; the Radicals, who also may look to office, but only as a means to their great end and aim—a total political subversion; and the Irish *Brigade*, as it is called—that is, members returned by the influence of the Popish priests, who individually are the very reverse of insensible to the sweets of patronage, but whose ultimate objects

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objects are the overthrow of the Protestant Church, the confiscation of Protestant property, and the dissolution of the Union. We are aware, we say, that these three sections will be always ready to turn out a Conservative administration, however little agreed as to what is to follow; but the two former sections are not beyond the reach of public opinion, and the feeling of their constituencies, as well as their distrust of their allies, will probably restrain in many of them the mere spirit of faction. These, we admit, are speculations; but they may, we think, afford to ministers useful suggestions as to their measures, and to us a reasonable hope of their parliamentary success.

The numerical detail of the elections indicates a Conservative preponderance.

We have taken some pains to inquire into the state of public opinion in the country generally, and we are satisfied that it is substantially in favour of an anti-revolutionary ministry, not only by an immense majority of all the more intelligent classes, which ought to direct public opinion, and which of the long run always do so, but also of the great mass of the people themselves. We do not pretend to have any accurate measure for the latter class of opinions, and we know that ten revolutionary brawlers make more din than a hundred of their soberer adversaries; so that the balance of demonstration and noise is, and always has been, on that side, even when the balance of numbers has been the other way, as we believe it now to be. Our adversaries are so proud of the large proportion of their friends who have been returned, and talk so loudly of the popular numbers they represent, that we have been induced to examine the English returns with the last Population Reports, and we find that the populations represented by Conservatives are no less than 9,458,000 as compared to 8,447,000; and when we recollect that this last sum includes so large a proportion of those classes of town populations which, though of the greatest number, are certainly of the least weight, it gives still more importance to the Conservative majority.

Of the principal topics debated in those elections the most prominent, by the noise that the Opposition made about it, and by the success which they affect to say has crowned their efforts, is, in our opinion expressed long before as well as immediately previous to the elections, of no immediate importance at all—we mean, of course, what is called FREE-TRADE. Culpable as were the means by which Sir Robert Peel's measure—subsequently called for popular effect Free-Trade—was carried, and erroneous, and even fraudulent, as was its pretended principle, we never thought that any ministry could attempt, either in party policy or on national considerations, to repeal a decision

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so recent, or arrest violently the progress of so great an experiment. The ministry must, no doubt, have wished that the country had shown a stronger participation in the suspicion and anxiety with which they regarded the progress of the experiment, but they wisely declined to take their stand on that point, and the Protectionist candidates in general followed their example. It was not worth the while of any Protectionist to hoist an opposite flag and try a counter cry, when it was foreknown that it could have no practical result; or to advocate a return to the Corn-laws, which no one thought of imposing, and which never can be reimposed without a very different expression of public opinion from what the late elections have exhibited.

All this, however, is now of little consequence—the grand experiment, as we have always wished since it was attempted, is to proceed to a full and fair trial. It will certainly—as to *corn* at east—meet no interruption from the present parliament, but it will not proceed unobserved and unscrutinized, and we are glad to know that men of talent, honour, and sagacity, in and out of parliament, are employing themselves in noting and registering for future use the results as they are realized.

The short and sensible pamphlet that stands at the head of our article exhibits from the official returns a practical view of the facts, as far as they have developed themselves, to the end of 1851, from which we have abstracted and grouped together a statement of some of the least disputable tests of national prosperity during the last two years of *each system*:—

POOR-RATES.

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Totals.
	£	£	£	£
1845 & 1846 ..	13,591,629	713,698	672,288	14,977,615
1849 & 1850 ..	14,994,639	1,065,573	3,245,903	19,256,115
Increase of poor-rates . . .				£4,278,500

And this notwithstanding the low price of provisions and the immense emigration, both of which must have operated a vast reduction of the poor-rates, if they had not been counterbalanced and overpowered by the general distress; and be it further observed, that 1846 was the year of Irish famine, and that 1849-50 were years of what is called prosperity, yet in these prosperous years the distress in Ireland was quintupled, in Scotland increased 60 per cent., and in England by near a *million and a half!*

That is the *pecuniary* result—next we have the *moral* test, to which, even while we write, we find the free-trade newspapers appealing in support of their doctrines:—

CONVICTIONS

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CONVICTIONS FOR CRIME.

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	
1845 & 1846 ..	35,546	7,606	15,740	58,892
1849 & 1850 ..	41,538	8,825	38,310	88,673
			Increase of crime	29,781

And this again in spite of—what is admitted to be a great preventive of crime—cheap food and the immense emigration, which latter may be in some sort considered as a transportation for *crimes uncommitted.*

Next we have the surest test of the ease and well-doing, and both physical and moral improvement, of the working classes:—

DEPOSITS IN SAVINGS-BANKS *in England, Scotland, and Wales.*

1845 & 1846	£62,492,118
1849 & 1850	55,733,573
Decrease of earnings . .	£6,758,535

Next we have the most unerring test of all:—

NUMBER OF EMIGRANTS *from England, Scotland, and Ireland.*

1845 & 1846	223,352
1849 & 1850	580,547
Decrease of working hands . .	357,195

These last figures—and many details of recent emigration given in a different article—enhance in a most signal degree all the pamphleteer's other calculations;—but for this alleviation of so many burthens, how largely would all his preceding balances have been swelled!

We do not ascribe all his plainly unhappy results to mere Free Trade—other causes may have assisted—but we produce them in answer to the songs of triumph of the Free Traders on the unprecedented and still growing prosperity of the country under the Free Trade regimen.

But there is another and still more important ingredient in this inquiry which coincides with and corroborates all the writer's other arguments—the PRODUCTION OF FOOD:—

WHEAT *sold in English Markets.*

	Qrs.
1845 and 1846	12,625,202
1849 and 1850	9,142,257
Decreased production of English wheat	3,482,945

There is no return from Scotland, nor from Ireland for the years

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1845, 1846—but the Irish return for the next year, 1847, compared with that of 1850, offers still more formidable results.

WHEAT *grown in Ireland.*

	1847.	1850.
Qrs. .	2,926,733	1,550,196

1847 was the year next following the famine, and was itself indeed a famine year, and was probably much below the average produce, yet we find that from that no doubt diminished figure in an interval of three Free-trade years the produce of wheat had further diminished by 1,376,000 quarters, or nearly one-half! Thus then—

	Qrs.
Adding this decrease in Ireland	1,376,000
To the decrease in England between 1845 & 1850	3,482,945
We have a decrease in the year 1850 of . . .	4,858,945

But this is not all. In addition to this positive decrease, we must take into account the progressive increase which had been for some years going on—at the average rate of about 800,000 quarters per annum; so that, if not suddenly arrested in 1846, the produce in 1850, instead of 9,000,000 of quarters, would probably have been 16,000,000—as a substitute for which we imported in that year about 5,000,000 quarters of foreign wheat, of the estimated value of 7,500,000*l.*; and of all kinds of corn (including wheat) about 10,000,000 of quarters, and to the value of about 14,000,000*l.* sterling. We do not pretend that the whole of this enormous sum has been lost to the British farmer, because he no doubt turned many of the acres thrown up for wheat into some other, though (unless under peculiar circumstances) a far less profitable, culture. Nor do we say that the whole sum passed into the pocket of the foreign grower, because his freight, brokerage commission, insurance, &c., were to be paid out of it; but the broad fact is indubitable—that 14,000,000*l.* sterling have passed from the British to the Foreign wheat market.

Perhaps some may still listen to the daring statement—or more adroit insinuation—that this enormous outlay for foreign corn is compensated by the *increased export* of our manufactures. If this were true, what would it be but robbing Peter to pay Paul—impoverishing the agriculturists to benefit the manufacturers? But it is not true. We were, we believe, the first to notice the extraordinary fact established by the Board of Trade accounts for 1839-44, that our *imports* from the chief corn-growing countries were regularly and continuously in an inverse ratio to our *exports* to them. We exhibited this fact for the above-mentioned years in the cases of *Denmark*, *Russia*, *Prussia*,

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Prussia, and *Germany*—of which we then had the returns. We have now a return from 1847 to 1851, with respect to Russia, Prussia, and France, from which countries we derived in 1850 our largest supplies of corn and to an *unprecedented amount*, and the upshot is that in all these cases, as in the former, the amount of our general exports seems to be wholly uninfluenced by our importation of corn; or rather indeed that it has diminished just as our importation of corn has increased—for instance—

Imports of *Corn* from	1845. Qrs.	1850. Qrs.
Russia . . .	184,053	953,368
Prussia . . .	523,977	1,354,691
France . . .	82,740	1,019,410
	790,770	3,327,469
Increased Imports		2,536,699

Exports of *all kinds* to	1845. £	1850. £
Russia . . .	2,153,491	1,454,771
Prussia . . .	577,999	424,480
France . . .	2,791,238	2,401,956
	5,522,728	4,281,207
Decreased Exports		1,241,521

Thus, while our imports *of Corn* from these three countries increased in five years by 2,530,000 quarters, our *whole* exports to them fell off by 1,241,000*l.*, when, *à priori*, we might have reckoned on a large increase. These are serious results, which we leave to the meditation of the public, and to the explanatory comments of further experience.

For the repeal of the Corn laws, however, there was, no question, a plausible motive in a diminution of the prices of food—and though we are satisfied that, on the long run, the food of the working man can neither be said to be cheaper nor dearer but with reference to the wages which are to buy it, and which must inevitably follow sooner or later the prices of food, yet, as wages are slower in their descent (though not in their rise) than the prices of food—while these moreover are occasionally influenced by circumstances of a peculiar and unforeseen cast—as, for example, here of late by the influx of gold and consequent efflux of able-bodied labour—we can find no difficulty in admitting that a sudden cheapness of provisions must for a season produce additional ease and comfort to the people. The popularity, therefore, of Sir Robert Peel's *corn measures* does not surprise us,—though, we must repeat, we have no doubt that,

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but for influences which *he* could never have anticipated, this popularity would have been ere now extinct; but there is another portion of the system the adoption of and the persistance in which does seem to us entirely unaccountable—the REPEAL OF THE NAVIGATION LAWS. We believe that, as a mere question of the prices of articles, it is, in our present circumstances, of very little importance: the *difference* of freight between foreign and British shipping—though all-important to the British ship-owners—can make very little difference when the imported article comes to be retailed out to the general consumer. On the most bulky articles, such as corn and sugar, it would be hardly perceptible, while on the smaller and higher-priced articles it would not be at all so;—on the aggregate of corn consumed in these countries it would be a fraction on the quarter of wheat too small to be calculated, and on the 4 lb. loaf wholly imperceptible.

The pamphlet entitled '*Finance and Trade of the United Kingdom*'—attributed to, and we believe acknowledged by, Mr. Cornewall Lewis, late Secretary of the Treasury, and which has been cried up as a most able and authoritative exposition of the advantages of this free-trade system—adduces *two* instances and *two only*—but of course the most flagrant that he could find—of the inconvenience and injury which the navigation laws inflicted on the consumers of this empire. These pregnant examples, in deference to this high authority, we shall exhibit to the wonder and perhaps the amusement of our readers.

'Of the *hindrances to commerce* which by the same measure [the repeal of the navigation laws] were removed it is manifestly impossible to give any account, but some idea may be formed on the subject by a glance at the following list of importations during the year 1850, which would have been illegal previous to that year.'—p. 25.

Then follows the enumeration of fifteen articles, of which we shall exhibit five—not selected for effect—for the others are all *ejusdem farinæ*, and any other five, or—except for the space they must occupy—the whole *fifteen*, would have suited us equally well.

'Peruvian Bark.—Hanse Towns, Holland, France, Sardinia, Austria, Italy.

Coffee.—Russia, Denmark, Prussia, Hanse Towns, Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, Spain, Italian States.

Indigo.—Russia, Hanse Towns, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italian States.

Raw Sugar.—Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Hanse Towns, Holland, France, Portugal.

Tea.—Russia, Sweden, *Norway*, Prussia, *Hanover*, Hanse Towns, Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, Spain.'—*Ib.*

Mr. Lewis

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Mr. Lewis is not indeed so frank as to specify the *quantities* or *value* of these articles which each of those countries has sent us:—but on the very face of the thing, will not our readers smile at the 'hindrance' that this country must have suffered for near 200 years prior to the 1st January, 1850, in not being allowed to import *Peruvian bark from Trieste*, *Sugar from Sweden*, and *Tea from Norway and Hanover*? The gravity with which the ex-Secretary of the Treasury laments these prohibitions, reminds us of that with which Mr. Shandy, in his solicitude for the health of his brother Toby, earnestly advises him in the matter of diet, '*to abstain as much as he possibly can from the flesh of* GRYPHONS.'

But it is worse than ludicrous. There is *not one* of his fifteen articles which could have reached one or more of the destinations whence he laments that they could not be brought into England without having passed by all the ports of England from Penzance to Aberdeen. Is it like buying in the cheapest market that a cargo of tea should be carried past the mouth of the Thames to Norway, or of raw sugar to Prussia, and after having incurred all the loss of time, the freight, the tolls, and the risks of the North Sea and the Baltic, be brought back to the Thames again? *Thirteen* of his articles he laments could not heretofore have been imported from the Hanse Towns; *all* are articles that must have passed from the places of production up the British Channel and the North Sea. What benefit is it to the British consumer at Liverpool, Bristol, Southampton, London, or Hull, that they should come charged with the additional expenses of a voyage to Hamburgh? It may have happened, no doubt, that by some strange accident a small parcel of tea may have somehow got to Norway, and that since the 1st of January, 1850, the said tea may have, by a like strange accident, been re-exported to England; but what would be the hindrance to trade if it had either waited to come in the Gottenburg packet, or, indeed, not come at all? We have not been able to ascertain the importation of tea from *Norway;* but having been so fortunate as to obtain the return from *Hanover*, we are sorry to say that it proves that Mr. Lewis has stated the *very contrary* of the fact in this *important* instance; for we find that, in 1849, *one pound* —i. e. 16 oz.—of tea constituted our import from Hanover; and in 1850 there was not a grain! Mr. Lewis's introduction of Russia is equally absurd. Russia imports a small quantity of choice tea, by *direct overland carriage*, from the north-eastern provinces of China. It is obvious that the quantity of tea so conveyed can be of no importance whatsoever; but if it were, why should it not come in one of the abundantly numerous English ships that sail from St. Petersburg? But even in this small article the fact is the very

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very reverse of Mr. Lewis's statement. In the year 1849, out of 53 *million* pounds of tea imported, 20 lbs. came from Russia; and in 1850, 12 lbs. only came, and *not one pound in foreign ships!*

But a still more general and conclusive answer to the whole of this writer's deductions is the infinitely small importance of which the aggregate of all his cases would be. We have taken the trouble of going, with the help of Mr. Newdegate's valuable tables,* through the whole fifteen items; and we find that in that very year 1849, in which England is represented as pining for the *want of these articles*, there were large, and, in most cases, enormous, *exportations* made of them *all*, to the aggregate value of no less than near four millions of pounds sterling (exactly 3,861,566*l.*). We spare our readers the long and useless details of this sum. They will be satisfied with a few samples—some of them very important ones. Mr. Lewis laments that in 1849 we were cut off from our supply of INDIGO from *Russia*, the *Hanse Towns*, *Holland*, *Belgium*, *Spain*, and various *Italian States*—a formidable array of contributory nations, whom the new policy brought to our market in 1850—and with what result? This, unluckily—that, whereas the import of the prohibitory year was 81,449 cwts., the import of the Free Trade year happened to be only 70,482 cwts., being a falling off of above one-eighth of the whole.

Again; take his instance of PERUVIAN BARK; what proportion do the imports on which he relies bear to the whole importation? 28 cwt. out of 10,000 cwt.!

Again; let us take COFFEE, the supply of which from *Russia*, *Denmark*, *Prussia*, *Hanse Towns*, *Holland*, *Belgium*, *France*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, and the various *Italian States*—in short, of all Europe—was prohibited in 1849: it turns out that there were imported in the prohibitory year 63,300,000 lbs., while in the boasted Free Trade year of 1850 the importation was only 50,800,000 lbs., being a falling off of one-sixth.

And again; of SUGAR, the importation of 1849 was 6,925,851 cwts., value 8,917,034*l.*, while that of 1850 was only 4,933,558 cwts., and the value 6,413,571*l.*: a falling off of close on 2,000,000 of cwts., and 2,500,000*l.* of value.

And again; of TEA, the total import for 1849 was 53 *millions* of pounds, that of 1850 only 50 *millions*; and of his long list of contributory states we can find but two—Holland and the Hanse

* Mr. Newdegate's Letters to the late and present Presidents of the Board of Trade, with the copious tables subjoined, afford a most curious and valuable picture of our import and export trade in all its details, and exhibit a general balance against this country which calls for the most serious attention of Government and the public. Mr. Newdegate's industry in making this vast collection of facts, and his ability in handling them, are very remarkable and highly creditable.

Towns—

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Towns—that have sent us any teas in 1850, or even in 1851. We beg pardon—we must modify this assertion—on looking closer we find that Belgium sent us 18 lbs. in 1850, and 3 lbs. in 1851; and that France, though she sent nothing in 1850, contributed in 1851, like Hanover, one pound—*i. e.* 16 oz.

So much for the first of Mr. Lewis's catalogue of *hindrances* to importation created by the law as it stood in 1849. The other instance which Mr. Lewis produces is this:—

'That a cargo of Spanish wool might be lying unsaleable at Rotterdam while the article was scarce and *exorbitantly dear* in Yorkshire, and only a ship under the Spanish, Dutch, or English flag was privileged to bring it to us for use.'—p. 25.

Now as Rotterdam happens to have a very large commercial navy of its own, and is moreover a great resort of English shipping, we think it would have been no difficult matter to have sent the wool in a Dutch or British ship, Rotterdam being one of the nearest, if not the very nearest, port to the coast of Yorkshire where the wool was so 'exorbitantly dear,' and, in fact, nearer to Hull and London than Belfast is to Liverpool, or Cork to Bristol! Had Newcastle, Whitby, or Hull no *Argo* to send with a cargo of coals, or cottons, or anything, or *nothing*, to bring back, within twice forty-eight hours, this *golden fleece*? Verily Mr. Lewis's brains must have been *a-wool-gathering* when he sends us to Rotterdam for the shearings of Andalusia.

When such are his premises, we may be excused from following him far into what we presume he would call his reasonings, which have the single merit of being consistent in their absurdity. One specimen will suffice. He omits, as far as he possibly can, all reference to *foreign* shipping; he omits *altogether* any hints of the *increase* of foreign shipping introduced into our trade. He gives us long lines of figures concerning *British* shipping, which have no relation whatsoever to the points in debate; but as to *foreign* shipping not a line—not a figure; but he does better: he *assumes* that a powerful foreign competition, if we should be blessed with such an advantage, would be a great relief to the British owner, particularly in times of distress. For this astounding proposition our candid readers will require the evidence of the author's own words:—

'Let us imagine—if our mercantile marine were of adequate tonnage to carry on the whole trade of the country in a year of great prosperity—what would be the case when the reverse of this condition should be experienced?—Must it not be that, the tonnage being greatly beyond what could obtain employment, our shipowners would be found competing one with another for the conveyance of the lessened quantity of merchandise?—that a part of the ships would be idly rotting in our harbours,

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harbours, while those of them which succeeded in obtaining employment must do so, through the home competition that would arise, at a ruinously reduced rate of freight?

'*It is* THEREFORE *manifestly to the interest of* OUR *shipowners that* FOREIGN VESSELS *should be allowed to* COMPETE WITH THEM.'—p. 30.

Are we awake while we read, or was Mr. Lewis awake while he wrote this—as it seems to us—extravagant nonsense—that, if home competition should become ruinous to the shipping interest, the superaddition of foreign competition is to set all right?

But this logic, incomprehensible as it is, deals with but a part—and that the least important part—of this great question. It is not to the *commercial* effect of the repeal of the Navigation Laws that we look with the most apprehension. It is to our *national safety*—doubly perilled, first, by the discouragement of our native seamen, and again by the encouragement and increase of those foreign—and, probably, at no distant day, hostile—navies. *The danger is great and growing!* too great, indeed, to be episodically treated. We have heretofore opened our general views of it (Q. R., vol. lxxxi., p. 573), and shall probably have an early occasion of treating of it more at large. We have touched on it at present only with reference to Mr. Lewis's commercial fallacies. We ought perhaps to apologise for the space we have expended on the exposure of this grave-looking, but in truth very flimsy, pamphlet; but, considering Mr. Lewis's late employment as financial Secretary of the Treasury, and his reputation with his party, we thought it worth while, on this important branch of our subject, to give the public some means of measuring his authority.

We have said so much on the Free Trade questions that we may not be supposed to have varied, in any degree, our principles on that subject; and because we think it fair to the grand experiment itself, as well as to all the great interests concerned, to keep the public attention alive to the results as they successively arise; and we do so the rather because, though the issue of the elections precludes the revival of the *corn* question in any shape, and though more urgent, yet hardly more important, subjects may postpone the consideration of the *Navigation* question, we would not have the agricultural and shipping interests for a moment suspect that their distresses are overlooked, their welfare disregarded, or their claims abandoned.

The questions which at this moment appear to press most on public attention are Finance, the Elective Franchise, and Popish Aggression. We shall venture to offer a few observations on each of these important topics.

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As to Finance, they will be at this moment very few, and of necessity, very vague. There has been, no doubt, considerable expectation, not unmixed with anxiety, raised on this subject, and we hear buzzing around us some natural, and a good deal more of affected curiosity, as to the intentions and plans of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the Budget is a long way off —and neither friendly suggestions, nor hostile taunts, will, we apprehend, induce the ministers to make premature revelations, or even to enter into unseasonable discussions. We say this, not from having any anticipation that the Finance of the future year is likely to be of any peculiar character, or essentially different from the present. We have in a preceding Article expressed pretty fully our views as to the probable effects, by and by, of the influx of gold from California and Australia; but we by no means inferred that its principal and more lasting effects would be sudden. As respects 1853, we foresee no probable diminution of the public charges, nor any considerable either defalcation or increase of the public resources. We have no doubt that the Government will exhibit skill and good sense in the treatment of these matters; but we all know the cards that they must have in their hand, and we do not promise ourselves either any serious alteration in the general balance-sheet, nor any extensive manipulation of details. Nor, in fact, do we desire it. We can imagine no change that could, in the nature of things, do more than shift some burden, or share of a burden, from one man's shoulders to another's, and—*weight for weight*—we should rather leave it on the shoulders that have been used to bear it, and which generally, from habit or some adjusting and compensatory circumstances, feel it less than a new and unprepared victim. Our taxation is, unfortunately, something like the atmosphere which envelops us all, and on all sides, with an enormous pressure, only supportable by its universality—and comparatively imperceptible unless when it is made the subject of experiments. Some of our grandest experiments in finance have failed. Mr. Pitt's sinking fund has not had fair play, and circumstances overpowered it; Lord Grenville's and Lord Lansdowne's mortgaging of taxes, and Lord Liverpool's and Lord Bexley's dead-weight-alleviation scheme—both signally failed; and we do not believe that it has been reserved, even for our enlightened days, to find that philosopher's stone of finance—how to alleviate taxation or pay off debt, out of any other source than a surplus income—whether the surplus arises from economy in the expenditure, prosperity in the branches of the receipts, or such a private accumulation of capital as may raise the funds to a height that admits a reduction of the interest. We are satisfied that if the foreign speculations of twenty years ago,

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ago, the more recent Joint Stock companies, and, above all, the investments in Railroads, had not absorbed superabundant capital, our 3 per cents. would have been long since reduced to 2¾; and it is evident that they have been, and must continue rising, in proportion as the circle of private investments, and especially on Railroads, shall be narrowed. We have, within these few years, seen mortgages reduced from 5 per cent. to 3½, and even to 3. Let us wait patiently for the results of this gradual accumulation of capital and of these wonderful changes in the aggregate gold of the world and distribution of population, of which we have already treated in the previous article.

We perceive that there are among our agricultural friends those who still cling to the notion that some new distribution of our burdens might at once relieve the landed interest. We wish we could believe it. We admit that the so-called *Free Trade* was a mere fraud; the sole design was against the landed interest. The only free trade has been in their produce—corn, timber, and wool. We admit, also, that there are numerous charges which fall most heavily and directly on the land. But we cannot believe that any arrangement of them could be so made as to repair the injury done to agriculture. The alleviation, whatever it might be, must be general in its application.—Agriculture would have but a proportionate or perhaps an inferior share. The compensation, if adequated and distributed amongst the agriculturists alone, would only be protection in a more invidious shape, and could only occasion greater and more reasonable dissatisfaction. The defalcation of revenue that any considerable relief should occasion must necessarily be repaired elsewhere, and would be sure to fall back on the land, the basis of all wealth, and consequently of all taxation. If any alleviation can be found for the burdens of the farmer that shall not be liable to these and many other objections which we need not detail, most happy should we be at such a prospect; but we totally distrust, and we most earnestly hope that no Conservative in Parliament will propose or countenance any such experiments, which we firmly believe would be not only fruitless in themselves, but, in all likelihood, productive of further and most disastrous consequences. At all times the greatest power, and therefore the greatest security of the land, is its *vis inertiæ*. That at all events is its best policy under the complicated aspects of this moment.

We do not suppose that any extension of the Franchise will be proposed in the earlier session, and, even if we expected such a proposition, we know not what more we could say than a repetition of our anxious hope that it will be resisted in whatever shape it

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it may assume, by the general sense of the nation. That it will be produced with a large following, in the ulterior course of the session, we expect; and it may ultimately, under the principles and the operation of the Reform Act, become too strong for us; but, at least, we can promise ourselves that the whole Conservative party in Parliament—ministers and members—will strenuously oppose it in all forms, at all risks, and with the whole force of its collective authority and individual energies.

We are prepared for some early trials of strength between the coalesced oppositions and the Government. If we are to judge by the pilot balloons let off in the newspapers, the intended topics are either so factious or so futile that in themselves they need, we think, give the Government no uneasiness, and we see many reasons for a strong impression that the feelings of the country will not permit the existence of the ministry to be determined by questions raised, not on important public subjects, but selected or fabricated with the mere view of bringing all the discordant elements of the opposition into, *pro hac vice*, one common point of attack. We trust in the good sense of Parliament to resist any such intrigue.

But there is a great Constitutional question—in principle as well as in its immediate aspect the greatest that has presented itself in our times—which will assuredly from one side or the other be brought into discussion, and which we trust that the Government, so far from wishing to evade, will be forward to meet;—that is, whether we are to uphold the fundamental law of this land ever since it has had anything like a representative Government—confirmed, and, as our ancestors believed, established, at the Revolution—and by right of which alone the Queen sits on her throne—that this is a PROTESTANT country, and that ours is a PROTESTANT Constitution!

It cannot be denied that the admission of Papists to the Franchise, to the Legislature, and to Privy Counsellor's Office, was a practical departure from that principle; and yet it is curious and important to observe how each of these concessions was granted under the more specific stipulations on the part of the Protestants, and the most solemn professions on the part of the Papists, that it *should in no wise disturb the Protestant Church or Protestant Constitution*. The course of concession began by the Act of 1791, which was founded on a '*Declaration*' of principles previously signed by all the Catholic clergy and laity of England of any note, and the original of which, for greater solemnity, was deposited in the British Museum. In that weighty historical Document we find this item:—

'And we do solemnly declare that no church, nor any prelate, nor any priest,

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priest, nor any assembly of prelates or priests, nor any ecclesiastical power whatever, hath, have, or ought to have, *any jurisdiction or authority whatsoever within this realm that can, directly or indirectly, affect or interfere with the independence, sovereignty, laws, constitution, or government thereof;* or the rights, liberties, persons, or properties of the people of the said realm, or of any of them, save only and except by the authority of Parliament; and that any such assumption of power would be an usurpation.'—*Butler's Hist.*, iv. 22.

This voluntary Declaration, promulgated by the Roman Catholics themselves, became the foundation of all the protective engagements required of them in the Act of 1791, and in all the successive Relief bills.

In the Irish Act of Relief, 1793, which *inter alia* gave the *elective franchise*, the safeguard of the following oath was relied on:—

'I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and *solemnly abjure* any intention to *subvert the present Church establishment* for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead; and *I do solemnly swear that I will not exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to* DISTURB *and* WEAKEN *the* PROTESTANT RELIGION *and Protestant Government in this kingdom.* SO HELP ME GOD.'

'' The best comment on this sacred pledge is the history of all recent elections in Ireland, and especially of the last, in which the *overthrow of the Protestant religion* was the avowed, the proclaimed object of the whole Popish party—priests, candidates, and voters.

Next came the General Emancipation Act, 1829. This bountiful Bill, which was to open halcyon days for Ireland, made two stipulations in protection of the Protestant Church—and they were gladly accepted by the Catholics. The first was the oath to be taken by the Catholic members at the Table:—

'I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present *Church establishment* as settled by law within this realm: And I do solemnly swear that *I never will exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom:* And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration and every part thereof in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever. SO HELP ME GOD.'

Such is the oath taken by every Roman Catholic member!

We have seen every day and night, since that test was enacted, that it has been kept by the most prominent persons who had taken it, exactly as if it had pledged the swearer in the very opposite direction. The second stipulation of that Act, as to ecclesiastical

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ecclesiastical dignities and habits, has served only to produce the prohibited practices with more audacious ostentation.

Now, we ask, are these solemn compacts to be binding only on one side? We gave the Roman Catholics successive indulgences and advantages, on certain conditions and pledges on their parts; are they to be at liberty to repudiate the obligations of the contract, and to retain all its benefits? Common sense and common justice reject such a conclusion, and we invoke a fair and full performance of the contract—that is, of the Law.

But there are two steps more to be considered.

There still remained in the Statute Book the two Acts of the 1st and 13th Elizabeth, against the introduction of Popish Bulls into this country. In 1844 a Roman Catholic Peer, Lord Beaumont, introduced a Bill to repeal those Acts (and several others), on the distinct ground that they were wholly obsolete, and though perhaps necessary in Elizabeth's time, were mere rubbish in ours. We are willing to believe that when Lord Beaumont used this language he was not aware of what was preparing at Rome, and for which the eventual success of his measure opened the door. In 1846 the Bill for repealing the Acts of Elizabeth, against Bulls, having proceeded all along on the assertion and assumption that the offence was as obsolete as witchcraft, was about to be passed, when the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Brougham observed that the danger might possibly not be so visionary as it was thought, and on their suggestion the penalties (of high treason) only were repealed, the Act itself remaining as it was in other respects. It seems to be doubtful what the legal effect of this state of the law is; some imagine that, deprived of its express penalties, it is a *brutum fulmen:* others conclude that the *malum prohibitum* becomes a misdemeanour; but in either case the natural course would be (as we have before said) to pass an Act to declare expressly that any infraction of the 13*th Elizabeth* shall henceforth be held to constitute a misdemeanour, punishable with fine, imprisonment, or banishment. The present state of the affair is disgraceful. Here is a law which in 1846 the Legislature advisedly refused to repeal; and here are Cardinal Wiseman and his suffragans setting it at open defiance.

The last step of the series of violation of contracts, and of defiance of the law, is the worst. In the autumn of 1850, the danger which had been voted in 1846 visionary and obsolete, burst out in a full blaze, of what has been justly called *Popish Aggression.* Encouraged, no doubt, by the repeal of the penalties of the 13*th Elizabeth*, and by the encouragement of the Irish Catholic prelates by the late Ministers, the Bishop of Rome presumed to establish a Romish hierarchy in England with local and territorial titles—a direct usurpation of temporal power:—for though

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though he had the spiritual right of consecrating Dr. Wiseman a bishop, he could have no right to carve out for him the diocese of Westminster. It has been advanced in defence of this aggression, that those *diocesan* and *local titles* are necessary to the spiritual efficiency of Roman Catholic prelates. Nothing can be more, or more notoriously, untrue. The very practice of appointing *Bishops in partibus* is an admission on the part of the Roman Pontiffs, and a standing proof, that *dioceses are temporalities*, which the Pope has no power to create in any independent State. Upon what other principle could it be that in France, in Spain, in Portugal, in Germany—even in Italy—and (till this century) in Ireland—and (till 1850) in England—whenever episcopal functions were required beyond what the laws of the State recognized, they were supplied by a nomination to an imaginary bishopric *in partibus infidelium*, as it is termed, that is, to some ruined city—generally in Asia Minor or Africa—where history or tradition had placed a see of the early Church? For instance, we all know that Cardinal de Retz, the prototype of priestly agitators, though acting as Archbishop of Paris, was technically no more than Archbishop of *Corinth*. At the breaking out of the Revolution there were in the French Church a Bishop of *Thermopylæ*, acting as Bishop de Laon, and a dozen other deputy Bishops of *Sidon*, of *Amyclea*, of *Babylon*, &c., who had full spiritual authority, but to whom the Pope never pretended to assign a territorial title within the kingdom of France. For upwards of two hundred years the Roman Catholic Church in England had been governed, down to our own day, by *Vicars-Apostolic*, under the titles of *Bishops of Chalcedon*, *Adrumetum*, *Callipolis*, *Tiberiopolis*, *Madaura*, and the like. The respectable Dr. Poynter, and Dr. Walsh, predecessors of Cardinal Wiseman—whom we never heard of by any other title than Vicars-Apostolic of the London, or—as it was cautiously denominated—the Southern district—were known at Rome as the Bishops of *Halia* and *Cambysopolis;* and so little did these gentlemen arrogate any episcopal style even amongst themselves, that we find in the discussion which took place on the celebrated 'Declaration,' that the four Vicars-Apostolic—who had then the titles *in partibus* of *Aconiæ*, *Comana*, *Telmessus*, and *Hierocæsarea*—are denominated in their own minutes under the humble form of *Mr.*, or sometimes *Dr.*—as *Mr. Thomas Talbot—Mr. Gibson—Dr. Sharrock*—and *Dr. Berington*. There is no other allusion to any episcopal rank than that on some occasions, where the ordinary clergy are styled *Reverend*, they were designated as *Right Reverend;* but no episcopal *title*—not even that *in partibus*—is ever given; and they were called no otherwise than Vicars-Apostolic of the Northern

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or Western, Midland, and Southern or London *Districts*. Nay, to this hour we find that the Pope has not yet ventured to invade the sturdy Protestantism of Scotland, and that the Roman Catholic *Districts* in Scotland are still administered by bishops *in partibus*, as Dr. Carruthers of *Ceramus*, Dr. Murdoch of *Castabala*, Dr. Kyle of *Germanicia*, Dr. Smith of *Parium*—all ruined cities of Syria and Asia Minor. So also in Lower Canada, and in the East Indies and Gibraltar, we find Vicars-Apostolic, with bishoprics *in partibus*. Surely what has sufficed for the spiritual exercise of the Roman Catholic religion for several ages and in all nations—*even in Rome itself*—where there are at this day abundance of these bishops *in partibus*—would be sufficient in *our* times and country. It is surely enough that we admit and sanction and protect the full and free exercise of their religion. Upon what doctrine of Law or Gospel are we further bound to tolerate their vanity and submit to their usurpation?

In October, 1850, Dr. Wiseman published (dated from Rome) his creation as Archbishop of Westminster, and his authority and intention, under the Pope's appointment, to—

'*govern* and continue to govern the *counties* of Middlesex, Hertford, and Essex, as *Ordinary* thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Berkshire, and Hampshire, with the islands annexed, as *Administrator* [for the new Bishop of Southwark, not yet named], with Ordinary jurisdiction.'—*Wiseman's Pastoral*, p. 6.

In this announcement every word seems chosen to include temporal at least as much as spiritual jurisdiction, and is, we confidently believe, in a style and tone that would not be borne in the most Romish kingdoms of Europe.

This gross aggression of the *Bishop of Rome*—or rather, it may be suspected, some remonstrance of the *Bishop of Durham*—startled even the latitudinarian mind of Lord John Russell, who hastily, and, as it seems, without any clear view of what he was about, published his celebrated Letter, which, whatever may have been his Lordship's view, had the effect of raising the spirit of the country against this audacious usurpation. The Church of England had not needed his *alarum;* but her clergy, though distrusting his motive, were willing to accept his services—while the Dissenters were glad to show at once their adherence to Lord John, as a party leader, and their old long smothered antipathy to Popery. Lord John seemed bewildered at his own success. The remedy was as slow as the appeal had been precipitate. Several months were spent in concocting it—that is, in trying to dilute the spirit of his Letter into such a state of weakness as might not offend the palates of his Irish followers. He had sounded the alarm in October 1850, and it was not till the 1st of August, 1851, that the Bill received the Royal Assent. The Royal Assent

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it received indeed—but no Ministerial execution; and there it has lain on the Statute Book as dead as the *13th Elizabeth*, and with this aggravation, that the non-execution of the new law, so hotly introduced as essential to the safety of the Protestant Church and the dignity of the British Crown, becomes an insulting mockery on both. Was Lord John Russell frightened at the weapon that he had drawn; or was it that, knowing as he did that his ministerial days were numbered, he was desirous of transferring the undiminished responsibility and embarrassment of his measure upon his Successor?

However that may be, his Successor, we trust, will not be wanting to the exigency. It is not now a mere question of Popish Aggression—it is a *defiance of the British Law* by *British subjects*, and the Law must be vindicated. Dr. Wiseman, not at all deterred by the new Act, published early in this year what he calls a Lenten Indult, which he prefaces in this style:—

'NICHOLAS *by the divine mercy of the holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Pudentiana, Cardinal Priest, and* ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER,' &c., &c.

The long impunity of the usurpers of Episcopal titles in Ireland has, no doubt, encouraged this new outrage, and it is evident that whatever measures of repression are applied in England must be extended to Ireland. The Government will be, no doubt, menaced with the resistance of Ireland. But when has Government not had to meet resistance from Ireland? Hear the voice of that venerated oracle which now only speaks from the grave:—for whom the country, we trust, will never cease to feel and to show the gratitude and deference due to her greatest glory. Hear once more what *he* thought it necessary to say in the House of Lords on the last redaing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill:—

'The DUKE OF WELLINGTON said, that having prevailed on the House to accept the Emancipation Act of 1829, and having always been anxious that its provisions should be adhered to, he viewed the Bull and other documents which appeared last year with great regret and alarm, because he felt they could not be passed over without legislation on the subject. He had been at a loss to understand what was the object of the Pope in making this change in the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this country, till it was explained by Cardinal Wiseman's gratuitous and unmerited attack upon the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, which showed the object to be antagonism. The Relief Act was meant to do away with the penal enactments against the Roman Catholics, but not to touch the laws on which the Reformation was founded. In 1846, however, an Act had passed repealing the laws which prohibited, among other things, the introduction of Papal Bulls into this country; had that not been done, Cardinal Wiseman could not have published the Pope's Bull here, and no legislation would have been necessary. They could not now take their stand on the Relief Act

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Act alone, but must meet the Papal rescript by a fresh measure. *As for the effect which it would produce upon Ireland, he had no fear.* The Relief Act was to have put down all agitation; yet in the very month in which it was passed, Irish agitation recommenced, and the Crown had repeatedly since then been forced to come to Parliament for measures to put down agitation in Ireland. His advice to their Lordships was *to do what was just and necessary* to maintain the power and the prerogative of the Crown, and to rely on the support and good wishes of *the loyal people in Ireland* as well as in this country.'—*Debates*, 21 *July*, 1851.

He, had no fear' of the result in Ireland! He knew Ireland, and he knew that with the support of the *loyal portion* of Ireland, in common cause with this Protestant country, there is nothing to be feared anywhere from a due execution of the law; and without sending a soldier more to Ireland, we answer for it, from all experience, that if the *Queen's Government* resolves to enforce *the law* upon Dr. Cullen or Dr. M'Hale, it will be found as easy as it was to send O'Connell to Newgate, or to smother Smith O'Brien's rebellion in the cabbage-garden. Tirades in newspapers, denunciations in chapels, philippics in the House of Commons, we shall have in a flowing abundance; but if the Ministry be firm, if it shows a resolution neither to be intimidated nor diverted from its duty, there will be in Ireland, in any such event, not only no rebellion, but not so much as a riot. Nothing—no, not even, we believe, the fanaticism of the priests—can make a rebellion in Ireland while the Government and the Houses of Parliament are united to maintain the local force of the law and the imperial authority of the Crown.

Reluctant as every man, and as ministers above all must feel to have recourse to penal measures, how is it to be avoided when the constitution in general, and even the law of last session, is contumeliously violated—torn up, as it were, and thrown in their faces? But even while we write, the imperious necessity of vindicating the law is forced upon the Government by an additional audacity. Lest the general aggression—rather inflamed than moderated by the Act passed against it—should not be sufficiently offensive, Dr. M'Hale, the titular Archbishop of Tuam, has addressed a letter to the Earl of Derby, as *first Minister of the Crown*, dated from '*St. Jarlath's, Tuam, the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin*,' and signed, 'JOHN ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.'

The letter *thus* signed is evidently meant to bring the efficacy of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill to the test—and we do not see how the First Minister can decline the challenge. The date of the letter, too, is not insignificant. It means *Sunday, the 19th September*—two or three days after the arrival at Tuam of the

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news of the *Duke of Wellington's death.** Did Dr. M'Hale—in the unholy virulence with which he desecrated not merely his *Feast* of the *Seven Dolours* but the Christian Sabbath—mean to add to the claims on public gratitude of that illustrious man, by this indication that the absence of that sagacious head and unconquered hand has rendered more hopeful and more audacious the treasonable conspiracy against the Irish Church and the unity of the Empire?

But grave as the circumstances of this provocation undoubtedly are, the text of the letter contains still more serious matter—it boldly proclaims a combination of perjury and, as it appears to us, treason—for we know not how else to characterise a conspiracy not merely to violate but to nullify the most important conditions of the Act of Union. The professed object of this letter is to set Lord Derby on his guard against the statements of the Protestant missionaries that they have been making serious progress in the conversion of the Roman Catholics in the West. This Dr. M'Hale negatives with a coarseness and a vehemence —we might say rage—that confirms us in our joyful belief of what he denies; but this is only an introduction to an announcement that, so far is the Established Church from making any progress in Ireland, it is itself doomed to inevitable and early destruction:—

'The result of the recent elections in Ireland has filled them (the adherents of the Protestant Establishment) with an alarm which they are awkwardly endeavouring to conceal; and the loudness and audacity of their boasts, at a time when the world has witnessed the decline of the *Parliamentary Establishment*, and the *vigorous reaction of a people* whom its votaries proclaimed to be prostrate, are but too evident signs of their terrible apprehensions.

'We can exhibit to the judgment of the impartial, incontestable evidence that the *fate of the Protestant Establishment is sealed. The Times*, the faithful organ of the Establishment—if such a wayward and capricious thing can deserve the name—may fret, and fume, and roar, and again and again labour out the dusky volumes of its tiring rage on the incorrigible tenacity with which the Celtic race cling to ancient usages; and other less noisy, and as harmless literary engines, may follow in the same train. They are all doing our work, and unconscious instruments as well as witnesses of the *ruin of the Protestant Establishment*, since they are diffusing far and wide the terrors that have seized its supporters.

* We have had some difficulty in ascertaining the day of the *Feast* (as Dr. M'Hale terms it) *of the Seven Dolours*—it is not in the *French* or *Belgic* calendars, nor in the Missal of the Apostolic Vicars of England, published in 1840; nor does it appear in *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates;* but we find in Dolman's *Catholic Directory* that one of its celebrations is the 19th September, which was this year the 15th Sunday after Trinity.

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'Does the return of eleven Catholic representatives out of the scanty quota of thirteen from the province of Connaught, and in the face of the most frightful opposition, afford any proof or presumption of any extraordinary additions for the Saxon Establishment among the Celtic inhabitants of the western region?

'It is this conviction of the deep-seated reverence of the Catholic people of Ireland for their religion, and their unconquerable resolve not only to maintain it, but to carry on a vigorous, and legitimate, and constitutional opposition to the *Moloch of the Establishment*, that has recently sent over such a motley crew of parsons and readers to this country, and is sending back, by way of a commercial interchange, such huge cargoes of lies and inventions regarding their triumphs in the west of Ireland. Such artifices will no longer do, for in the fate of every successive Administration that refuses to extinguish this national nuisance it will appear that the *days of the Establishment are numbered.*'

Let us here pause for a moment to observe that this Dr. M'Hale is one of the body of religionists who were admitted to the power with which the Establishment is thus threatened, on the strength of the solemn engagement and condition that we have already quoted. How they have kept it fifty years of covert perjury had witnessed—and at length an archbishop of their church comes forward to avow, to justify, and to *harvest* the produce of the crime. But he proceeds still higher. Not only has this lax morality been so successfully inculcated on the ignorant peasantry, but Dr. M'Hale does not scruple to announce a similar conduct in their representatives:—

'When pressed by *the serried array of half the representatives of Ireland*, who can break up a more vigorous administration than yours, to relieve at once the country from *this incubus* that has oppressed all its energies, it will not do to adjure them to wait until you see the result of the new ninth or tenth reformation in the regions of the south or west of Ireland. No, they will not wait; nor will they listen to those arguments of persuasion which Tory as well as Whig Ministers know so well how to wield; for this very Celtic people, who are represented in England as Protestant converts, *have instructed their representatives* not to wait, nor take office, nor favour of any kind, from any minister, until the country *is eased of the burden of that establishment* with which calumny has not blushed to connect them.'

The *representatives* in question are one and all admitted to the House of Commons on the taking at the table of the house a solemn oath,

'That they will not disturb or endanger the Protestant Church as now by law established.'

We well knew how loosely this engagement had been interpreted by the majority of the Irish Roman Catholic members in votes incidentally affecting the Protestant Church:—but such naked

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and direct perjury as Dr. M'Hale now—not surmises—not suggests—but requires and commands—we shall not believe till we see it consummated.

Dr. M'Hale leaves no loophole by which they can escape—he boldly, and so far honestly, avows the whole design—the Irish Protestant Church is to be annihilated, and by the votes of those who have sworn to defend it.

'It is high time that such insane and frustrate projects [as building churches] should be abandoned. Those *ecclesiastical funds so long misused* should, after the life-interests of their present occupants, revert to their own original purposes of promoting *Catholic* piety, charity, and education. Too long has their usufruct been squandered, with no other result than propagating dissensions and upholding an *unholy ascendancy*. It is *fortunate that there remains such a fund for the erection and endowment of Catholic schools and the building of Catholic churches*, and, should it extend so far, to serve as *an outfit for the purchase of Catholic glebes*, all as free and independent of any sinister interference of the secular power as were those funds when first abstracted from those pious uses.

'It will be an act of just and tardy restitution of property long diverted from its legitimate objects; and as to the prospective maintenance—the daily bread of the Catholic clergy—they will exclusively rely on that rich fund that has never failed them—the spontaneous offerings of a grateful people, to whom protective measures for the fruits of their industry no longer to be deferred will give additional cheerfulness in discharging the duties of their religion. *As for the Protestant establishment, dream no longer of upholding it in Ireland;* treat it like the question of free trade, yielding to the inevitable necessity of events which statesmen cannot control. The *Catholic people of this country are resolved not to be content until they witness its legislative annihilation. The axe is already laid to the root, and, as time has but too well attested the baneful vices of its influence, it is in vain you will endeavour to avert its inevitable fall.* (Signed) JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.'

We appeal to the common sense, to the honesty, to the honour, to the conscience of the country at large, whether this is to be borne—whether such an outrage on justice, on good faith, on special laws, on the unity of the empire, and on the constitution in general, is to be endured? Can it be endured with safety to the State?

We know not whether Dr. M'Hale is thought to be in his right mind, or whether, not being insane, he sees in the aspect of the House of Commons, or feels from the temper of the times generally, some encouragement to the desperate attempt which he thus announces; but whether mad or mischievous, we are sure that he is mistaken. He will neither escape the national Law nor shake the Imperial Parliament. He has challenged Lord Derby to the Court of Queen's Bench; Lord Derby will meet him.

He

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He menaces us with his fifty-five Irish representatives in the House of Commons—they, such at least as are men of honour and conscience and regard their oaths, will fail him; and even if they were all to be staunch to a perjured cause, they would still kick the beam; they are enough, says he, to overthrow a stronger government than Lord Derby's—they are just strong enough to do what fifty-five men can do with the qualification oath in their mouths and Dr. M'Hale about their necks. Lord Derby expects no vote from them. He is not only not afraid of them, but he reckons their opposition as no inconsiderable portion of his strength. The dictator of St. Jarlath is out of his element at St. Stephen's. He has seen a succession of weak governments bidding for the wavering and venal support of this Irish Brigade, by concessions, by compacts, by jobs—and he thinks that in the present balance of parties the Brigade is to decide the day. That happy Irish practice of harvesting between two showers is past. The Government expects nothing from them. They rank them as adversaries as decided as Messrs. Cobden and Bright—and to Messrs. Bright and Cobden they willingly concede the full support of Dr. M'Hale and his eleven lieges and forty-four allies.

This clears the field of all intricacies and doubt, at least on Lord Derby's part: how far the fifty Irish gentlemen referred to may be willing to obey Dr. M'Hale is another question—a question for themselves; but assuredly they create neither hopes nor fears in the prospects of the Conservatives. We know the *worst* that they can do, and we think it the *best*. It will unite and consolidate the great Protestant feeling of the *United Kingdom*—and the vigorous execution of the Act against Popish Aggression will be supported by larger majorities than originally passed it. Does Dr. M'Hale believe that from his den—the lion's den he loves to call it—he can defy the law? We tell him that the police will take him as easily as they did Priest O'Brien of Six-Mile-Bridge. Does he reckon that no jury can be found to convict him? Juries convicted Smith O'Brien and Daniel O'Connell. Does he despise the paltry penalty of 100*l.* for each offence, imposed by the Emancipation and Ecclesiastical Titles Acts? That penalty is indeed paltry in pecuniary amount, but it would be immense in public opinion; and the Conservative party that consented to pass those Acts with a penalty so apparently inadequate, acted on the prudent—or, at least, tolerant principle that in matters so delicate as those of religion and conscience the law should appeal to public opinion in the lightest and most indulgent form. We care not whether Dr. Wiseman's or Dr. M'Hale's proceedings are visited by a penalty of 100*l.* or 1000*l.* If the first cannot bring them to reason, the latter would not; and if they were to persist

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persist in defying the moderation of the law, they would find that its moderation, pertinaciously abused, would very soon assume the frown and the rod of more imperative and efficacious severity. Such, at least, is our hope and belief; such are the only principles on which society can be maintained and governed; and such is the sovereign legislative authority by which Dr. Wiseman and Dr. M'Hale *must be taught* that they are, like all the rest of us, subjects of the Crown of England, and amenable, and, if necessary, penally amenable, to its laws.

It has been suggested that prosecutions would fail for defect of evidence. Let us see it tried. Let us see the Doctors Wiseman and M'Hale repudiating by a negative plea the titles they have assumed—let us see them in a court of justice denying facts which all the world knows to be true. But allowing them the common privilege of pleading 'not guilty,' in the evasive sense of not denying the fact but the guilt—let us see whether those through whose agency the material part of the offence must be committed—secretaries, registers, vicar-generals, and the like—can combine to defeat the law—let us have, or at least try to have, *their* testimony to the facts. We hope that the law of England, indulgent as it is to parties on their defence, is not in such a disgraceful state of impotency as not to be able to extract evidence of facts notorious to all the world—avowed—boasted of *extra curiam*, by the culprits themselves—and as to which there exists '*a cloud of witnesses*'—a dark cloud, we admit, but one from which the lightning of truth may assuredly be elicited.

But suppose the contrary result—suppose it should fail to be proved that Dr. Wiseman calls himself *Archbishop of Westminster*, and that Dr. M'Hale signs himself *Archbishop of Tuam*—suppose our laws of 1829 and 1850 are to be defeated by such a quibble—let us know the fact—and we shall then see whether the indignant common sense of the country and the insulted authority of Parliament will not find a sufficient remedy for so disgraceful an anomaly.

We have, in all that we have hitherto said of this Popish aggression, treated it as a merely domestic concern, but we would not be supposed to have forgotten the diplomatic elements of the case. The personal condition of the Pope, and the precarious circumstances of the Popedom—both now in the hands of France, and, if that force were withdrawn, certain to be in the hands of some other external power—give rise to very grave considerations; but we still adhere to the opinion which we have so often and so fully expressed, that open diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome, and by and bye a *concordat*, would afford the best

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best chance of accommodating the difficulties raised by these turbulent priests, and would tend to purify the religion itself from the political taint it has unhappily received in these countries from its alliance with agitators and anarchists. We abstain from entering into any detail of our hopes and fears on this subject; but one thing cannot be denied, that the Pope is (whatever else he may be) a temporal Prince of Italy, and that there is neither law nor reason in our not having the same temporal relations with him as other powers have who reject his spiritual supremacy as decidedly as we do. The first difficulty seems to be this:—The Pope treats no Sovereign—not even the Emperors—on a footing of equality. He sends them not *Plenipotentiaries*, not *Ambassadors*, but *Nuncios*—that is, he does not negotiate, but communicates his pleasure. '*Nuncio*,' Johnson defines, '*a spiritual envoy from the Pope.*' We will not receive '*a spiritual envoy*,' and the Roman Pontiff will send us, it seems, no other. His pretensions on this point are an absurd anachronism—a mistake of the nineteenth century for the middle ages—of the reign of Victoria for that of King John. But be it so. There is no absolute need either of resident Ambassadors or Nuncios to conduct such occasional relations as we require with Rome. Special missions will, as it seems to us, suffice for all useful purposes, and to those we can see no objection, though we confess that we should be very sorry to see permanently amongst us a *Legate* or a *Nuncio*—a Pandolfo or a Campejo. To this we add, that every State is strong in its diplomacy in direct proportion to the stability and strength of its own internal Government, and that therefore we believe that the best step to any agreement of any kind with the Sovereign of the Papal States would be the vindication of the law of England against these Wisemans, Cullens, and M'Hales—men of no other weight or consideration than that which any turbulent or seditious agitator may always acquire; they are, in fact, not a whit of more importance than Hunt, Cobbett, Smith O'Brien, or O'Connell—all bugbears of their day.

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*** NOTE *to the Article on Kaye's History of the War in Affghanistan, in our last Number* (*June*, 1852).

WE have had the honour to receive a *Memorandum* in reference to some passages of this article, from a statesman who held office at the period of which Mr. Kaye's History treats; and on the point which immediately concerns our correspondent we at once admit that some apology is due. Mr. Kaye, in pp. 256-7 of his second volume, cites two despatches 'written out to the Supreme Government' of India, as *proofs* that 'the Court of Directors,' in December, 1840, and June, 1841, clearly foresaw the probable results of such a line of policy as was actually followed in the support of Shah Soojah, and that 'Leadenhall Street' had escaped 'the delusion' which in other and still higher quarters had spread and prevailed as to that matter. Mr. Kaye certainly should have noted that those despatches were 'written out' by the '*Secret Committee*' of the Court of Directors; because he must have known, if he reflected at all, that, on matters connected with questions of *peace and war*, no such despatches can be sent to India except by that 'Secret Committee,' and that, in point of fact, that 'Secret Committee' is, as to all such questions, merely the organ, or rather channel, by which communications from the English Ministry are forwarded to India.

We regret that we had overlooked this error of Mr. Kaye, and repeated his inferences without adding some words of caution. The date of the second despatch, *June* 2, 1841, is manifestly—as our Correspondent says—wrong; because the paper contains an allusion to the surrender of Dost Mohammed (Nov. 3, 1840) as a very recent event:—the real date was *January* 29, 1841. Mr. Kaye cites both despatches as from 'MSS. Records;' and we can readily suppose that the blunder as to the date of the second was caused by hasty reading of a 'MS.' It is no business of ours to explain Mr. Kaye's access to 'MSS. Records'—the 'MSS. Records' in these cases of a 'Secret Committee'—or to justify the freedom he has adopted in the use of such papers.

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